





**THE DRAMATIC STORY
OF OLD GLORY**





THE COLOR-BEARERS.

(Bronze Memorial Seventy-Ninth Pennsylvania Infantry, Chickamauga.)

THE DRAMATIC STORY OF OLD GLORY

BY

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ETC.

FOREWORD BY

JAMES M. BECK



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no 1

TO THE MEMORY OF
MY FATHER

SAMUEL WARREN ABBOTT

WHO GAVE ME, WHEN A BOY,
A BLOOD-STAINED FRAGMENT OF
A STARS AND STRIPES OF '63

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FOREWORD

IF "good wine needs no bush" and a "good play needs no epilogue," similarly a good book needs no foreword. This restraining reflection naturally suggests itself to one who is asked to write a foreword for another man's book.

Mr. Abbott has done a real service in bringing together all available knowledge with reference to the American Flag.

The events of the last four years have demonstrated the vital necessity of reviving the spirit of Americanism. Thoughtful Americans sadly realize that our nation in the last fifty years has, in the matter of immigration, swallowed far more than it has been able to assimilate. It is suffering from racial indigestion. This led Colonel Roosevelt, in his forceful and original way, to suggest that America had become a "polyglot boarding-house," and in the earlier stages of the world conflict, it did seem to many that America was a congeries of peoples and, as such, apparently lacking in the spirit of national consciousness and patriotic unity, which generally characterizes more homogeneous nations. The event proved that these misgivings were exaggerated and that America, when summoned to a great duty, did not lack unity of spirit. The call to arms did much to weld the United States into an efficient unity, and, as this result is one of the greatest

advantages which America has gained from the war, it is eminently desirable that full advantage be taken of the changed psychology of the American people to realize more fully that sense of national unity without which America could never completely realize its destiny as one of the "master states of the world."

As the Cross is the symbol of the Christian religion, so the Flag is the most concrete evidence of national unity. Other nations may find the outward manifestation of their unity in the person of a monarch; but, in this country, despite the immense power of the Chief Magistrate, his tenure is too fleeting to make him the symbol of national unity. Moreover, his function as the leader of the party of the day would make it impossible for him to occupy the peculiar relation to the State which a hereditary monarch, who is above party politics and who has little real power, enjoys in constitutional monarchies.

The Flag, therefore, is the most effective emblem of national unity.

There is need for the inculcation of such spirit of respect; for it has been frequently noted in the great public parades of the last four years in our large cities, that young and old have too often failed to respect the Flag when it passes. An old veteran of the Civil War once told the writer with indignation how he had rebuked a crowd of young men who had shown such lack of respect when the Flag was borne aloft in the streets of New York.

We should begin with teaching our children the history of the Flag; for it is not easy to arouse their interest and enthusiasm if they are only taught that the

Flag stands for one hundred millions of people composed of many races, classes, creeds and parties. The appeal must be addressed to the imagination of men, especially of the youth of the land. This explains the undying popularity and also the special utility of our national song: "The Star Spangled Banner." It is connected with a thrilling incident when, in one of the darkest hours of the Republic, when its fortunes were at their lowest ebb since the days of Valley Forge, a little band of Americans held out against a superior power. The poet caught the spirit of the occasion and found his inspiration in the fact that, over the smoke of battle, the Flag "was still there."

Mr. Abbott has, therefore, done a public service in narrating in an interesting way the history of the American Flag, and it is to be hoped, not merely because it is a readable book, but because it should be a potent weapon for a quickened patriotism, that the book will have a wide circulation and that, through its interesting pages, thousands of Americans may better know their country and its Flag.

JAMES M. BECK.

New York, March 30, 1919.

**THE DRAMATIC STORY
OF OLD GLORY**

THE DRAMATIC STORY OF OLD GLORY

I

“RUN UP ABOVE THEM ALL”

THIS book is concerned wholly with the history of the Flag of the United States from the days of its existence as the national ensign of an infant State confined to a narrow fringe of sea-board backed by a rampart of hills, to the hours of a mighty People whose gates are on two oceans and whose Will for Liberty has been impressed upon the world. The chronicle of our Flag from 1777 to 1917 dealt with a record that exemplified a Nation content to obey a political maxim of its first President, maintaining a proud remoteness from international troubles beyond the field of its hemisphere. But the Stars and Stripes of 1917 to 1918 was, and is, a living thing thrilled through all its threads with nerves of sympathy for peoples tyrannically oppressed. It could not droop on its staff when every wind from oversea came laden with the weeping of women and children and the cannon-roar of lines entrenched for endangered Liberty.

Over the very waters that ebb and flow above the shattered *Lusitania* sailed Paul Jones in 1778, flaunting before the eyes of Europe a Flag made by women

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and girls of the young Republic of the United States. On a night in 1918, in a little Scottish hut, inspired women made an Old Glory from a design tattooed on the arm of a sailor, that the men of the *Tuscania* might go to their graves under their national symbol. In the darkness that shrouded that hut were ghostly memories of the same heroic Jones as he sailed the *Ranger* to meet the *Drake* off a Scottish headland, the Red, White and Blue of his ensign glimmering against a hostile coast.

The Flag has followed an old sea-trail in its journey across the Atlantic to take a stand at the apex of the wedge of tricolors thrust into the heart of Kingship. From now on we, as Americans awake to the meaning of our heritage, can never refuse to follow the Stars and Stripes into any field of the globe that demands the instant appearance of an unquestioned sign of Liberty. And so, this book, to be complete, is to follow, step by step through a trail of dramatic and romantic incidents, the thrilling story of our Flag from the days of its birth in a quiet street of old Philadelphia down to the hours of its triumph in the cannon-roar of the highway of the trenches in France.

The American Flag has called forth a number of books on its history. Geo. Henry Preble's "History of the Flag of the United States of America," which first appeared in 1872, is still the authoritative work in the field, though many of its conclusions require revision in the light of recently acquired knowledge. Peleg D. Harrison's "The Stars and Stripes and Other American Flags," published in 1906, may be ranked

second as a carefully prepared history of Old Glory. The National Geographic Society issued in 1917 an excellent handbook on the Flag, giving much of its history, and there are at least eight or ten other books that cover the story of Old Glory, all of them presenting practically the same historical matter, with little deviation into paths of new and important research.

It is curious that, while the record of our Flag is one of thrilling, dramatic episodes, no writer has grasped the idea of a book that would give these episodes in their true light, not exaggerated, and linked together in a running narrative. All predecessors in this important field have either written books containing disconnected series of salient related events, or prepared booklets juvenile in atmosphere. Yet there is a Story of Old Glory that moves onward majestically and through a chain of associated episodes. To move in current with these episodes, has been the plan of the author of this history.

The reader will find matter in “The Dramatic Story of Old Glory” that has not hitherto been given in any history of the Flag. The explanation of Trumbull’s errors in his famous paintings; the complete account and the significance, of the raising of Old Glory over Fort Stanwix; the proof of the Flag’s being unfurled over the camp of the Continental Army on the eve of the battle of the Brandywine; the interesting theory as to Benjamin Franklin’s being the originator of the Stars and Stripes; the grandly romantic drama of the Flag through the Civil War; and the story of Old Glory at the front in France at the close of the late war; all this is new and important material.

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Every school-house has, or should have, a Stars and Stripes over it. This history has been written with the school-house and the community in view. By making use of the Table of Flag-Topics at the end of the book, a teacher, or a leader in community work, will be able to correlate certain great events in the history of the Nation and of the Flag, with school-room work in American History or with patriotic and civic exercises. As a handbook in Americanization, "The Dramatic Story of Old Glory" has a field of distinct service.

The story of Old Glory is not wholly one of war. Practically all other histories of the Flag err in an overemphasis of the Flag as an emblem of battle. The splendid stories of humane work under its folds, and of the extension of knowledge of the globe through discovery under its lead, are given in this volume in adequate detail.

The sole aim has been to give Americans, old and young, in "The Dramatic Story of Old Glory," the thrilling, inspiring history of their Flag, in a manner that should create a nation-wide reverence for it as a symbol of patriotism. To-day it fulfills Whitman's prophecy written fifty years ago:

"O hasten, flag of man,
O with sure and steady step,
Passing highest flags of kings,
Walk supreme to the heavens, mighty symbol;
Run up above them all,
Flag of stars, thick-sprinkled bunting."

If we are to maintain it on high, a world-sign of Democracy, we must know intimately the story of its growth to power and dominion.

II

THE FORERUNNERS OF THE STARS AND STRIPES

THE Stars and Stripes had many forerunners on American soil, banners that were local in their significances. If one were able to place one point of a gigantic pair of compasses on Pennsylvania, the true keystone Colony and State, lying with six of the original historic thirteen to the North and six to the South, he would be in a position to diagram the real drama of the inception of Old Glory. For, by extending the other point until it touches the heart of Maine and then swinging it to the South, still pivoting on Philadelphia, until it rests on the Carolinas, he will reach the three historic fields of as many historic flags, each a tribal or a national symbol. We say "tribal," for the Pine Tree Flag that undoubtedly went with Arnold and Morgan into the snows of a Maine winter, on that daring march to Quebec in 1775, was the sign of New England at war. And the Palmetto Flag of Fort Moultrie and the heroism of Sergeant Jasper, was an emblem of the Southern tier of Colonies in arms. The Stars and Stripes, in perfect form, sprang into being at Philadelphia, the medial city of the old Atlantic line of cities and towns, the home of the Declaration of Independence. There were other flags in those stirring days, called into life by the ardor of

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zealous patriots seeking a sign under which to rally and to fight. But we leave it to other historians and other pages to record the stories of such banners as the Bedford, Westmoreland, Pulaski and Eutaw flags.

We will now take up the story of the flags that were actually displayed in the camp of the Continental Army around Boston, six months after the battle of Bunker Hill. It is the morning of January 1, 1776. We are on Prospect Hill to the northwest of Boston, with an army of almost 16,000 muskets, beleaguering Howe and his British grenadiers in the old Puritan town. Lexington and Concord, with their skirmishes, in which the Bedford flag figured, are already down in the type of history. Bunker Hill has been fought, to give heart to a raw militia and a sad lesson to certain famous regiments of King George the Third.

We are not sure if any American flag was carried into action on Bunker Hill. John Trumbull, in his painting, "The Death of Warren at the Battle of Bunker's Hill," shows two flags in his picturing of the crucial moment of the struggle; a Pine Tree Flag, which may have been on the hill, but probably was not there, and a regulation British ensign, which undoubtedly was present. In a later page of this book, will appear an explanation of the reason for doubting Trumbull's accuracy in regard to flags.

There is to-day, however, in Chester Cathedral, England, a fragment of a blue battle-flag which, it is claimed, was captured from Americans at Bunker Hill. If you ever visit Chester Cathedral, the verger will point to a British flag hanging on the wall of the nave, and tell you that it was borne up the fire-swept

slope of Bunker Hill by one of the King's regiments. This flag has one other glorious memory. In its folds was wrapped the body of the young Wolfe after his death a victor at Quebec in 1759.

But to go back to that first day of January, 1776. To our east the Charles river glides by to Boston Harbor where, in 1775, a Pine Tree Flag floated over a floating battery, the first American ensign to go above a fighting ship, if so that battery may be termed. Near us, coming in from the west, is the old "Post Road" from New York and Philadelphia, over which tramped with Washington, to this siege, the Colonial troops. Fanning describes them, in his memoirs, as a motley line of uncouth, undisciplined men, carrying their flint-locks at all conceivable angles. It is on record that an escort of the Philadelphia Light Horse accompanied the Commander-in-Chief as far as New York, on this march. Their banner deserves a description in these pages. It is of bright yellow silk forty inches long and thirty-four inches wide. The canton, or upper corner next to the staff, where the stars will later appear in the Stars and Stripes, is twelve and a half inches in length and nine and a half inches in breadth. It is made up of thirteen alternating blue and silver stripes. The center of this flag is adorned with a blue shield with a gold edge. A horse's head forms the crest; and this rather heraldic center is supported on one hand by an American Indian, and on the other by an angel. We wonder what Ben Franklin thinks of this combination of angel and Indian.

We will now walk through the long line of trenches that gird Boston on the north, the west and the

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south, and visit men from the fringe of Colonies from New Hampshire to Virginia and beyond. These Colonial forces have flags emblematic of colonial variety and modes of life. We note the crimson silk flag of the Hanover Battalion from Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, with its figure of a frontier rifleman, gun in hand, beneath the motto, "Liberty or Death." Connecticut men are here with standards that distinguish each regiment, made in solid colors; yellow, blue, scarlet, crimson, white, azure, blue again, and then orange. Their Colony motto is "Qui transtulit sustinet," meaning that God, who transferred men of Massachusetts Bay to Windsor, Wethersfield and Hartford, to become the founders of a great Commonwealth, will uphold them. This motto appears on some of their flags.

We wander on through the camp, and are greeted by the predominant Pine Tree Flag of Massachusetts, with its words, "An Appeal to Heaven"; by the white banner of New York, with a black beaver stitched to its center; by the Rhode Island white flag centered with a blue anchor with the word, "Hope," and most significant in its blue canton with thirteen white stars. If we look further, we may see the Rattlesnake Flag of Virginia and the Carolinas. As to-day is the first of January, 1776, we have fresh in mind the reorganization of the Continental Army commenced this morning. The Rifle Battalion has been made the First Regiment of that Army, and its flag is described by a soldier as follows: "Our standard is to be a deep green ground, the device a tiger partly enclosed by toils, attempting the pass defended by a hunter armed with

a spear (in white); on crimson field the motto 'Domari nolo!' (I refuse to be subjugated)."

Such is the array of flags under which the Continental Army at the siege of Boston has been guarding lines that run over hills, valleys and streams, in a semicircle of anxious vigilance. There is great need of a more real unity of purpose, of a deeper sense of the obligation of the soldier to his cause. "Can we have a standard, a flag that embodies in itself the idea of our coöperation as thirteen distinct political units warring with a single purpose? As yet, there is little or no desire to break away from our mother country, Great Britain. It is appropriate that this flag should symbolize our adherence to our common resolution to stand to the death for certain inalienable rights and privileges. It should also represent our loyalty to the nobler elements of England's Constitution. It must also express our own union in thirteen Colonies that realize in themselves, in their aloofness from Europe and in their instinctive gift of cohesion, a seed of Empire that is individual."

And so, as a natural result of a desire to achieve an Army that is to be one under a single standard, the "Grand Union Flag" is about to be raised over the trenches on Prospect Hill, this chill morning of the first of January, 1776. The men are falling into line, muffled in homespun, some of them wearing the warm caps of the frontier riflemen, made of the skins of animals. Musket barrels have been polished. Accouterments have been made neat. The squat cannon, thrust through openings in the trenches, have been loaded. Suddenly the men look to the crest of the

hill where, accompanied by his Staff and mounted on his horse, George Washington appears at the base of a tall pole, a staff cut from a nearby forest. Near him stands a little group of soldiers, one of them holding a flag whose stripes of red and white ripple from his arms in the strong wind. There is a low word of command. The new standard goes quivering, fluttering and tugging at its halliards, to the top of the staff. A wild cheer sweeps along the line of the Continental Army of America. Cannon and muskets blaze and bellow. Caps go whirling into the air.

Washington said, in a letter to Col. Joseph Reed, his military secretary, written January 4, 1776, "On the day which gave being to the new army—we hoisted the Union flag in compliment to the United Colonies."

What is this Grand Union Flag? How is it composed? In the canton are the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, taken, with their blue field, straight from the "meteor flag" of old England. But the greater part of this new flag is contained in the thirteen alternate stripes of red and white, symbolic of the thirteen leagued Colonies that stretch from New Hampshire to Georgia. In years to come after this January 1, 1776, historians will quibble over the origin of, or the inspiration that prompted, the thirteen stripes. Some of them will point to the striped flag of the East India Company, frequently seen in American waters. Others will produce the flag of the Philadelphia Light Horse, with its thirteen stripes of blue and silver in the canton. What matters it who suggested the design when Washington and his officers

conferred at headquarters? A flag with a meaning has been fashioned.

From this snow-swathed hill near Boston, as this flag comes rippling down at sunset, one can see the shadowy dusk of evening brooding over hills and valleys and rivers. Throughout the coming night, will blaze the eternal stars that are to give superb beauty to the stripes of red and white. The crimson glow of sunset rests on the hill. It trembles on the white ridges of the snow. With its last faint flare, the evening star appears. Nature gives premonition of the great world emblem of Liberty yet to come forth.

III

THE GRAND UNION FLAG OF 1776

THE history of the Grand Union Flag from January, 1776, to June, 1777, is one of no little mystery. There are but four episodes of the Revolution during these eighteen months that stand forth as presenting this flag figuring in historic scenes. One of them is on land, two are on the sea, and one is on a lake. There appears to have been some confusion in the minds of historians and painters of this year and a half in our history, as to the use of the Grand Union Flag. John Trumbull, whose painting, "The Death of Warren at the Battle of Bunker's Hill," we have mentioned, was in the camp at Boston in 1775-76, attached to Washington's Staff. He should have known if the Grand Union Flag was carried into action during the campaign around New York and, later, through those swift and dramatic struggles at Trenton and Princeton. But Trumbull, as he confessed, sought to perpetuate the faces of the chief actors in the drama of the Revolution, and had little concern for absolute fidelity in painting his backgrounds. His "Bunker Hill" and his "Declaration of Independence" are valuable only as groupings of portraits. They are of little worth as presentations of the events as they must have occurred.

In Trumbull's painting, "The Battle of Princeton," we have the Stars and Stripes prominently displayed, although, as the artist knew, it was not adopted by Congress as the national Flag until nearly six months after the date of the battle. He was one of a group of men who frequently included the Stars and Stripes in their word-accounts or paintings of events that happened while the Grand Union Flag was the standard of the Continental Army, before the Stars and Stripes was ever thought of.

The only excuse for Trumbull's peculiar anticipation of an historical truth, lies in his expressed wish to depict men who were the champions of Liberty. He placed them in groups that often defied the facts of history, and accompanied them with certain signs and symbols of the period. The Pine Tree Flag in his "Bunker Hill," and the captured British drum and flags in his "Declaration of Independence," together with his admitting the Stars and Stripes into his "Princeton," are evidences of his carelessness. They are permissible only under the excuse of his passionate desire to hand over to posterity the faces and forms of the men who gave us our country.

We take this opportunity to explain certain errors made by other painters of the Revolution. The Stars and Stripes is prominent in at least two well-known paintings. It was the German Leutze who made the crowning mistakes in his celebrated "Washington Crossing the Delaware," a painting which, with Willard's "The Spirit of '76," has become classic. The former of these two paintings fairly bristles with inaccuracies. It is enough, for the second, to state that

the Flag revealed behind the three satisfactory figures in the foreground is the Flag of '77 and not the Grand Union Flag of '76; yet the combination of boy, men and Flag is plausible, as Americans regard their Flag, and properly, as the living symbol of the spirit of the Declaration of Independence and our definite march toward freedom.

Leutze, painting his picture on the banks of a German river, where the cakes of floating ice gave him his base of composition, worked in a mist of faulty conception. George Washington was an athlete, but it is doubtful if he could have stood in the prow of a small boat in the heart of a howling storm that, according to the records, threatened to throw men and horses into the Delaware. The boat in this painting is not the boat of the time and the occasion. The costumes are not those of the Continental Army of 1776. The faces of the men are German and, 'tis a horror to confess it, the countenance of the soldier holding the Flag is said to be that of Frederick the Great. The Stars and Stripes, on that wild night of high adventure, was still to be designed in a room in Philadelphia, thirty miles away.

It seems proper to make these corrections here, as they naturally precede our stories of the Grand Union Flag itself. In a way, they serve to accentuate the lesson of a persistent error in putting down in the black of type and the colors of the brush, a number of curious misconceptions as to the true places of the Grand Union Flag and the Stars and Stripes in history.

We are, at this stage in our book, on the threshold of an era that puzzles and exasperates many a student

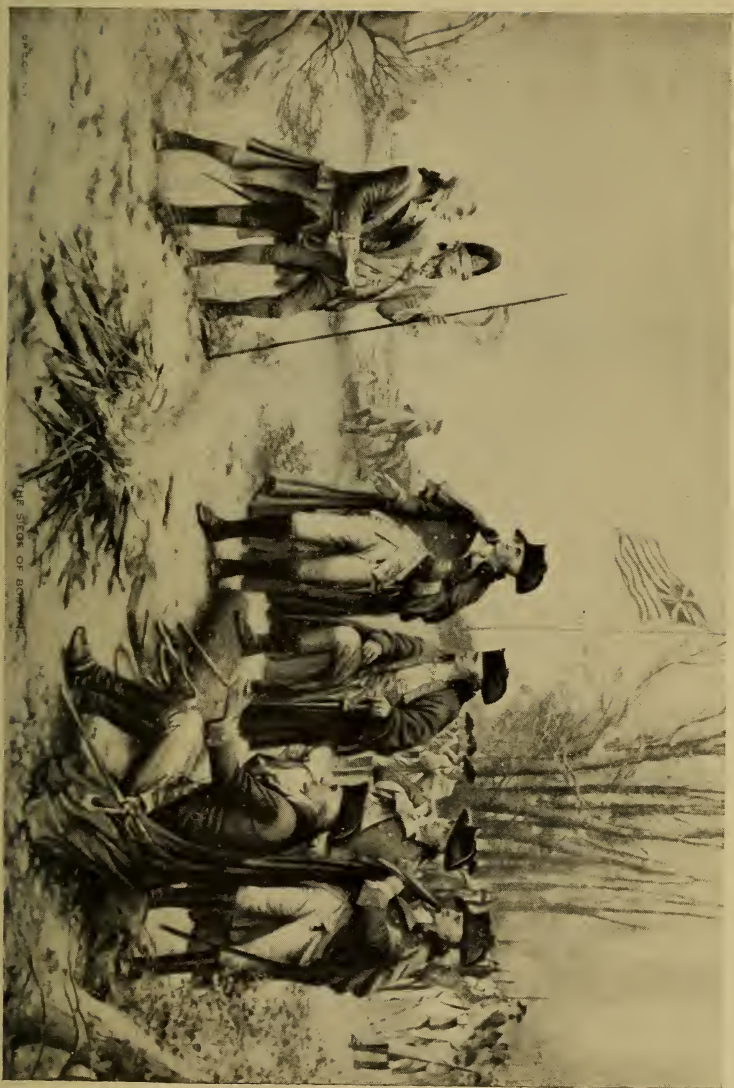
of the Flag. It is a pleasure to be able to state, with full confidence, that we have come upon certain records of the Revolution, private journals, even sermons and addresses, that serve to straighten out what has been a rather crooked trail of investigation.

In March, 1776, Howe and his grenadiers left Boston, never to return. A detachment of the Continental Army marched through the streets of the city, following a Grand Union Flag borne by Ensign Richards. An historian of the United States, who wrote nearly one hundred years ago, said: "As the rearguard of the enemy were leaving the city, Washington entered it on the other side, with colours, now striped with thirteen lists, floating proudly over his army, drums beating and all the forms of victory and triumph." It is of interest to note here that as the well-equipped, splendidly uniformed regulars of stubborn George III, officered by men who openly confessed a weakness for the American cause, went sailing down Boston Harbor, they passed the Castle where, in 1791, an English ship was to fire the first British salute in honor of the Stars and Stripes. A more detailed account of this salute will be found in a later page of this history.

Among the men who marched into Boston under the Grand Union Flag were frontier riflemen who, on hearing of Lexington and Concord almost a year before, came through to the camp of the Continental Army well-nigh at a dog-trot. With the Rhode Island troops rode Greene, the blacksmith who had studied military tactics at his forge. Later, he was to cross swords with Cornwallis, Rawdon and Tarleton in the Carolinas. Near him was his friend Henry Knox, the big, burly

Boston bookseller who, during the past winter, had dragged the captured cannon of Ticonderoga behind eighty yoke of oxen, all the way from the Hudson to the Charles, through the snow-mounded passes of the Berkshires at Sheffield, and over the last stretch of the old "Post Road," to plant them on Dorchester Heights and discomfort Howe. As he rode by, Tory Mather Byles hurled at him one of his awful puns, and received a rapid verbal thrust in return. Impetuous Putnam was there, with his fellow soldier from Connecticut, brave, faithful Knowlton, beloved of Washington, who was to fall at White Plains. Behind the red and white stripes of the Grand Union Flag, on that eventful March 17, 1776, were men who were to rally beneath that greater, more perfect Flag to come, the Stars and Stripes, and go down with it into history as its creators and intrepid defenders.

Near the Old South Church, a mother and her little son may have stood. Abigail, wife of John Adams, could have come into town with the boy John Quincy Adams, to witness the occupation by Washington's army. On June 17, 1775, as she tells us in her letters, from a hill in their home village they had watched the smoke rolling up from Bunker Hill to the north. In the decades to come, this boy, then in his ninth year, was to be linked in history with the son of a Virginia carpenter and mason, James Monroe, at that moment, in his eighteenth year, busied with his books at college in Virginia. They were to be the two Americans who would father the Monroe Doctrine and warn the Imperial States of Europe that the Stars and Stripes would not consent to the planting of any Old World



THE GRAND UNION FLAG AT BOSTON, 1776.

flag on American soil without the permission of the United States.

After the evacuation of Boston, the Grand Union Flag and its field of action shifted to New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. The Colonial fleet that sailed from Philadelphia early in 1776 went to sea under this flag. A letter written in Newburn, North Carolina, Feb. 9, 1776, contained the following:

"By a gentleman from Philadelphia, we have received the pleasing account of the actual sailing from that place of the first American fleet that ever swelled their sails on the Western Ocean.

"This fleet consists of five sail, fitted out from Philadelphia, which are to be joined at the capes of Virginia by two more ships from Maryland, and is commanded by Admiral Hopkins, a most experienced and venerable captain.

"They sailed from Philadelphia amidst the acclamations of thousands assembled on the joyful occasion, under the display of a Union flag, with thirteen stripes in the field, emblematical of the thirteen United Colonies."

Esek Hopkins, of Rhode Island, sailed the fleet to the West Indies and captured New Providence. In additional verification of the statement that the Grand Union Flag flew at his main-truck, we quote from a letter from New Providence on May 13, 1776, by a resident: "The colors of the American fleet were striped under the Union, with thirteen strokes called the Union Colonies," or, in other words, to repeat our description, a flag of thirteen red and white stripes, with the Union in the canton—the upper corner next the staff when the flag is flying—showing the crosses

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of St. George and St. Andrew, representing England and Scotland.

The dramatic story of the brig *Nancy*, of Wilmington, Delaware, enters at this point. She was commanded by Captain Hugh Montgomery, whose daughter Elizabeth published in 1851 a volume of reminiscences in which she claimed that the flag of the *Nancy* was the Stars and Stripes, although the brig, after cruising in West Indian waters, was blown up on June 29, 1776, nearly a year before the adoption of the Stars and Stripes as the national Flag. This error shows us again how inaccuracies have crept into the story of the flags used during the years of the Revolution.

Miss Montgomery amplified her claim with the extraordinary statement that, while at St. Thomas in the Spring of 1776, news of the signing of the Declaration of Independence reached the officers of the *Nancy*, and was followed by an elaborate dinner accompanied by a daring display of the American flag at masthead. This second claim spoiled the whole of her narrative as an historical document. There have been fugitive beliefs, in isolated quarters, that Betsy Ross made a few sample flags of the famous design of 1777, months before the time of the first appearance of Old Glory, even ahead of the date of the Resolution in Congress that gave us our Flag. Miss Montgomery probably was deceived by a tradition current in her family, and undoubtedly was sincere in her claim that Thomas Mendenhall, of the *Nancy's* crew, stitched together a real Stars and Stripes from a design on paper or from an oral description given by one who had seen a premature edition of Old Glory. Of course, there

is no basis in fact for Miss Montgomery's contention. What may have happened is to be contained in the suggestion that news of the adoption of the Grand Union Flag, with a hint at independence from Great Britain, traveled oversea to St. Thomas, and was magnified in the passage. It must have been a Grand Union Flag that young Mendenhall made. Even the whole story is so cloudy that it merits oblivion, were it not for its splendid finale in recorded history.

After a stirring escape from the West Indies, the little *Nancy* pointed North for home waters. All went well until the Delaware shores were reached. There, surrounded by a British fleet, she was run ashore in an effort to save arms and ammunition. But the English were too active. A swarm of boats bearing armed seamen swooped down upon her. For almost twelve hours she fought them off. All her rigging and spars went by the board, shattered. Only the splintered shaft of one mast remained. Her defenders decided to blow her up, that the cargo might not be taken. A fuse was laid to the store of powder. The captain and four hands were the last to drop into a boat. And then one of the four men, well named John Hancock, chanced to glance up at the mast. He saw the Grand Union Flag streaming defiantly in the wind. Without a word, he leaped into the sea, swam to the *Nancy*, climbed the shivering mast, unfastened the flag, plunged into the waves with it, and swam ashore. "Why did you do it?" he was asked. "To save the beloved banner or perish in the attempt," was the terse yet sufficient reply.

The picture of this man Hancock emerging from the

surf with the dripping flag in his arms, stands out in sharp relief against the early and hazy history of the flags of the Revolution. For here, as with Sergeant Jasper at Fort Moultrie on the day before, June 28, 1776, there was an instant recognition of the meaning of a flag as something much greater than merely being a pretty thing of colored cloth. "Beloved banner" were the words of a plain man, uttered nearly a full century before the day when the Flag became overnight a thrilling Voice calling to men and women to surrender themselves in a passionate devotion of defense. They call across the gulf of the years to the men of 1861 and 1918 who, wrapped in the eternal mantle of the Stars and Stripes, entered the black silence of Death without fear.

IV

LAST DAYS OF THE GRAND UNION FLAG

CONGRESS was in session in Philadelphia when the *Nancy* went up in smoke and flame off Delaware. Within a week of the day when the humble sailor, John Hancock, dived into the sea with a flag of red and white stripes around his waist, another and more famous John Hancock took quill pen in hand and affixed his name to the immortal Declaration that heralded a new Nation of thirteen States and foreshadowed a new Flag of as many stripes and glorified with stars.

Shortly after the Declaration of Independence had been signed in Philadelphia, the Continental Army, then engaged in the campaign around New York, was drawn up in line to hear the reading of the document. There is no official record of a display of the Grand Union Flag on this occasion, but it is reasonable to believe that it was unfurled over the lines of men. A number of illustrations of the event, by various artists, include the flag among the essentials of their compositions.

One historical inaccuracy persists in the majority of these paintings and drawings, an error that first found pictorial expression in the picturings of the Continental Army as assembled at Cambridge in 1775,

when Washington assumed command. We refer to the habit of presenting an imposing array of bayonets at the muzzles of the rows of muskets. It is doubtful if one man in a hundred, in the Continental Army before Monmouth, had a bayonet for his flint-lock. It was one of Steuben's chief duties to inform the American soldier at Valley Forge that a bayonet had a purpose more vital than the serving as a spit in the broiling of steak. In connection with the need of accuracy in regard to the history of the Flag, in this book, we shall strive to correct incidental mistakes such as this of the bayonet.

One finds a more satisfactory treasury of sketches and paintings, even cartoons, that concern the story of our flags, in the contemporary records of the American navy in the Revolution. From the very opening of the war, our little armed fleet flung out ensigns that were unmistakably of the Colonies and up-to-date. An English print of Esek Hopkins shows him with two flags in the background, one the Liberty and Pine Tree Flag of New England, with the words "An Appeal to Heaven" upon it, and the other the Rattlesnake Flag of the South, with the snake twisting over the thirteen stripes, but without the Union. Before going into action, a ship always displayed its national colors, and Englishmen had many opportunities to see and copy in sketches, very rarely to take by hand, the flags of the bold little American fleet. The designs of these flags became current property in Europe.

It is with no small satisfaction that we turn to an illustration in which the Grand Union Flag figures, a mere water-color hastily executed, of the *Royal Sav-*

age, one of the ships that took part in Arnold's remarkable fight on Lake Champlain in October, 1776. The record of the Grand Union Flag in this battle gives us one of the most dramatic flag-stories in American history.

In the Fall of 1776, England planned to split the Colonies by a drive down the line of Lake Champlain and the Hudson River. In anticipation of the threatened invasion, Benedict Arnold was placed in charge of the campaign of defense. He improvised and collected a flotilla of fifteen small ships and boats, armed with eighty-eight guns and manned by seven hundred men, all under the Grand Union Flag. His two leading ships were the *Royal Savage* and the *Congress*. The menace of this flotilla compelled the British to prepare a fleet of twenty-five vessels, armed with eighty-nine guns, and carrying a force of six hundred and seventy picked men.

On October 11, Arnold assembled his fleet behind Valcour Island, and was at once attacked by the British flotilla. The fight was sharp and deadly. The *Royal Savage*, flying the Grand Union Flag, became unmanageable under fire and was run aground on the island. During the night, she was burned by the British. Arnold, on the *Congress*, "pointed almost every gun with his own hands and cheered on his men." The flagship was struck seven times between wind and water, and twelve times below the water-line. On the *Washington*, Gen. Waterbury, who was in command, was the only officer left alive. The *New York* lost all her officers save Captain Lee.

After nightfall one of the most daring escapes in

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American history was effected. One by one, with shaded lanterns in their sterns, the broken remnants of the little Continental fleet sailed right through the British lines, unmolested. At dawn the astonished Englishmen saw the masts of the American ships at the upper reaches of Lake Champlain and, aided by a favoring wind, came up with Arnold and resumed the action. Again there was desperate fighting and a reckless defense, ending with the running of the wrecks of the American fleet ashore and setting them afire with colors flying. The finish was a sacrifice, with Arnold's riflemen, posted behind rocks and trees, protecting with their deadly fire the Grand Union Flag until "all was consumed." These men, bent on keeping the flag from falling into the hands of the enemy, stood by it to the last minute. What a shame that Arnold, who had led them so ably and heroically, should later prove a traitor to his colors!

There are historians who assert that the fight at Valcour Island saved the Colonies from destruction. It put an abrupt stop to British attempts at invasion until reënforcements could arrive and a new plan be evolved. Gardner W. Allen, in his "A Naval History of the American Revolution," has this illuminating passage: "By the time the British had taken Crown Point the season was far advanced. This fact and the presence of a formidable American force deterred them from at once attempting the capture of Ticonderoga. They withdrew to Canada for the winter, and their purpose of occupying the valley of the Hudson and separating New England from the other states, was put off. They returned the next year under Gen. Bur-

goyne, but the opportunity had passed. Howe had gone to Philadelphia, and Burgoyne, unsupported from the south, was forced to surrender his army at Saratoga. The French alliance followed as a direct consequence. The American naval supremacy on Lake Champlain in the summer of 1776 had compelled the British to spend precious time in building a fleet strong enough to overcome it. The American defeat which followed was a victory. The obstruction to the British advance and a year's delay saved the American cause from almost certain ruin. It thus came about through a singular instance of the irony of fate, not altogether pleasant to contemplate, that we owe the salvation of our country at a critical juncture to one of the blackest traitors in history."

With the ashes of a Grand Union Flag falling into the waters of Lake Champlain, the curtain is rung down on the story of the immediate predecessor of the Stars and Stripes. Three stray evidences of its active part in the Revolution close our history of its career. The water-color sketch of the *Royal Savage*, found among the papers of Gen. Schuyler, shows it streaming in the wind over the stern of the ship. Ambrose Searle, Confidential Secretary of Admiral Lord Howe of the British Navy, in a letter written July 25, 1776, spoke of the Grand Union Flag at New York as follows: "They have set up their standard in the fort upon the southern end of the town. Their colours are thirteen stripes of red and white, alternately, with the English Union cantoned in the corner." The third piece of evidence is a strip of Carolina paper currency of the time of the Revolution, with this flag printed

upon it. Save for these three fragments and the historic episodes already described, we have scarcely a shred of evidence that supports any statement of the Grand Union Flag's appearance again as an emblem of revolt. Its brief life was a romantic one. The men who fought and died under it gave warrant that the true Flag of the united Colonies knit together in a definite bond of independent States would not lack heroic defenders.

V

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN AND THE STARS AND STRIPES

WE are confronted with a most perplexing and alluring problem when we attempt to discover the sources of inspiration for the Stars and Stripes as we see it to-day. Historians who approach the subject with confidence, come to conclusions that differ. Some of them, of the school of Parson Weems, are emphatic in their belief that the coat-of-arms of the Washington family, with its stars and horizontal stripes, or bars, gave the idea of the design for the Flag. This is a pretty conceit, that meets with a sharp rebuff in the personality of the Father of his Country. The man who fled precipitately from the room in Independence Hall when John Adams proposed him as Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army, would have made impossible any effort to perpetuate his family crest in his country's emblem. Washington said, much to the point, "We take the stars from Heaven, the red from our mother country, separating it by white stripes, thus showing that we have separated from her, and the white stripes shall go down to posterity representing liberty."

It has been suggested, and the suggestion is seconded by one or two investigators, that the Grand Union Flag may have been formed by placing six white

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strips of cloth across the red ensign of Great Britain. This hint at the possible method of fashioning this flag late in 1775, is strengthened by Washington's poetic analysis of Old Glory, especially in his words, "the red from our mother country, separating it by white stripes." Two logical steps in procedure readily come to mind. First, the spreading a red British ensign, with its crosses in the Union, on a table and laying six strips of white cloth across the red field, to obtain the thirteen stripes, seven red and six white. The result gives us the Grand Union Flag.

Now go over the months to the Spring of 1777, and imagine a Committee in Philadelphia determined on eliminating every trace of Great Britain and George the Third from the Flag. As Endicott, in old Massachusetts days, cut the cross from the English ensign, deeming it an obnoxious ecclesiastical symbol, so, in a milder mood, that apochryphal Committee—History has hidden them behind her curtain—took shears in hand and cut the Union from the Grand Union Flag, with its crosses of St. George and St. Andrew.

Then, quite naturally, arose the question, "What can we place in that significant corner of the Flag? What device will typify the new United States?" Some writers found in the constellation Lyra, the Harp, which signifies harmony, the inspiration that led the Committee to the stars. One of them, if our memory is not askew, gives John Adams credit for the suggestion. There is a measure of ingenuity in this guess, for Lyra is near the zenith in June, the month of the adoption of the Stars and Stripes.

Peleg D. Harrison contributes this paragraph on

the source of the stars: "The idea of the adoption of the stars as a device for a national standard may have originated in Boston, as the earliest known suggestion of a star for an American ensign appeared in the *Massachusetts Spy* of March 10, 1774, more than three years prior to the establishment of the Stars and Stripes. In a song written for the anniversary of the Boston Massacre, March 5, 1770, the author gives his poetic prophecy in these words:

'A ray of bright glory now beams from afar,
The American ensign now sparkles a star
Which shall shortly flame wide through the skies.'

If we had been in the composing room of the *Massachusetts Spy* during the first ten days of March, 1774, those three lines would not have gotten by us without a comma after the word "sparkles." The meaning of the poet is plain. He used the word "star" as a metaphor; and it gave him a plausible rhyme for "afar." Yet, when all's been said, we confess to a wonderment as to what that rhymester was driving at, what he had in mind, when he wrote those three lines a year and more before Lexington and Concord. What was his "American ensign"?

These theories do not seem at all sound. We are about to exploit a new one, add another little chapter to the story of the quest for the originator of the star-hint. In "The Jumel Mansion," by William Henry Shelton, is found this paragraph: "A curious piece of chintz, made in France at this early period, its pattern evidently inspired by Franklin, shows Washington

driving a pair of leopards to a chariot, in which America, an Indian maiden, is seated behind him, holding a shield on which is the date 1776. In front of the leopards are two Indians, one carrying a flag bearing the Franklin device of the snake divided into thirteen parts, and the other a flag of thirteen stripes. Passing in the opposite direction, beyond the chariot and turning to fall in behind it, is the Philadelphia First Troop, at its head a flag of thirteen stripes alongside the French standard showing the fleur-de-lis. Above this group and completing the pattern is Franklin himself, with the Goddess of Liberty, following the thirteen stars on a shield borne by Mercury up to Fame, who is blowing two trumpets at the entrance to the temple."

We go back over twenty years. In 1754, Benjamin Franklin, in his effort to impress on the Colonies the need of concerted action against the forays of the French and Indians, published in the *Pennsylvania Gazette* an engraving representing a rattlesnake curved and severed into eight parts. The head was marked "N. E.," for New England, and six of the remaining sections bore the initials, "N. Y.," "N. J.," "P.," "M.," "V." and "N. C." The tail stood for South Carolina and Georgia. The versatile Philadelphian, according to Paul Leicester Ford, in his "The Many Sided Franklin," "made diagrams and sketches to illustrate and explain his writings. . . . Long after his retirement from active printing, the Continental Congress secured his aid in the designs of the currency. . . . During the Stamp Act times he made a symbolical print which had considerable vogue. While serv-

ing in the Continental Congress he was appointed a member of the committee to prepare devices for a great seal."

In Franklin's own writings we find that, during the early wars of the eighteenth century, the women of Philadelphia, "by subscription among themselves, provided silk colors which they presented to the companies, painted devices and mottoes, which I supplied." There is in existence to-day a picture of a flag which Franklin designed in the years before the Revolution.

There is a tradition, not accepted by historians as authentic, that Congress appointed a committee in 1775 to go to the camp at Boston and consult with Washington in an attempt to decide upon a flag that would meet the demands of the hour. On Sept. 30, 1775, Congress did select Benjamin Franklin, Benjamin Harrison and Thomas Lynch, as their representatives, and this committee reached Cambridge near the middle of October. They remained for conference on war matters for nearly a week, and then returned to Philadelphia. In their report to Congress, no mention was made of a flag for the army.

We hold that Franklin was the man, when the personnel of the Continental Congress of 1776-77 is considered, to be most greatly interested in the movement toward having a flag that should represent the United States and their purpose. The incontrovertible facts of his making "a symbolical print" during the Stamp Act troubles, his service as a member of the Congressional Committee appointed to "prepare devices for a great seal," and his supplying "devices and mottoes" in connection with the making of early battle-flags,

to the women of Philadelphia, are enough to set him apart as the man best equipped for the task of inventing a flag interstate in its meaning.

We believe that the committee, of which Franklin was the head, that conferred with Washington in the camp near Boston in October, 1775, did discuss a new flag, and did, at the time, decide upon the Grand Union Flag as an opportune standard. And we go beyond that statement of flag-creed, to the much more important expression of faith, that Benjamin Franklin was the creator, or one of the creators, of the Stars and Stripes. If one of a group, he was undoubtedly the dominating figure.

Now see how beautifully this bit of Parisian chintz fits into our argument. Franklin arrived in Paris, on his mission to France, on Dec. 22, 1776. Sydney George Fisher reminds us that "the French always believed that Franklin was the originator of the Revolution." We know he carried Paris by storm, that a perfect volume of elaborate prints was published revealing him as a being on the slopes of Olympus, just a few feet below the immortal Gods. Anything and everything that had to do with Franklin's life as philosopher, scientist, writer and statesman, was translated into the graphic formula of the copper-plate. Franklin drawing lightning from Heaven; Franklin rescuing America from destruction; Franklin hobnobbing with Jove; there was much illuminated apotheosis of the shrewd old Philadelphian.

Franklin invented the rattlesnake, cut into sections, as a device typifying the Colonies sadly needing cohesion during the French and Indian wars. The Rat-

tlesnake Flag appears on this piece of chintz. Franklin knew the composition of the flag of the Philadelphia Light Horse—it was from his home town—and could describe it to Frenchmen. He must have done so, or it never could have been included in this interesting design we are studying. Did he go a step beyond that? Were the thirteen stripes and the thirteen stars associated in his mind as the proper elements for a flag yet to be sewed together? Did he write to Philadelphia, to friends in Congress, telling them of his inspiration?

We conclude that this extremely interesting bit of chintz with the date 1776 was made soon after Franklin arrived in Paris, late in December, 1776, or in the opening months of 1777. It was intended to extol him as the "originator of the Revolution," the man who wrested the thirteen Colonies from Great Britain. As he surely gave its designer the scheme of the Rattlesnake Flag and that of the flag of the Philadelphia Light Horse, he may have hinted at the thirteen stars and the thirteen stripes as appropriate parts to be combined in a flag soon to be a reality.

Harrison, following Preble's lead, tells us in his history of the Stars and Stripes that the Grand Union Flag went across the Atlantic with Franklin. We quote a paragraph: "The Continental Union flag was first shown in European waters by the *Reprisal*, Captain Lambert Wickes. She sailed from Philadelphia, for France, in September, 1776, with Dr. Benjamin Franklin, who had recently been appointed United States minister at the court of France, on board as passenger. While on the trip across she took several

prizes, which were disposed of in France, being the first English captured ships to be carried to France since the beginning of the war for American Independence."

So Franklin, on this voyage, had more than one graphic picture of the Union Jack of Great Britain fluttering against the sky near the Grand Union Flag of the United States. His mission to France was to impress Frenchmen with the full force of the fact that the Colonies had severed all links that had bound them to England. He must have recognized how utterly out of place were the British crosses of St. George and St. Andrew in the recognized American Flag that flew from the mast above him. He had designed flags in the years that had gone before. He may have seen in his mind's eye a vision of Old Glory when the stars of evening came out above the swaying topmasts of the *Reprisal*.

VI

THE BETSY ROSS TRADITION

BEFORE we emerge from the field of speculation as to the origin of the Stars and Stripes, we must get through the thicket of the Betsy Ross problem. This last difficulty is not an easy one to face, for the tradition of the making of our first complete national Flag in old Arch Street, Philadelphia, has become almost a fetish with good Americans. There are countless thousands of men and women in the United States who accept an historical narrative, especially if colored with a hue of romance, without a moment's investigation into its merits as truth. The Betsy Ross story, first given to the public in 1870, almost a century after the event it is supposed to prove, has gone into book after book as solid truth. Like the legend of the boy George Washington and his hatchet, it is neat but suspicious.

Recently a perfectly sane man came into our office and, with the air of one who had a real message to unfold, told us that near his home in a city in Western Massachusetts lived a niece of Betsy Ross. The estimable woman, gifted with a keen memory, had a fund of anecdotes of the life of the real Betsy, and was accepted by her neighbors as a bona fide link with a wonderful Past. Betsy Ross was born in 1752, one

hundred and sixty-seven years ago. We handed our visitor a scrap of paper, on which was the result of a little example in subtraction in terms of years. "How old would your niece of Betsy Ross have to be, to have memories of the living Betsy Ross?" we inquired. He never had thought of that. Like many others, he had accepted as fact what a few minutes of analytical thought would have shown to be an impossibility.

We are not on the verge of an effort to demolish the story of Betsy Ross and the making of the first Stars and Stripes. The weight of the evidence appears to be in favor of this tradition of the making of the original Old Glory. Were it not for the injudicious claims of certain members of the Ross family, claims utterly unnecessary and even dangerous to the life of an episode accepted as fact, though fragile, we should be inclined to set the whole matter down in this book verbatim, in accord with the evidence as presented by counsel for the defense.

The story, in brief, is as follows: According to at least one historian, Betsy Ross made State colors for ships before the Flag-Resolution of Congress, of June 14, 1777, determined the Stars and Stripes as the national standard. She was engaged in flag-making for the Government after that date, and her daughter, Mrs. Clarissa Wilson, to whom we owe much of the accepted tradition, succeeded her in business and supplied arsenals, navy yards and the mercantile marine with flags for years.

The main elements of the story are in the fragments we now present. Betsy Ross was the widow of John Ross who died from the effects of injuries received

while guarding cannon balls and military stores which had been made by his uncle, George Ross, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. She had embroidered shirt ruffles for Washington in the days before his appointment as Commander-in-Chief of the Army, for she was famous for her work with the needle. It was natural that Washington, with her uncle, George Ross, and Robert Morris should go to her for the making of a sample flag. These three men are supposed to have formed the committee, authorized by Congress or self-appointed, to "design a suitable flag for the nation."

It is a pretty picture. We can imagine the three men bowing graciously to the young widow, then in her twenty-sixth year, and, after being seated, presenting, in the hands of Washington, a rough drawing of the proposed flag. The design shows stars with six points, to which Mistress Betsy objects. She folds a piece of paper and produces, with clips of her scissors, a perfect five-pointed star. Washington redraws the sketch, and the committee unanimously votes to give her the commission to make the first true American Flag.

As George Washington was not in Philadelphia at any time during the first six months of 1777, it is a real problem to fit him into this picture. We are to find out, at once, how one man solves this problem by getting a Stars and Stripes made by Betsy Ross at some time in 1776, and thus making the great George a possible actor in the little scene.

The claims of Mr. William J. Canby, a grandson of Betsy Ross, assert that she made flags of the Stars

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and Stripes pattern as early as June, 1776, when Washington chanced to be in Philadelphia, and that they were in common use soon after the Declaration of Independence was signed. Mr. Canby was eleven years old when Betsy Ross died in 1836, yet he waited until 1857 before crystallizing in writing her relations of reminiscences of events associated with the Flag. That gap of twenty-one years before the committal of historical data to the stern rigidity of printed words, injures the value of Mr. Canby's interesting contribution to the literature of the Flag.

Another argument against the possibility of the Stars and Stripes being in use as early as June, 1776, is found in the words of John Paul Jones, "The flag and I are twins," uttered when he was told that his appointment to the command of the *Ranger* was of the same date as the Resolution in Congress, of June 14, 1777, that adopted the Stars and Stripes as the national emblem. Paul Jones loathed the Rattlesnake Flag, frequently displayed on ships of our little navy of 1776-77, and was precisely the man to seize upon and run to a masthead such a glorious emblem as Old Glory, were it in existence prior to June, 1777. You may scrutinize all the records of the Revolution, Congressional files, daily papers, prints, documents in European museums and libraries; you will not find a scrap of evidence the size of a ten-cent piece in support of the Canby theory. This claim is a distinct drag on the progress of the Betsy Ross legend, for it stresses an argument based on hearsay, oral transmission, when the truth we seek is that lodged in the written or printed memorials of the period.

On June 14, 1777, the Continental Congress passed the following Resolution:

Resolved, That the flag of the thirteen United States of America be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a New Constellation.

With that date and that Resolution, began the history of the Stars and Stripes as a living symbol of Nationality. There will be a few events associated with the early records of the Flag, as we are to give them, that will require careful attention, as they are not presented clearly in other histories of the Flag, or have been neglected. But we are out of the period of extreme uncertainty that prevailed during the years of the Continental standards of 1775 and 1776.

VII

OLD GLORY FLOATS OVER A FIELD OF BATTLE

THE affair at Fort Stanwix in the summer of 1777 gives us a singularly dramatic, even romantic, initial chapter in our history of the real Stars and Stripes. A vivid flame of patriotism sprang spontaneously into glow in the midst of that garrison in central New York, then the heart of the Northwestern wilderness. It was fitting that the contributing elements in the brief story of August 6, 1777, should have been loyalty to country and heroic courage in the face of seemingly inevitable disaster. The Stars and Stripes literally blossomed forth suddenly on that day, an unheralded sign of independence and a will to fight to the sternest extremity.

Our main source of authority for the presence of the Flag at Stanwix is "A Narrative of the Military Actions of Colonel Marinus Willett," published in 1831. Secondary sources are, a journal of the siege kept by a private soldier, a letter written by Captain Abraham Swartwout, and at least one passage from histories published during the first half of the nineteenth century. It is necessary, in covering a short ground of preface, to state that in March, 1777, Willett led in a quick attack on the British at Peekskill, a bayonet charge that drove the red-coats to their ships

on the Hudson. In the booty captured were "a few blankets and cloaks." Now note the following: "A blue cloak, taken here," as Willett tells us, "served afterwards to make the blue stripes of the flag which we hoisted during the siege of Fort Stanwix." The "blue stripes" is a slip of memory. We are to find the correction in a later page of the Colonel's narrative. There is reason to believe that, in distributing the booty, this blue cloak was given to Captain Abraham Swartwout.

The narrative of the first appearance of our Flag in battle demands consideration of the whole chain of events connected with the investment and relief of Fort Stanwix. We shall use Colonel Willett's journal freely. As he reminds us in a sentence to follow, this fort controlled the entire valley of the Mohawk. Situated in a wilderness, described by British writers of the period as a network of ravines and dense forests and thickets, it was the only barrier in the way of invasion from Canada by way of Oswego and the river-valley. Stanwix once in the hands of a hostile force approaching from the northwest to effect a union with Burgoyne coming down from the direct north to strike the upper reaches of the Hudson at Albany, the result meant the annihilation of the loyal militia of central New York, the rallying of thousands of Indians under the standard of Great Britain, and the probable overthrow of the Continental Army guarding the river-approach to New York City. Stanwix, held and maintained as a base for American operations, would always be a thorn in the flank of major British operations.

In the spring of 1777, a few hundred men were sent to Fort Stanwix, under Colonel Peter Gansevoort. When warnings of a possible advance by the British from Canada by way of Oswego began to come down from New York, it was decided to reënforce the little garrison and put the fort in condition to endure a siege. No mistake was made in selecting Col. Marinus Willett as the man to lead what appeared to be almost a forlorn hope. Now for Willett's journal: "Upon Col. Willett's arrival, the fort was in a weak and untenable state. This fort, built where the village of Rome now stands, was considered to be at that early period the principal key to the whole of the Mohawk country. It had been built by Gen. Stanwix, in the year 1758. It was a square fort, with four bastions.—But since the conclusion of the French war the fort had fallen into decay; the ditch was filled up, the pickets had rotted and fallen down." Willett at once discharged the engineer who had been in charge of repairs, and set to work to strengthen the fort.

During July the first premonitions of the coming storm began to appear. "Scouts of Indians, belonging to the enemy, had been frequently discovered in the vicinity of the fort." On July 3, three little girls were outside the gates, picking blackberries. Two of them were killed by the Indians, and the third, who escaped, "had been shot through the shoulder; the wound proved slight, and she soon recovered.

"On the last day of July, advice was received that a number of batteaux loaded with ammunition and provisions were on their way under a guard of two hundred men.—These boats arrived about 5 o'clock P. M.,

on the second day of August.—The fort had never been supplied with a flag. The necessity of having one had, upon the arrival of the enemy, taxed the invention of the garrison a little; and a decent one was soon contrived. The white stripes were cut out of ammunition shirts; the blue out of the camlet cloak taken from the enemy at Peekskill; while the red stripes were made of different pieces of stuff procured from one and another of the garrison.”

Permit us to interpolate a motion-picture of what probably happened in the little story of the making of that Flag. One account tells us that the two hundred men who came up the Mohawk in boats brought with them a printed description of the Stars and Stripes as adopted by the Resolution of Congress of June 14, 1777. This description had appeared in a Pennsylvania paper. If ever a body of men needed a banner under which to fight to the death, it was that small garrison miles removed from military aid, cut off, surrounded by British regulars, Hessians and Indians commanded by St. Leger and Sir John Johnson. We find the audacious courage of Gansevoort and Willett, and their men, voiced in the simple words “The fort had never been supplied with a flag,” and in their determination to have one. One little acre of Americanism would show its colors and defy an enemy present in superior force to do his worst. So they taxed their wits and scoured the fort for material from which to fashion an impromptu American Flag, the first Stars and Stripes to face a foe. Some woman’s fingers, or perhaps those of the little girl with the bullet-scar in her shoulder, stitched together that crude Flag, with

the sunburned, lithe Continental officers and men looking on, in sunlight or by the flare of flickering candles. And Abraham Swartwout gave up his beautiful blue British cloak to furnish the field for the stars. Fortunately for us, to verify our pointing at Abraham as the man, we have to-day his letter of August 29, 1778, in which he reminds Col. Gansevoort that he had been promised eight yards of broadcloth, to make good "my blue cloak which was used for colors at Fort Schuyler," for so Stanwix was called in '78. Captain Abraham Swartwout must have been as thrifty as he was patriotic.

To return to the narrative from Willett's journal. By the morning of August 4, the Indians had increased to one thousand in number, and had completely encircled the fort. They commenced "a brisk rifle-fire" accompanied by "terrible yelling, which was continued at intervals the greater part of the night." To meet this force, greatly augmented by the British and Hessians on hand, there were in Stanwix the five hundred and fifty soldiers of Gansevoort and Willett, reënforced by Lieut. Col. Mellon's two hundred men of Colonel Weston's Massachusetts regiment of the Continental line, who had brought in with them the word-picture of the Stars and Stripes.

To the East of Stanwix, there was assembling a band of men under lion-hearted Gen. Herkimer, determined on marching to the relief of the fort. A messenger from Herkimer got through the British lines during the morning of August 6, with a letter bearing the date August 5. Willett says, "Arrangements were immediately made to effect a diversion in favour of Gen-

eral Herkimer by a sally upon the enemy's camp. Accordingly two hundred men were ordered on parade for this purpose, and placed by Col. Gansevoort under the command of Col. Willett; but a heavy shower of rain coming up at that moment delayed the sally near an hour.

"Gen. Herkimer, however, without waiting for the signal from the fort, which was to notify him that his express had been received, and that a sally had been made, advanced prematurely." You know the sequel in that terrific fight of the ambuscade at Oriskany, where men fought hand-to-hand, with a howling tempest of rain, thunder and lightning, swooping down upon them. Herkimer was ahead of the time set for his advance, and Gansevoort and Willett had delayed their signal gun, which was to announce the sally from the fort.

"As to the sally," continues Willett, "it was completely successful. As soon as the rain ceased, Col. Willett lost not a moment in sallying forth from the gate of the fort" with his two hundred men, one hundred from New York and one hundred from Massachusetts. "The camp of Sir John Johnson, and that of the Indians, were taken." Seven wagons, stored in the fort with horses, were three times loaded with plunder. "Among other articles, they found five British flags.—Upon his return, the five flags, taken from the enemy, were hoisted on the flag staff under the Continental flag; when all the troops in the garrison, having mounted the parapets, gave as three hearty cheers as, perhaps, were ever given by the same number of men."

With those cheering men beneath the Old Glory of Stanwix, stood a boy, Robert Wilson. When Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown, Ensign Wilson, of Washington's army, was delegated to collect the captured flags, eighteen of them German Hessian, and six of them British. In the four event-crowded years from 1777 to 1781, that boy witnessed the drama of the Stars and Stripes in the Revolution from that first Act set in a little fort in a wilderness, to the final Act at Yorktown when the curtain came down on the Red, White and Blue aligned in triumph with the White and Gold of France. There was much prophecy in those five British flags "hoisted on the flag staff under the Continental flag" at old Fort Stanwix.

All Americans of to-day who love their Flag should never forget that picture seized from a vanished Past, the Stars and Stripes fluttering in defiance against a stormy sunset fringed with the dark deeps of a wild forest, with seven hundred men cheering and looking up at it from the parapets below. Two other forts, to figure in the Nation's history to come, were to voice the same brave, indomitable spirit: McHenry and Sumter.

We close this chapter with three quotations. Bancroft, in his "History of the United States," says

"It was the first time that a captured banner had floated under the Stars and Stripes of the republic."

A minor historian, writing early in the forties of the last century, said

"Willett carried off many spoils, and raised a trophy under the American flag floating over the wooden fort."

The diary kept by William Colbraith, a soldier of Gansevoort's regiment, lately found in an old chest, corroborates Willett's narrative. Colbraith says, definitely:

"Aug. 3. Early this A.M., a Continental flag was made by the officers of Col. Gansevoort's regiment, was hoisted and a cannon, levelled at the enemy's camp, was fired on this occasion."—"Aug. 6. Four colours were also taken, and immediately hoisted on our flag staff under the Continental flag, as trophies of victory."

And so we have our first big dramatic picture in the Story of Old Glory. The setting was admirable. The old Mohawk trail, of which Stanwix was then the western sentinel, was to become one of the highways that led to the West and the Flag's vast Empire of conquest and settlement. All honor to the men who were, in 1777, the wardens of the gate under a Stars and Stripes made by their hands and defended with their lives.

VIII

THE FLAG AND THE SOLDIER OF THE REVOLUTION

WE have seen, in the story of the defense of Stanwix, that the American soldier of the time of the Revolution had begun to comprehend the meaning of the new Republic. He saw in the Flag "over the corner of the fort nearest the enemy," something much greater than pieces of red, white and blue cloth sewed together. When Col. Willett, referring to this Flag, spoke of "the necessity of having one," he gave us the keynote to the courage and the Americanism of the men with him. Those regiments from New York and Massachusetts, that defied St. Leger and his superior force, knew that they were stationed at Stanwix not as representatives of two Colonies recently become States, but as a loyal part of the Continental Army of the United States of America.

There are definite points in the orderly progress of a nation's growth that may be called nodes. At these points it is well to tie knots in the string of one's history. In our imaginary thread we fasten a tag to the knot for August 6, 1777, and there is an Old Glory pictured on this tag. We hope to acquaint thousands of children with the story of Gansevoort and Willett and their seven hundred men, for, if there is a calendar

of great dates in the Story of the Flag, surely that day in the summer of 1777 must not be overlooked.

We return to Stanwix. On the afternoon of Aug. 7, 1777, the day following the sally, the English sent a white flag to the gate of the fort, and requested a conference. Once more we take up Willett's narrative. "Col. Butler, who commanded the Indians, with two other officers, were conducted blindfolded into the fort and received by Col. Gansevoort in his dining-room. The windows of the room were shut, and candles were lighted; a table also was spread, covered with crackers, cheese and wine. Three chairs, placed at one end of the table, were occupied by Col. Butler and the two other officers, who had come with him; at the other end Col. Gansevoort, Col. Mellon and Col. Willett were seated. Seats were also placed around the table for as many officers as could be accommodated, while the rest of the room was nearly filled with the other officers of the garrison, indiscriminately; it being desirable that the officers in general should be witnesses to all that might take place."

A Major Ancrom, "with a very grave, stiff air and a countenance full of importance," rose and delivered himself of a pompous speech, in the course of which he said, "I am directed to remind the commandant that the defeat of Gen. Herkimer must deprive the garrison of all hopes of relief, especially as Gen. Burgoyne is now in Albany; so that, sooner or later, the fort must fall into our hands.—Should the present terms be rejected, it will be out of the power of the Colonel to restrain the Indians, who are very numerous and much exasperated, not only from plundering the property,

but destroying the lives of, probably, the greater part of the garrison."

Major Ancrom lied when he said that Burgoyne was in Albany. But Gansevoort and Willett did not know that the British army of invasion was still many miles from the upper waters of the Hudson. What they did know was the temper of the Indians, who had lost many warriors and not a few chiefs in the fighting at Oriskany and around Stanwix. They realized that, in all probability, the surrender of the fort meant as many scalps carried off in fiendish triumph as there were men and women within the shelter of the parapets. The splendid phase of their defense was their profound sense of the importance of the fort to the United States, their revealed feeling that it was American soil under an American Flag, and that they were there to defend it to the last gasp of the last man.

Gansevoort nodded to Willett. The latter rose from his chair and, "looking the important Major full in the face," replied, "You have made a long speech which, stript of all its superfluities, amounts to this, that you come from a British Colonel, to the commandant of this garrison, to tell him that if he does not deliver up the garrison into the hands of your Colonel, he will send his Indians to murder our women and children. We are doing our duty and this garrison is committed to our charge, and we will take care of it. After you get out of it, you may turn round to look at its outside, but never expect to come in again, unless you come a prisoner." The room rang with a volley of applause.

The history of the siege and the relief of Fort Stan-

wix finds place in few books. It is unknown in most schoolrooms in the United States where the nation's history is taught. We suspect that the reader will wish to share with us the story of the result of this heroic defense. The British, with their Hessian and Indian allies, settled down to starve the garrison into submission, and began to dig trenches that zigzagged toward the fort, preparatory to an assault. Something had to be done, and that quickly. At ten o'clock on the night of August 10, Willett and a Major Stockwell slipped from the gate and crawled through the British lines. When they reached the river, they crossed on a log, and were then enveloped in black darkness in a swampy wood. There is a quaint simplicity in Willett's narrative at this point: "Placing themselves against a large tree, they stood perfectly quiet several hours. At length, perceiving the morning star, they again set out." They actually got through the wilderness to General Schuyler, and had the satisfaction of witnessing Learned's Massachusetts Brigade, with the First New York Regiment, under way for Stanwix.

England was not slow to recognize Willett's exploit. The British Annual Register for 1777 contained the following: "Col. Willett afterwards (after the sally) undertook, in company with another officer, a much more perilous expedition. They passed by night through the besieger's works, and in contempt of the danger and cruelty of the savages, made their way for fifty miles through pathless woods and unexplored morasses, in order to raise the country and bring re-

lief to the fort. Such an action demands the praise even of an enemy."

While Willett and Stockwell were in the deeps of the wilderness, the British sent into Stanwix another officer under a white flag, to demand its surrender. Gansevoort's reply was terse and intensely American: "It is my determined resolution, with the force under my command, to defend this fort to the last extremity, in behalf of the United States, who have placed me here to defend it against all their enemies."

On August 23, 1777, the vanguard of the little army of relief appeared. Colbraith's diary tells us that this force numbered "near one thousand men," and that there was "a discharge of all the cannon from the bastions, amounting in the whole to thirteen." Rather significant that volley from thirteen guns, in truth a national salute to the unconquered Old Glory that waved over the northeast bastion. But even the echoes reached no enemy. Word of the coming relief had filtered through to St. Leger's force and, one and all, they had decamped in haste. Once more a passage from the *British Annual Register* for 1777: "Nothing could have been more untoward in the present condition of affairs, than the unfortunate issue of this expedition."

Stanwix was a portent. Some chord of brotherhood as men partners in one Nation found its dominant in that Flag over "the corner nearest the enemy." Gansevoort's resolution "to defend this fort to the last extremity, in behalf of the United States," gives us all the text we require when we seek to ascertain the spirit of the American soldier at Stanwix. He was American

to the core. He seized upon and made vivid the central idea of this Nation,—Independence resolutely maintained beneath the Stars and Stripes, itself a perfect figure of Democracy.

IX

A FEW FLAG PROBLEMS

ON May 10, 1779, Richard Peters wrote a letter to General Washington from the War Office in Philadelphia. Here is the portion of this letter that interests us:

"As to Colours we have refused them for Another Reason. The Baron Steuben mentioned when he was here that he would settle with your Excellency some Plan as to the Colours. It was intended that every Regiment should have two Colours—one the Standard of the United States which should be the same throughout the Army, and the other a Regimental Colours which vary according to the facings of the Regiments. But it is not yet settled what is the Standard of the United States. If your Excellency will therefore favor us with your Opinion on the Subject, we will report to Congress on the Subject and request them to establish a Standard, and so soon as this is done we will endeavor to get Materials and order a Number made sufficient for the Army."

That letter was written in Philadelphia nearly two years after the Flag was adopted in June, 1777, and from a place within a few feet of the Hall of the adoption. The sentence, "But it is not yet settled what is the Standard of the United States," has staggered more than one student of the history of the Flag. One man does not attempt to explain it. Another

gasps and stares at it, and then stammers out something about the vast ignorance of Peters.

There is much comfort in the words, "one the Standard of the United States which should be the same throughout the Army." We do not accept the explanation of men who are inclined to believe that the Flag-Resolution of June 14, 1777, since it was one with a group of four Resolutions all referring to the American Navy, standing second in the five, aimed at supplying a national ensign for the little American fleet and not one for the Continental Army. That is a pure dodging the problem. The Stars and Stripes had been appropriated by the Continental Army as its peculiar Flag, but there were sections of the territory of war where the Colonial standards still waved unchallenged in 1779; witness the flags of Savannah, Pulaski's Banner, and the Eutaw Flag of Col. William Washington's Horse. Richard Peters was right. There was not, in 1779, a general recognition of the Stars and Stripes as the only battle-flag for Americans from New Hampshire to Georgia. But his letter in no measure disproves the statement that the heart of the Cause, the little group of officers and men of the Continental Army around George Washington, held allegiance to but one standard, the Stars and Stripes.

Sergeant William Jasper and his flags of Fort Sullivan, afterwards Fort Moultrie, and Savannah, come to mind as a good opening for a discussion of the confusion that clouds the records of the several Colonial and State battle-flags of the Revolution. This man figured in two stirring scenes that had flags for their motives. It was natural that in the first of the two,

that of Fort Moultrie on June 28, 1776, the Palmetto Flag of the Carolinas should go through an experience that caused it to go down in history as famous.

There is an interesting little side note to be brought in here. The American people, willing to be fooled in a good cause, recently accepted a calendar published by a prominent Insurance Company, on which Jasper appeared struggling up the redoubt at Moultrie with a Stars and Stripes in his arms. The artist knew the facts and, in his original sketch, showed the Palmetto Flag. "We must have Old Glory, no matter what the truth," said the officials of the Company; thus following in the trail of John Trumbull.

Even the printed accounts of Jasper's heroism, given in histories, clash in their conclusions. In the manuscript, "Life of Brigadier General Peter Horry," occurs this story of this man and his flag at Moultrie: "Above my gun, on the rampart, was a large American flag hung on a very high mast, formerly of a ship; the men-of-war directing their fire thereat, it was, from their shot so wounded as to fall, with the colors, over the fort. Sergeant Jasper of the Grenadiers leapt over the rampart, and deliberately walked the whole length of the fort, until he came to the colors on the extremity of the left, when he cut the same from the mast, and called to me for a sponge staff, and with a thick cord tied on the colors and stuck the staff on the rampart in the sand."

Jasper was offered "a lieutenant's commission, but as he could neither read nor write, he modestly refused to accept it, saying 'I am not fit to keep officers' company, being only a Sergeant.'"

We now go on to Jasper's second and final act of daring under a flag. In the assault on Savannah, Oct. 9, 1779, an attack as disastrous to the Americans and the French as was Bunker Hill to the British, two silk flags, one red and the other blue, made by the wife of Major Bernard Elliot, and presented by her to Moultrie's Regiment, were carried into action beside the Lilies of France. William Gilmore Simms tells us, in his "The Life of Francis Marion," that one of them "was borne by Lieutenant Bush, supported by Sergeant Jasper; the other by Lieutenant Gray, supported by Sergeant McDonald. Bush being slightly wounded early in the action, delivered his standard to Jasper, for better security. Jasper a second time, and now fatally wounded, restored it to the former. But at the moment of taking it, Bush received a mortal wound. He fell into the ditch with his ensign under him, and it remained in possession of the enemy."

After reading the above, written nearly eighty years ago by a man who had the facts at first hand, how are we to account for this circumstantial statement of a modern historian, "Jasper, wounded and dying as he was, seized the colors, and succeeded in saving them from falling into the hands of the British. He was carried to camp, and died soon after. Just before he expired, he said to Major Elliot, 'Tell Mrs. Elliot I lost my life supporting the colors she gave to our regiment.' "

A Hessian officer, writing of the surrender of Burgoyne's army at Saratoga, in 1777, said in his letter, in speaking of the American Army drawn up in line, "There were regular regiments, also, which for want

of time and cloth, were not yet equipped in uniform. These had standards with various emblems and mottoes." The Hessian officer was right. There were "standards with various emblems and mottoes." Horry says the flag of Fort Moultrie was "a large American flag," although we know it was a Palmetto Flag, blue with a white crescent moon in the corner where the canton usually appears and, as some authorities assert, having the word "Liberty" upon it in large letters. What were the flags of red and blue of the assault on Savannah? Were certain of the thirteen States in the habit of designating their own special standards as "American"?

We believe that the Stars and Stripes was adopted in 1777, as the standard of the Continental Army, and that there were many minor banners carried into action by troops that fought in areas removed from the fields of campaign of that Continental Army under Washington. Col. William Washington followed a crimson damask flag made by the girl of his heart; and this flag, still in existence, flew over the fields of the Cowpens and Eutaw. It is now known as the Eutaw Flag. Pulaski, who fell with Jasper on the slopes at Savannah, had for his particular flag the famous Pulaski Banner, made for him by the Moravian nuns at Bethlehem, Pa. Longfellow's poem, "Hymn of the Moravian Nuns at the Consecration of Pulaski's Banner," was inspired by this flag, which is still intact. A flag taken by the Hessians at Long Island, on Aug. 27, 1776, was deep red in color, with the word "Liberty" upon it. An English print of the action of Oct. 28, 1776, shows the Americans bearing

a flag with a white field, "In which is a crossed sword and staff, the latter surmounted by a liberty cap; above the design is Patrick Henry's motto, 'Liberty or Death.'" Jasper and his fellow color-bearers at Savannah carried red and blue silk flags. Truly it is a case of "confusion worse confounded."

There were two men in the group of Washington's generals who knew what flags meant, who must have been not a little perplexed at the multiplicity of American banners. Steuben was one and Lafayette was the other. Richard Peters, in his letter of May 10, 1779, quoted at the opening of this chapter, referred to Steuben's purpose to settle with Washington "some plan as to the Colours." Lafayette was on the field at Brandywine, very much so in fact, as he was wounded during the battle. He must have been in the camp of the Continental Army on the night before the action. And now we have a ray of light. At twilight of Sept. 10, 1777, a few hours before the Brandywine, the Rev. Joab Trout preached a sermon "in the presence of the American soldiery, General Washington, General Wayne, and the other officers." That sermon was found a few years ago, in manuscript form, and we quote from it: "It is a solemn moment, brethren. Does not the solemn voice of nature seem to echo the sympathies of the hour? The flag of our country droops heavily from yonder staff."

Here is proof, final, conclusive, that an American Flag flew over the camp of the Continental Army on the evening before Brandywine. No man would say, "The flag of our country," in September, 1777, and have a Grand Union Flag, or a Pine Tree Flag, or a

Rattlesnake Flag, in full sight. And if the Flag was displayed on a staff within a few hours of battle, we may rest assured that it was not absent when its Army received the shock of the attack of Cornwallis. The boy Lafayette would have been one to see that Old Glory went under fire.

Brandywine was followed, in a few weeks, by the overthrow of Burgoyne at Saratoga. George Canby, in his "The Evolution of the American Flag," says, "There seems no doubt that the flag was used at the surrender of Burgoyne, October 17, 1777, as Trumbull's painting of the surrender shows an American Flag with the stars in a circle."

This turning to Trumbull for proof of the presence of Old Glory at Princeton and Saratoga must be put an end to, and summarily. John Trumbull went to England in 1784 to study painting, and was a pupil of Benjamin West. He fell under the influence of the latter's method of work. His "Bunker Hill," painted in West's studio, was modeled closely on West's "Death of Wolfe." Now we will see what English historians think of the "Death of Wolfe." Robert Wright, in his "Life of Wolfe," informs us that "Monckton, Barré, and other persons portrayed in the group around Wolfe were not on the spot. Monckton had been shot through the lung. Barré had been blinded, and Surgeon Adair, who is represented in attendance, was then at Crown Point. West wished Gen. Murray to figure in the picture, but the honest Scot refused, saying, 'No! No! I was not by. I was leading the left.' West's notions of artistic truth did not go beyond dress."

John Trumbull was completely under the spell of

Benjamin West's mode of composition. He ignored all the facts of the battle of Bunker Hill, in his painting, and he knew very well what they were, in grouping over a dozen prominent Englishmen and Americans in a small corner of the field, when they were in reality scattered over the ground of action. And he introduced the two flags to give a finishing touch. He makes a damaging confession, in the catalogue of his works in the Yale University Collection, when he says, of his later painting, "The Declaration of Independence": "The Artist also took the liberty of embellishing the background by suspending upon the wall military flags and trophies." We have good reason to fear that he "took the liberty of embellishing" his paintings, "The Battle of Princeton" and "The Surrender of the British to the American Forces at Saratoga," with the Stars and Stripes, although he knew that the Flag was not present on the former occasion. Of course, Trumbull's picture of Burgoyne's surrender is not to be accepted as a proof that Old Glory was present at Saratoga.

Alexander Anderson, who made the original wood-cuts for Weems' "General Washington," followed the lead of Trumbull. He surely knew the early history of the Stars and Stripes, for he was born in 1775, and his name is identified with one incident recorded later in this book. Yet Anderson, regarding the Flag as a symbol of the spirit of the Revolution, deliberately gave it a prominent place in his cut of the Battle of Bunker Hill. We are compelled to reject practically all paintings, sketches and wood-cuts that illustrate the Revolution, made by men of the period, as true

presentations of the events portrayed. Their values are in their curious disregard of the truth, their attempts at symbolism, and their portraits of the leading men of the age. It is strange that almost all historians of the Flag go to Trumbull for their argument for the presence of the Stars and Stripes at Saratoga, and never consider his method of composition and his statements of purpose as given in his autobiography.

X

THE STARS AND STRIPES ON THE SEA

WE are now to come out of the fog which veils so much of the story of Old Glory on land during the Revolution, into the clear sunlight of its life on the ocean. The story of our Navy of the Revolution is precise in its references to the Stars and Stripes. There were two events of the early months of 1778 that bring the Flag out in bold relief: one the capture of New Providence, and the other the fight between the *Randolph* and the *Yarmouth*. American privateers and small ships of war frequently swooped down on the English possessions to the southeast of Florida, and the Flag was not a stranger to the twisting channels of the network of Carib islands. Here, at last, we find dramatic evidence of the appearance of Old Glory in the midst of a romantic scenery, pitted against the Union Jack of Great Britain.

Under cover of darkness, on the night of January 27, 1778, Captain John P. Rathburne crept up to the island of New Providence in his brig, quite appropriately named the *Providence*. This little vessel carried but twelve four-pounders, but was already famous as the first command of Paul Jones in 1776, the one in which he won a reputation for daring seamanship. When Rathburne had come close to the island, he an-

chored, left half his crew, twenty-five men, on board, and then went ashore with the rest in boats. Events followed in a rush. Thirty American prisoners, aroused from their sleep, were set free, and the entire force of but little over fifty men carried Fort Nassau by storm.

At dawn the astonished inhabitants of the island, all good Englishmen, were alarmed at the sight of a strange Flag flying over Fort Nassau. To cap the climax of this audacious flaunting of a hostile ensign, Rathburne and his men appropriated all the ammunition they could lay hands on, together with three hundred muskets, and then, in the broad daylight of the morning of the 28th, captured an armed vessel of sixteen guns, with five merchantmen, in the harbor.

The situation suddenly became hot for the Stars and Stripes and its bold followers. On the 29th, at three P. M., five hundred men with artillery marched into sight. A messenger under a white flag called on Rathburne and ordered him to surrender the fort or be killed with all his men. Rathburne's reply was brief and emphatic. He nailed the Stars and Stripes to the flag-staff and told the messenger to report that he would hold Fort Nassau until not one of his men was left alive.

Of course it was impossible to stay, beleaguered and cut off from all assistance. The guns of Fort Nassau were spiked, and the whole American force embarked and put to sea, carrying with them valuable munitions of war. Two of the prizes were burned, and the remaining four were brought home in triumph to the United States. Rathburne, outnumbered ten to one,

held an enemy's fort for two days, and kept the Stars and Stripes flying over English soil for that period. No chronology of the Flag's history can omit this brief account of its floating at the top of a staff where for years the red ensign of Great Britain had streamed unchallenged.

On March 7, 1778, "Nick" Biddle of Philadelphia, of whom it was said that "Liberty never had a more intrepid defender," was off the Barbadoes in the thirty-two-gun frigate *Randolph*, accompanied by four South Carolina cruisers. Late in the afternoon the English sixty-four-gun ship-of-the-line *Yarmouth* came in sight and bore down on the little fleet. Biddle, knowing that his cruisers would be battered to pieces by the guns of the Englishman, signaled them to make all sail and escape. The *Yarmouth* overhauled the *Randolph* and came up on the weather quarter. Biddle, with his thirty-two guns, deliberately accepted battle with a foeman of sixty-four guns.

Captain Nicholas Vincent was in command of the *Yarmouth*. We have to go to his report, in the British Records, for our account of the fight. The *Yarmouth* hoisted her colors and bade the *Randolph* show her ensign. Biddle at once ran up the Stars and Stripes and poured a broadside into the *Yarmouth*. For nearly an hour the two ships sailed side by side, exchanging volleys. Then, with a roar, the *Randolph* blew up. Vincent says, "The two ships were so near each other at the time that many fragments of the wreck struck the *Yarmouth*, and among other things, an American ensign, rolled up, was blown upon her forecastle. This flag was not even singed."

"Nick" Biddle carried a Stars and Stripes ready to run up to the masthead if the one already there was shot away. Captain Vincent recognized the daring of his adversary, and added this noble note to his report: "The temerity of Captain Biddle in thus engaging a ship so much superior to his own deserved a better fate."

The *Randolph* went up in smoke and flame. It was symbolic of the American spirit of the Revolution, that her splendid Flag, Old Glory, should invade the deck of the British *Yarmouth* as a warning that fire and water can never destroy the soul of America.

XI

THE STARS AND STRIPES AND PAUL JONES

ON a clear, cold morning late in December, 1775, or early in January, 1776, Commodore Esek Hopkins, with his Staff officers, was rowed in a barge from the foot of Walnut Street, Philadelphia, to the flag-ship *Alfred*, lying in the Delaware. After certain ceremonies, Lieut. John Paul Jones seized the end of the halliards and raised to the masthead a yellow silk flag with a rattlesnake, and possibly a pine-tree, upon it, and bearing the words "Don't tread on me."

Paul Jones was also the first man to raise the Stars and Stripes to the masthead of an American ship of war. His record from 1777 to 1779 is the most dramatic one in the long list of naval heroes that have made our Flag famous the world over; and the Flag seems to be the inspiration of every chapter, well-nigh of every page, of his remarkable story of daring and adventure.

You will remember that on June 14, 1777, Congress passed the following Resolution:

Resolved, That the flag of the thirteen United States of America be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing A New Constellation.

Within a few minutes after that Resolution was passed, the following also went on record:

Resolved, That Captain John Paul Jones be appointed to command the ship *Ranger*.

When Paul Jones read those Resolutions, he is reported to have said tersely, "The Flag and I are twins." He loved it, he fought like a demon under it, he imparted to his men a realization of its beauty and its meaning.

That Paul Jones unfurled Old Glory on the *Ranger* at Portsmouth, N. H., in July or August, 1777, is certain. We find the proof in his own journal, given in the third person: "Jones was appointed to command the *Ranger*, on board of which he hoisted the national flag for the first time it was displayed on a man of war." There has been some controversy over minor elements of the event as recorded in tradition, and it is wise to be cautious in accepting the versions of a number of imaginative writers. The *Ranger* was being finished and equipped at Portsmouth. A few of the young ladies of the town knew the design of the new Flag and decided to make one for Paul Jones and his ship. As legend has it, very prettily, "Slices of their best silk gowns" went into the making of this Flag. When it was finished, Jones journeyed from Boston to Portsmouth, to receive and display it on the *Ranger*.

That this significant event occurred on July 4, 1777, exactly one year after the signing of the Declaration of Independence, as some writers assert, is doubtful.

Three weeks was rather a short time, in those days, to get the description of the Flag from Philadelphia to Portsmouth and have the complete ensign ready for unfurling on July 4.

It is enough for us to believe that on a summer day in 1777, a group of young women of a town in New Hampshire came down to the shore bearing a large and beautiful Flag, their gift to Captain John Paul Jones of the *Ranger*. A company of towns-people and sailors, with the gallant Captain and the patriotic girls in the center, gathered on the deck of the ship, and Paul Jones with his own hands hoisted Old Glory to the top of the mast.

That scene was the starting-point for a series of historic episodes in the story of the American Flag. The Stars and Stripes of Portsmouth town was destined to set the pace, and a swift and glorious one at that, for many other American naval ensigns to follow. It was the first Old Glory on the sea, and it made for itself a record that has never been surpassed and probably never will be equaled.

It is not out of place here to give a fragment of the story of the *Ranger* herself, the first battleship to fly the Stars and Stripes, and to copy a few lines from old records of her memorable voyage across the Atlantic in the late months of 1777. She was American from top-mast to keel. Even a number of her guns were cast in this country. She was one of the first American ships to be coppered, and she was longer by six feet than any other ship of her class of the day. She could "run like a hound" going free, but was decidedly cranky in work to windward. Jones

realized that she was top-heavy, but defied sea and storm by adding to her armament and raising her center of weight.

That voyage across the Atlantic that commenced on Nov. 1, 1777, was "terrific," according to Lieutenant Hall, who said, more in detail, "I had never seen a ship crowded as Captain Jones drove the *Ranger*. Imagine the situation of the crew, with a top-heavy and crank ship under their feet, and a commander who day and night insisted on every rag she could stagger under without laying clear down." Jones was carrying to France the news of Saratoga, and weather was not to hinder his ship.

Among the poems written during the Revolution is one that authorities claim "shows internal evidence that indicates it was composed by a member of the *Ranger's* crew." There was a boy, Charley Hill, on the ship, who amused himself and his comrades by writing and reciting poems on patriotic subjects. One of them, on the surrender of Burgoyne, was received with especial delight. Young Hill may have been the author of "The Yankee Man of War," of which the following is the opening stanza:

" 'Tis of a gallant Yankee ship that flew the stripes and stars,
And the whistling wind from the west-nor-west blew through
the pitch-pine spars.
With her starboard tacks aboard, my boys, she hung upon
the gale;
On an autumn night we raised the light on the old head of
Kinsale."

That is a stirring picture of the *Ranger* with her Flag of the girls of Portsmouth town snapping in the

wind, crossing the very stretch of sea off Kinsale where, years later, the *Lusitania* was to go down, and, in the dying cries of her women and children, call on Old Glory for justice.

Paul Jones carried the Stars and Stripes straight across the stormy Atlantic to the shores of Europe. If we Americans ever build a Hall of Flags in Washington, as has been suggested, to commemorate great events in the history of Old Glory, he must have a commanding niche in the shrine at the heart of that Hall.

XII

THE FLAG AND THE POETS OF THE REVOLUTION

THE poetry of the sea written by Americans during the Revolution, quite frequently mentions the Flag, and always in a manner, after 1777, that indicates the Stars and Stripes as the ensign of the Navy. As Paul Jones was the inspiration of more than one line of verse, we introduce this brief chapter on the Flag and the poets of the period, at this stage in our book. There is reason to believe that the phrase "stripes and stars," found in the first line of "The Yankee Man of War" and quoted in the preceding chapter, was the first use, in an inverted form, of the now famous, popular title for the Flag, in history.

One of the earliest poems in which Paul Jones figured was written by an unknown writer. We give a stanza in which much of the life of Jones is epitomized:

"In the first fleet that sailed in defence of our land,
Paul Jones forward stood to defend freedom's arbor;
He led the bold Alfred at Hopkins' command,
And drove the fierce foeman from Providence harbor.
 'Twas his hand that raised
 The first flag that blazed,
And his deeds 'neath the 'Pine Tree' all ocean amazed."

It is our contention, although others differ with us, that the phrase "The first flag that blazed" refers to the Stars and Stripes; for it is a perfect figure for the flaming red stripes of Old Glory. And it is correct in its history, when we have in mind the raising of the Portsmouth Flag over the *Ranger*.

Philip Freneau, one of the two really notable poets of the period, mentions the Stars and Stripes in at least four of his poems written during or immediately after the war. We quote from these poems, in the order of their appearance. In "On the New American Frigate *Alliance*," probably written in 1778, are these two lines:

"As nearer still the monarch drew,
Her starry flag displayed to view."

The *Alliance* was closely identified with Paul Jones. The story of his escape in her from the Texel, Holland, in December, 1779, when he eluded the British fleet, makes good reading. In a letter to the Frenchman, Dumas, written on Dec. 27, 1779, Jones said, "I am here, my dear sir, with a good wind at east, under my best American colors."

Freneau's "On the Memorable Victory," a poem that commemorated Paul Jones' victory of the *Bon Homme Richard* over the *Serapis*, appeared in print August 8, 1781, but undoubtedly was written earlier. It contains this stanza:

"Go on, great man, to scourge the foe,
And bid the haughty Britons know
They to our Thirteen Stars shall bend;

The Stars that, veiled in dark attire,
 Long glimmered with a feeble fire,
 But radiant now ascend."

Freneau's "veiled in dark attire" must mean the years of despair that shadowed the American Cause before the time of the alliance with France.

Two lines from Freneau's "An Ancient Prophecy," written after the surrender of Cornwallis, run in this manner:

"O King, my dear King, you shall be very sore.
 From the Stars and the Stripes you will mercy implore."

The second line appears in the following form in another edition of the poem:

"The Stars and the Lily shall run you on shore."

The "Lily" is a tribute to the flag of France of the period, which was white, with the golden lilies of Louis upon it.

Freneau's poem "Barney's Invitation," written in honor of Commodore Barney, gives us these four lines:

"See on her stern the waving stars,
 Inured to blood, inured to wars.
 Come enter quick, my jolly tars,
 To scourge these warlike Britons."

"See on her stern the waving stars" is a word-picture of the Stars and Stripes displayed on the ensign-gaff of the mizzen-mast, over the stern of Barney's ship.

Paul Jones, the *Ranger*, and the Stars and Stripes, gave the keynote for a poetry of victory. There may be some doubt as to exact dates and places connected with the display of Old Glory on land during the Revolutionary War. No one can question the record of the Flag at sea during the same period of time. Almost from the month of its adoption as the national emblem, it went to the masthead and stayed there, to be cheered by Americans, honored by Frenchmen, and respected by Englishmen.

XIII

FRANCE SALUTES THE STARS AND STRIPES

WE return to the story of the *Ranger*. She arrived at Nantes on December 2, 1777, when Jones found, somewhat to his disappointment, that another New England ship had reached France with the news of Burgoyne's surrender, ahead of him. For a number of weeks, he remained in French waters. On February 13, 1778, he was off Quiberon Bay, and saw that a French fleet was anchored in the roadstead.

Jones' early and brief account of the first salute to the Stars and Stripes by a foreign Power, is found in this passage from his journal: "Reached the Bay (Quiberon), Feb'y 13, 1778, and sent to demand of the Admiral, if he would return his (Jones') salute; and this compliment was immediately agreed to by that brave officer, although neither he nor Jones knew at the period that a treaty of alliance had been signed between France and America, seven days before. This was the first salute received by the American flag from any power, and occasioned much debate in the English Parliament."

Dr. Ezra Green, surgeon of the *Ranger*, wrote in his diary for February 14, 1778, "Saluted the French Admiral, and received nine guns in return. This is the very first salute ever paid the American flag."

This recognition of the Stars and Stripes by the Fleur-de-lis of France requires a more detailed account, one that shows how insistent Paul Jones was in requesting and obtaining a salute that should be beyond doubt a proper tribute to the United States and to the Flag.

To be absolutely correct in this affair at Quiberon Bay, there were two salutes given to Old Glory by the French fleet under Admiral La Motte Piquet: one on the evening of February 14, 1778, and the other on the next morning. Jones' date, February 13, in the passage above quoted, refers to the day of his arrival at Quiberon. The delay in the exchanging of salutes was caused by an interchange of notes between Jones and the Admiral. When the former made his request for a formal recognition of the American Flag, on February 13, the latter replied that he would return four guns less than the number he received. This ruling as to the number of guns fired was in accordance with La Motte Piquet's instructions, which prescribed the firing of four guns less for a Republic than a sister Kingdom.

Paul Jones was determined on receiving a salute worthy the Stars and Stripes and the new Republic it represented, and he sent this letter to William Carmichael, the American agent at Quiberon, to be delivered to the French Admiral:

"Feb'y. 14, 1778.

"Dear Sir; I am extremely sorry to give you fresh trouble, but I think the admiral's answer of yesterday requires an explanation. The haughty English return gun for gun to foreign officers of equal rank, and two less only to captains

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by flag officers. It is true, my command at present is not important, yet, as the senior American officer at present in Europe, it is my duty to claim an equal return of respect to the flag of the United States that would be shown to any other flag whatever.

"I therefore take the liberty of inclosing an appointment, perhaps as respectable as any which the French admiral can produce; besides which I have others in my possession.

"If, however, he persists in refusing to return an equal salute, I will accept of two guns less, as I have not the rank of admiral.

"It is my opinion that he would return four less to a privateer or a merchant ship; therefore, as I have been honoured oftener than once with a chief command of ships of war, I can not in honour accept of the same terms of respect.

"You will singularly oblige me by waiting upon the admiral; and I ardently hope you will succeed in the application, else I shall be under a necessity of departing without coming into the bay.

"I have the honour to be, etc.

"N. B.—Though thirteen guns is your greatest salute in America, yet if the French admiral should prefer a greater number he has his choice on conditions."

Now that was a decidedly daring letter to send to La Motte Piquet. There is reason to believe that when Paul Jones thought it over, while awaiting a reply, he realized that, after all, the real object to be gained was the salute, a positive recognition of an American ship under an American Flag, by a great European Power. Therefore, when he was advised that La Motte Piquet could not alter a custom of his nation, Jones agreed to receive the nine guns in response to his thirteen.

It was after sunset on the evening of the 14th of

February, 1778, when the *Ranger* got under way and came beating into Quiberon Bay through a smoky sea. The first stars were in sight when she was abreast of the huge French flagship. Jones backed the *Ranger's* main-topsail, and the six-pounders on the main-deck banged out a salute of thirteen guns. La Motte Piquet at once returned with nine great guns. The Stars and Stripes had received its first salute from a foreign Power.

But Paul Jones was not satisfied. He had with him a brig, the *Independence*, and, always having a fondness for spectacular events, he sent word to La Motte Piquet that on the morrow, the 15th of February, 1778, he would sail the *Independence* through the French fleet in broad daylight, and repeat the salute. The Admiral graciously consented to reply. So the saucy little *Independence*, with a Stars and Stripes at the top of each mast, rode in triumph past the lines of towering three-deckers, and gave and received salutes. The history of the United States had been given dates in the story of the Stars and Stripes that never will be forgotten.

XIV

THE FLAG AT VALLEY FORGE

A FLAG smitten by the winter winds. A Flag over headquarters in a camp of starved, frozen and dying men. The Flag at bay at Valley Forge. As a December sun sank into banks of snow clouds, the ragged Continental Army tramped into this vale among the Pennsylvania hills. A recorder of the finish of their march tells us that a number of half-naked men were crowded around a fire at a bivouac. Suddenly Washington appeared. "The officer commanding the detachment, choosing the most favored ground, paraded his men to pay the General the honor of a passing salute. As Washington rode slowly up, he was observed to be eyeing very earnestly something that attracted his attention on the frozen surface of the road. 'How comes it, sir,' he inquired, 'that I have tracked the march of your troop by the blood-stains of their feet?' Washington received this reply: 'Your Excellency, when shoes were issued, the different regiments were served in turn. It was our misfortune to be among the last to be served!'"

At no time in our history as a nation has the Flag meant more than during the winter of 1777-1778 at Valley Forge. As it rippled against the blue sky, clear and beautiful, or was seen proudly defiant through

whirls of snow, Old Glory was the image of the heroic regiments clustered beneath and around it. The United States of America was in that camp, and not in the hall of the weak Congress at York. Mere words that we might write could never give any conception of the fortitude of the Continental Army that found itself as a Democracy at Valley Forge. Steuben, who arrived in the camp on February 5, 1778, said, "No European army could be kept together under such suffering."

Among the mere boys with Washington during that winter was one John Marshall, in years to come the great Chief Justice and historian. He wrote, "More than once they were absolutely without food. The returns of the first of Feb'y, exhibit the astonishing number of 3989 men in the camp unfit for duty for want of clothes. Of this number scarcely a man had a pair of shoes. Although the total of the army exceeded 17,000 men, the present effective rank and file amounted to only 5012."

On February 16, 1778, soon after Steuben's arrival, Washington wrote as follows to Governor Clinton: "For some days past, there has been little less than a famine in camp. A part of the army has been a week without any kind of flesh, and the rest three or four days. Naked and starved as they are, we cannot enough admire the incomparable patience and fidelity of the soldiery that they have not been ere this excited by their sufferings to general mutiny and desertion."

Valley Forge was the nation's first crucible. In that bowl in the hills, the sons of English Puritan, Cavalier and Quaker, with Irishmen, Scotchmen, French-

men, Germans, Swedes, Danes and Poles, were fused by the alchemy of nature and their own heroism, into an Army and a Nation. The Flag had become the symbol of unity, of a real Democracy.

The presence of the Flag at Valley Forge is a matter of inference on the part of the historian. There is no reference to it in any history of the Continental Army in the camp, and a search through orderly books gives no clew. Yet it must have been there. The nearest we can get to evidence that a flag was hoisted in the camp, is in a living testimonial. Miss Frances B. Lovell, a descendant of Betty Lewis, the only sister of George Washington, loaned to the Valley Forge Museum of American History the flag which floated over Washington's headquarters.

This headquarters' flag is a jack of light blue silk with thirteen stars. The blue is faded and the stars are yellow with age. The flag is thirty-six inches long and twenty-eight inches wide. The stars are six-pointed, double stitched, and the silk back of them has been cut out to show the stars on both sides. These stars are not arranged in a circle, but on lines that follow the crosses of the British flag.

It is a bit of poetic license to substitute Washington's headquarters' flag for the Stars and Stripes. That flag, in its thirteen stars, was expressive of unity and a proof in itself that the standard carried by the Continental Army in 1777-1778, was a real Old Glory. Its size, indicating that it was merely the jack taken from a much larger Flag, tells the story.

The placing of the stars in this jack, in a form copied from the crosses in the British ensign, suggests

a new line of research. Possibly the statement quoted in chapter nine, that there was not in 1779 a standard form for the Flag of the United States, was inspired by a confusion as to the grouping of the stars in the Revolutionary Old Glory. Trumbull, although he went astray in some particulars, knew what he was doing when he gave us a Stars and Stripes in at least three of his paintings. He always showed the stars arranged in a circle. This mode of placing them is especially prominent in the splendid American Flag shown in his "Surrender of Cornwallis." What was the rule as to the stars in the days of the Continental Army? Was there such a rule?

But we have digressed. On May 6, 1778, the Continental Army was drawn up by brigades at Valley Forge to receive official announcement of the treaty of alliance with France. To the stripling Lafayette, commanding a division as the regiments fell into line and presented arms beneath the Stars and Stripes, that morning must have been an hour of triumph. There was a roar of muskets and thirteen cannon, followed by the cry, "Long live the King of France." Then came another roar of guns and the cry, "Long live the friendly European Powers!" And then, lastly, a crash, with a tremendous shout that ran along the lines, "The American States!"

The stripes of red and white were of the blood and the snow of Valley Forge beneath the blue of Heaven, where heroic men were to establish the stars of George Washington's headquarters forever.

XV

OLD GLORY CROSSES THE ALLEGHANIES

MORGAN'S riflemen were on the march from the Shenandoah Valley to Boston, in 1775. They were men of the frontier, each wearing a hunting shirt with "Liberty or Death" on the breast in white letters. While on their way, Washington came riding along the lines, met them, and received Morgan's salute. There was a look of query in Washington's eyes, and Morgan said, simply, "From the right bank of the Potomac, General!" Washington at once dismounted and, with his eyes brimming with tears, walked along the ranks, shaking hands with the men in turn.

It was a body of men of this type, in many ways the finest troop of its size then on the globe, that carried Old Glory across the Alleghanies on its pioneer journey of western conquest, with George Rogers Clark, in 1778. So much of our history of the Revolution is concerned with the conduct of the war in the thirteen Colonies that the magnitude and significance of Clark's great enterprise is almost hidden from sight.

George Rogers Clark was only twenty-five years old when he came before Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson, George Mason and George Wythe with his audacious plan of striking at the British in their huge territory that stretched from the Alleghanies on the

east and the Ohio on the south, to the Mississippi River on the west. The old French posts of Detroit, Kaskaskia and Vincennes were the supply-centers of this hostile country, from which the Indians were sent out to fall on the long, weakly defended rear of the thirteen States. Clark studied his plan from all angles and was positive that he could supplant the Union Jack of Great Britain with the Stars and Stripes, over the posts that were the hot-beds of plot and active hostility.

Clark gathered his little army of one hundred and fifty men on Corn Island, near the present city of Louisville, and, after drilling them carefully, set out on his really tremendous task on June 24, 1778. On the Fourth of July, at sunset, the company came in sight of Kaskaskia, crossed the river and marched to the fort. We are told that a dance was in progress, that Clark, like an apparition, suddenly appeared at a door of the room, that an Indian recognized him as an enemy and gave a wild war-whoop. Clark told the Englishmen to go on with their dance, but bade them remember that they were to continue it in honor of the United States and not of Great Britain. At daybreak the Stars and Stripes floated for the first time over a fort in the vast area then known as the Northwest Territory.

From Kaskaskia, Clark sent a priest, Father Gibault, to Vincennes, to invite the French residents to join hands with the American States. Father Gibault won his people over to the new allegiance, and the French themselves raised Old Glory over Fort Sackville, the post at Vincennes.

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The Flag was not to fly unchallenged over the forts so easily taken. Down from Detroit came Henry Hamilton, with troops at his heels, and Vincennes was again in British hands. Clark heard that with the approach of winter, Hamilton had dismissed his Indian allies and held Sackville with eighty men. He also learned that Hamilton expected heavy reënforcements in the spring and intended to drive the Stars and Stripes beyond the mountains, forever.

A great issue in the history of North America was at stake. Clark knew it, realized that England, with that magnificent hinterland in her grip, would be a menace to the United States, even after the close of the war. He struck at once. With barely one hundred men, he set out on February 4, 1779, to cross a land half quagmire. On February 15, the heroic little band came to the forks of the Little Wabash. From that day on, for ten days, they struggled toward Vincennes, through ice, water and mud, at times so submerged that they were forced to hold their guns and powder-horns above their heads to keep them dry.

To make this chapter short, Fort Sackville, or Vincennes, surrendered to those iron men. The British marched out and gave up their arms. The Americans marched in and hoisted Old Glory. A salute of thirteen guns was then fired from the captured British cannon.

The country won for the Flag by George Rogers Clark became in time the imperial States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin. Into that Empire, after the Revolution was over, trailed the

first emigrants from Northeastern States, following the tides of rivers and skirting the southern shores of the Great Lakes. The Stars and Stripes had begun its journey toward the Pacific.

XVI

THE FLAG SINKS INTO THE SEA UNCONQUERED

WE return to the records of Paul Jones and his Flag. You will remember that in February, 1778, France honored the Stars and Stripes, displayed on the *Ranger* and the *Independence*, with national salutes in Quiberon Bay. Two months later, on April 24, 1778, Paul Jones, then in the Irish Channel with the *Ranger*, learned from fishermen that the *Drake*, the British guard-ship at Carrickfergus, was about to run out in search of him. Late in the afternoon, near sunset, the *Drake* drew near and flung out the English colors. The *Ranger* hoisted the Stars and Stripes. When hailed with "What ship is that?" Jones replied, "The American Continental ship *Ranger*. Come on! We are waiting for you."

That fight in sight of three Kingdoms was dramatic. It was the first challenge of a new Flag to an old one under the hills of the latter's home. Paul Jones won through the superior gun-fire of his crew, who caught the period of the *Drake's* roll and fired as the muzzles of the *Ranger's* cannon fell and those of the *Drake* rose. The British ship would have been sunk then and there if Jones had not commanded his gunners to change tactics, fire on a rising sea, and disable the rigging of the *Drake*. He desired, above all things,

to sail into a French port with the Union Jack lowered on a prize taken in hand-to-hand battle, with the Stars and Stripes a victor beyond dispute. France required a sign. He would give it, in a sloop-of-war taken by one of inferior armament. Jones' anxiety to get the shattered *Drake* to the coast of France is revealed in his letter of May 7, 1778, to Lieutenant Elijah Hall, whom he had placed in command of the *Drake*: "The honor of our flag is much concerned in the preservation of this prize."

On the evening of May 8, 1778, Paul Jones neared the outer road of Brest and saw the moving lights of the patrolling guard-frigates of the French Grand Fleet at anchor in the roadstead. Imagine his feelings as he glanced up and saw his Flag, a rippling shadow against the stars, and then turned to watch the looming shapes of two French frigates bearing down within hail. Over the water came a call, "Who are you and what is your prize?" Paul Jones answered, over the taffrail of the *Ranger*: "The American Continental ship *Ranger*, of eighteen guns, Captain Paul Jones, and the man-of-war prize is his Britannic Majesty's late ship the *Drake*, of twenty guns."

The path followed by the *Ranger's* Flag, from the day when it left Portsmouth to the hour when it came up over the sea-rim off France, a victor over the "meteor flag of England," was a definite hint of the roads of high adventure to be traversed by Yankee sea-fighters in years to come, under Old Glory. Paul Jones took the *Ranger* right into waterways patrolled by British men-of-war vastly superior in metal, straight

up the Irish sea, out through its north channel, and round Ireland by the west, back to France. During the latter part of his historic cruise, he had the battered *Drake* in convoy.

We go on over nearly a year and a half, to the month of the appearance of Paul Jones and his Flag in one of the most widely known events in the history of the United States. It is proper to precede the account of the sea-fight off Flamborough Head with a reference to a letter written by Jones late in 1775, which reveals the unconquerable spirit of the man. This letter, written to the Marine Committee of Congress, sets forth his views as to the personnel of the navy. It has been called by an English writer, "The moral and intellectual charter of Annapolis." In it we find this glowing passage: "A commander may challenge the devotion of his followers to sink with him alongside the more powerful foe, and all go down together with the unstricken flag of their country still waving defiantly over them in their ocean sepulcher."

On a moonlit night in September, 1779, off the east coast of England, Paul Jones himself answered the clarion call to heroism of that sentence. Englishmen have vied with Americans in describing that terrific fight between Jones, in a rotten hulk of a ship, the *Bon Homme Richard*, and Pearson, in the *Serapis*, termed by Disraeli "one of the finest frigates of his Majesty's Navy."

For hours, in a light off-shore wind, the two frigates exchanged broadsides. The superior weight of metal of the *Serapis* smashed through the decayed hull of the *Richard*, wrecked guns, killed and wounded a great

part of the crew. Jones feared that his ship would be blown out of the water and, having the windward position, deliberately closed, grappled, and lashed the *Richard* to the *Serapis* with his own hands.

Then came the moment when Pearson, thinking he saw the Stars and Stripes coming down, called across to Jones, "Have you struck your colors?" This immortal reply was hurled back, "No! I have but this instant commenced to fight." Over the rail and the hammock netting went a boarding party led by the Virginian, Richard Dale, the Huguenot Carolinian, John Mayrant, and the Nantucket Indian boy, Jerry Evans. The fight was won. Pearson grasped the halberds and struck his colors to Old Glory.

Paul Jones fought his great fight with a crew of which less than one-fifth were Americans, a crew held together and dominated by his unbending determination to conquer or sink to the bottom of the sea unconquered. Mackenzie, one of the early biographers of Jones, wrote, "Had Pearson been equally indomitable, the *Richard*, if not boarded from below, would at last have gone down with all her colors flying in proud defiance."

Paul Jones took the *Serapis* and lost the *Bon Homme Richard*. For a day and a half, with her dead aboard her, the splintered remnant of the *Richard* rolled on the surface of the sea. Jones watched her from the deck of the *Serapis*. At length, on the morning of September 25, 1779, she sank, bow first. Her tattered Stars and Stripes floated for a brief moment on a sweeping wave, and then trailed down beneath the blue that mingled with its field of stars.

The Stars and Stripes that the girls of Portsmouth made, that crossed the ocean on the *Ranger*, that received La Motte Piquet's salute, that compelled the colors of the *Drake* to come down, was and is the only flag in history to go beneath the waves on a victorious ship sinking beside the enemy she had captured.

Paul Jones had said, "The flag and I are twins!" What thoughts were in his mind as he wrote, "The very last vestige mortal eyes ever saw of the *Bon Homme Richard* was the defiant waving of her unconquered and unstricken flag as she went down. And, as I had given them the good old ship for their sepulcher, I now bequeathed to my immortal dead the flag they had so desperately defended, for their winding sheet."

Quarter-gunner John Kilby's picture is superb. In his "Narrative," he wrote, "She went down head foremost with all sails set—studding sails, top-gallant sails, royals, sky-scrapers, and every sail that could be put on a ship,—jack, pennant, and that beautiful ensign that she so gallantly wore in action and when we conquered. A most glorious sight."

XVII

STARS AND STRIPES, UNION JACK AND FLEUR-DE-LIS

ONE of Canada's ablest historians, A. G. Bradley, in a chapter on the close of the American Revolution, has the following picturesque passage: "A mad world enough it would have seemed to any man, French or English, but thirty years dead, could he have risen from his grave by the James, the Hudson or the St. Lawrence, and roamed it again. A British flag flying on the citadel of Quebec, and a strange device fluttering on every public building from Boston to Charleston, with the lilies of France hoisted in amity beside it."

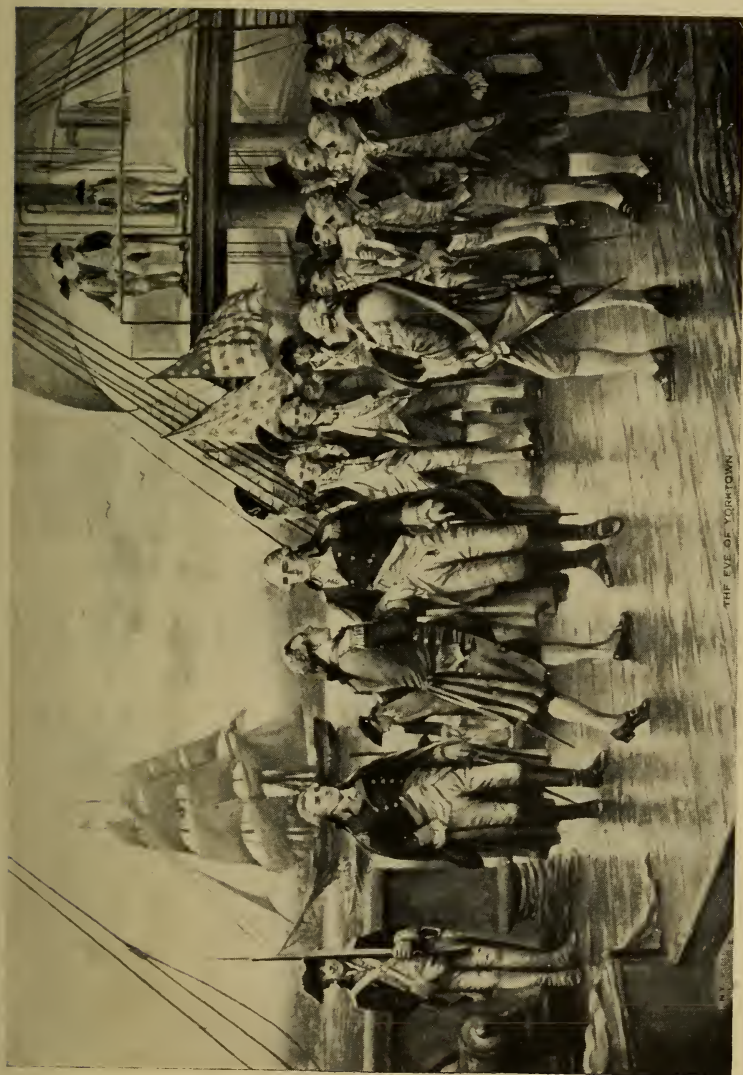
Bradley covered much history in that paragraph. He touched on the French and Indian War, with its close in 1759 when the English flag took the place of the French standard at Quebec. And he then moved on to 1781 or 1783, when the Stars and Stripes, "a strange device," waved in company with the Fleur-de-lis of France over all the length of the thirteen States. On the date this page is being written, December 13, 1918, a President of the United States is at Brest, France, where, as here in America, the three flags are intertwined after the close of a war. Surely history effects strange but beautiful mutations.

It is quite in order to make this chapter, when we

consider the date on which it is written, both a logical step forward in the advance of our history and a leap to the present time. For there are elements of old and contemporary history here concerned, that fascinate and hold us, that appear to have eluded our editors and recorders of to-day. We tell, briefly, the story of Yorktown, and throw one or two flashlights of reminiscence on the French coast at Quiberon Bay and Brest, localities that have been tinged with the colors of the flags of France, Great Britain and the United States.

In October, 1781, Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown, after being hemmed in by sea and shore, by the American and French forces. The allied flags had met on shipboard when Washington conferred with de Grasse, and, side by side, they had stormed the British lines, led on by Lafayette, Alexander Hamilton, Baron de Viomenil and John Laurens. The hour had come for the final picture, the actual culmination of the American Revolution, although two full years were to elapse ere the English troops left New York and the United States.

Down the lane between the two lines, Americans of the Continental Army on the one hand and the French on the other, tramped the British and Hessians, not altogether happy, and with colors cased, a penalty exacted for similar treatment accorded General Lincoln at Charleston. When the twenty-four standards were collected, they were found to be eighteen Hessian and six English. John Trumbull's painting, in this case, is most satisfactory. He shows on one side the white banner of France with its golden Fleur-de-



STARS AND STRIPES AND FLEUR-DE-LIS AT YORKTOWN, 1781.

lis, and on the other our resplendent Old Glory, with the thirteen stars in a circle.

Now for a flight across the Atlantic. The great French harbor on that Breton thrust of land into the sea to the northwest, at the time of which we have been writing, was Brest. It owed its existence to the foresight of Richelieu. To link past with present, it has figured in French history from the years of the eighteenth century down to the period of the recent war when it served as a port of entry and exit in marine warfare. A few miles from Brest, to the southeast, is Quiberon Bay. The narrow strip of land on which Yorktown lies, and the tongue of rocky soil that reaches out into the sea at Quiberon, are similar, and they give us peculiar resemblances and contrasts in history.

At Yorktown in 1781, the troops of an English King surrendered to the forces of the young Republic of the United States, aided by soldiers from the Kingdom of France. At Quiberon in 1795, that remarkable body of men, the loyalist Chouans, fought their last fight under the Fleur-de-lis against the French Republicans marching under the Tricolor and led by Hoche and Rouget de Lisle, the latter of whom wrote the Marseillaise. In each case, at Yorktown and at Quiberon, British ships, at hand or approaching, were useless.

A novelist of 1918, in one of the best historical novels of the year, has a fine sentence on the cutting down of the Fleur-de-lis at Quiberon: "The golden lilies were in the dust, and all was vain—ardor and sacrifice and devotion—as vain as the fury and despair that

saw them wither, watered though they were with the best blood of France."

Quiberon Bay has another interest for us. There, in 1759, the year when Quebec fell to Wolfe, the red-ensigned ships of British Admiral Howe smashed the lily-bannered ships of Conflans, after nightfall, in a howling storm and on a lee shore one of the most treacherous and dangerous in the world. And there, in Quiberon Bay, in February, 1778, another French admiral, La Motte Piquet, saluted two little adventurous ships from a weak Republic across the Atlantic, commanded by one Paul Jones who displayed a defiant Flag of Stars and Stripes, under which he was to give Englishmen lessons in fighting that Frenchmen never could administer. How the three flags of England, France and the United States, shift in historic combinations!

The French flag at Yorktown, fluttering in triumph, was the same flag that was trailed in the dust at Quiberon, in its last stand. The flag that opposed it was the Tricolor, suggested by the Stars and Stripes and then but a year old. This Tricolor, later in that very year, 1795, found a young officer of artillery in Paris, by name Napoleon Bonaparte, who took it and carried it over all Europe, and literally wrote upon it in letters of blood the words "Marengo," "Austerlitz," "Waterloo."

We go up the French coast to Brest, through whose narrow portal on May 8, 1778, sailed Paul Jones in the *Ranger*, bringing in the *Drake*, the first British ship-of-war ever trailed into a French port as the result of a single-ship action, to the amazement and delight

of Frenchmen. To-day, a President of the United States enters the harbor of Brest, with guns roaring and flags streaming from roofs, windows and staffs. In 1778, Paul Jones brought in with him, at Brest, the Union Jack displaced by the Stars and Stripes, and received the salute of cannon that blazed beneath the Fleur-de-lis. Woodrow Wilson comes to the roadstead of Brest, to find it aglow with the Red, White and Blue of the three mighty Tricolors, the Stars and Stripes, the Union Jack and the Tricolor of France.

While we are speaking of Tricolors, we will settle one or two little points of flag-history. Bradley's "strange device," the Stars and Stripes of 1781, now marches with the flags of Great Britain and France, and, strangely enough, is in reality the oldest flag of the three. Down to the year 1801, the flag of Great Britain had but two crosses in the Union, those of St. George and St. Andrew. In that year the cross of St. Patrick was added, giving us the present English standard. The Lilies of Louis disappeared forever in the flame of the French Revolution, to be replaced by the Tricolor in 1794.

In view of the present alliance of three great nations that at times have been hostile in varying political conditions of war, it is well to relate briefly two minor but significant incidents in the histories of their three flags; the first salute granted to Old Glory by the Union Jack, and the first greeting to our Flag by the Tricolor on French soil.

On May 2, 1791, the English ship *Alligator*, Captain Isaac Coffin, while entering Boston from Halifax, saluted the Stars and Stripes floating on the Castle,

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and the fort at once returned with her guns. This was undoubtedly the first salute to Old Glory by any representative of Great Britain.

During the deliberations of the National Convention, Paris, August 15, 1794, James Monroe, the Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States, arrived and was introduced. After the reading of credentials, it was decreed, on the motion of Mons. Bayle, "that the colors of both nations should be suspended at the vault of the hall, as a sign of perpetual alliance and union."

In delivering the Stars and Stripes, Captain Joshua Barney said, in closing a short address, "Henceforth, suspended on the side of that of the French Republic, it will become the symbol of the union which subsists between the two nations, and last, I hope, as long as the freedom which they have so bravely acquired and so wisely consolidated." Prophetic words, that found a brave echo in Pershing's "Lafayette, we are here!"

XVIII

FLAG-EPIISODES OF 1781-1783

THE two years from October, 1781, to November, 1783, were trying ones for Americans and Englishmen. They formed what was practically a period of armistice, for the Treaty of Peace and the evacuation of New York by the British were not on the pages of history until November, 1783. In our search through the interesting records of these two years, we find three episodes in which the Stars and Stripes figured as the sole center of interest and discussion. There is a touch of romance in the story of each one of these episodes, and not a little humor.

In December, 1782, King George the Third formally recognized the independence of the United States. The sea was open to American merchantmen, and the ports of the thirteen States at once sent out ships to all quarters of the world in quest of markets. A member of this fleet was the *Bedford*, Captain Moores, of Massachusetts, and she pointed straight across the Atlantic for London Town. Her cargo was whale-oil.

The *Bedford* passed Gravesend on February 4, 1783, and was reported at the Custom House, London, on the 6th of the month. As the Treaty of Peace between Great Britain and the United States was not signed until September of that year, there was still

some tension between the two countries. London was about as ready to salute George Washington walking down the Strand as to view with pleasure an American ship flying the Stars and Stripes on the Thames.

If we open the pages of the *Political Magazine*, London, for the year 1783, we find articles that tell very plainly how astonished the old city was on seeing a Yankee ship, showing Old Glory, lying "a little below the tower" where more than one American had languished during the years of the Revolution. We quote, for we cannot improve on the *Political Magazine's* account:

"She is American built, manned wholly by American seamen, wears the rebel colors, and belongs to the island of Nantucket in Massachusetts. This is the first vessel which has displayed the thirteen rebellious stripes of America in any British port."

The *Political Magazine*, in a summary of debates in Parliament, said:

"The Thirteen Stripes in the River. Mr. Hammet begged leave to inform the House of a very recent and extraordinary event. There was, he said, at the time he was speaking, an American ship in the Thames with the thirteen stripes flying on board. This ship had offered to enter at the custom house, but the officers were at a loss how to behave."

Mr. Hammet continued in an appeal for "free intercourse between this country and America." Evidently, the *Bedford* had brought in with her a cargo of political and merchant-marine problems not so easily made fluid as whale-oil, for, as the *Political Mag-*

azine tells us, "The Ministers remained silent." It would seem that the members of the British Ministry of 1783 were stupefied at the apparition of the thirteen stripes of Old Glory fluttering boldly on the royal Thames, and peace yet to be signed.

One paper, the *London Chronicle*, in its issue for February 7, 1783, waxed ponderously humorous:

"There is a vessel in the harbor with a very strange flag. Thirteen is a number peculiar to the rebels. A party of naval prisoners lately returned from Jersey say that the rations among the rebels are thirteen dried clams a day. Sachem Schuyler has a topknot of thirteen stiff hairs which erect themselves on the crown of his head when he gets mad. It takes thirteen Congress paper dollars to equal one shilling sterling. Polly Wayne was just thirteen hours in subduing Stony Point, and thirteen seconds in leaving it. Every well-organised rebel household has thirteen children, all of whom expect to be major generals or members of the high and mighty Congress of the thirteen United States when they attain the age of thirteen years. Mr. Washington has thirteen teeth in each jaw, and thirteen toes on each foot, the extra ones having grown since that wonderful declaration of independence, and Mrs. Washington has a tomcat with thirteen yellow rings around his tail. His flaunting it suggested to the Congress the same number of stripes for the rebel flag."

It is safe to surmise that many Londoners went to the Thames in February, 1783, to see "the rebellious stripes of America." John Wilkes, that thorn in the side of Tory England, had a sister, then the widow of a George Hayley who "did much business with New England." It is on record that she visited the *Bedford* and saw the Stars and Stripes displayed.

The *Bedford* was for England the herald of the

splendid fleet of American merchantmen and whalers that were soon to make Old Glory the rival of any flag afloat upon the high seas.

We come back to the soil of the United States for our last two little stories of the Stars and Stripes of the days of the Revolution. On the 3rd of September, 1783, the Treaty of Peace between Great Britain and the United States was signed at Paris. The Revolution was over. In October, Sir Guy Carleton was ordered to evacuate New York, the only city of the United States then held by British troops. After some delay, caused by waiting for ships, the 25th of November was agreed upon as the date for the evacuation.

It chanced that on Murray Street, near the Hudson River, there was at that time a boarding-house kept by a Mr. Day, whose wife was a large, muscular woman, and a zealously loyal American. In front of the house was a pole, and she, true to her colors, ran up the Stars and Stripes at dawn of that eventful 25th of November, in sturdy defiance of the British claim that New York was to be in England's hands until noon. We can imagine her running to a window at intervals, to see if her beloved flag was "still there."

Across the street, sitting on his father's stoop, a young boy, Alexander Anderson,* later to be famous as America's pioneer wood-engraver, watched the Flag rippling and tugging at its halliards. Presently, to the little fellow's dismay, down the street came Wil-

* This was the Alexander Anderson referred to in Chapter IX as the engraver who put the Stars and Stripes in his cut of the battle of Bunker Hill.

liam Cunningham, provost marshal of the English army, known in history as a stern oppressor of loyal Americans. He saw the Flag and Mrs. Day sweeping in front of her door. With a display of bluster and loud words, Cunningham ordered her to haul down her Flag. Mrs. Day, with her broom clutched resolutely in her good right hand, refused to lower it one inch.

Then came the last pitched battle of the Revolution. Cunningham seized the halliards and started to pull down the Stars and Stripes. Without a moment of hesitation, Mrs. Day fell upon him like a thunderbolt. Bang, and again and again, bang went her broom upon his head. His wig was twisted; the powder flew in all directions; he raised an arm to parry the stout whacks of the determined woman. The result of the conflict was a sad piece of ignominy for a high-and-mighty officer in His Britannic Majesty's Service. Baffled by the unceasing shower of blows and a tangle of the halliards, Cunningham was forced to give up the attempt to lower the Flag, and to retreat in disorder. The Flag, a woman and her broom, had won "a sweeping victory."

At almost the very hour of that 25th of November, 1783, when Mrs. Day routed William Cunningham, George Washington and his Staff approached New York City from the north. By one o'clock, the British had collected, preliminary to the evacuation, at the water's edge at the lower end of the city. Fort George, at the extremity of Broadway, was their last foothold, and, before leaving it and the United States forever, they nailed an English flag to the staff at the fort,

removed the halliards, smeared the pole with grease and knocked off the cleats.

Down Broadway came General Knox and a body of troops from West Point, to take possession of Fort George. After they had entered, they looked up at the British flag fluttering derisively over them. There was but one move to make; get it down as quickly as possible. In the group of Americans gathered in and around Fort George, was John Van Arsdale, an agile sixteen-year-old boy. He searched the neighborhood for cleats, returned with a number of them which he nailed to the staff as he climbed, and so reached the Union Jack. Then he ripped it from the pole and tossed it to Knox's men below. Tradition says that it was seized and torn to fragments. Young Van Arsdale completed his work by nailing the Stars and Stripes to the top of the staff.

The writer of this history watched columns of Boy Scouts march down Fifth Avenue on April 19, 1917. It would be a chivalrous tribute to a nobly patriotic body of young Americans, to turn over the privilege of raising Old Glory to the top of the staff at the Battery, on each November 25, to regiments of Boy Scouts of New York City, in memory of the boy John Van Arsdale.

XIX

THE STARS AND STRIPES GOES AROUND THE WORLD

IN the years of the eighteenth century that immediately followed the Revolution, our Flag began to appear on the sea on an ever increasing number of ships. The dawn of the American merchant marine was at hand. Typical of the buoyant youth of the young Republic, many a commander was a mere boy. Nathaniel Silsbee was master of the *Benjamin*, of Salem, Mass., at the age of twenty. His first mate, Charles Derby, was nineteen, and his second mate, Richard J. Cleveland, was but eighteen. One historian of the period says beautifully, "The picture of one of those boyish sea-captains flinging out the Stars and Stripes to the breeze on the far side of the earth portrays, better than anything ever said, written or done, the spirit of America."

In 1787, a little company of Boston merchants, inspired by the ardor of one of their number, Joseph Barrell, determined to send ships around the Horn to reach the fur territories of the great Northwest. New York merchants aided them, and the valuable service of John Darby, or Derby, a Salem shipmaster, was secured in fitting out the expedition. The little syndicate purchased the *Columbia*, a stout, seaworthy three-master with a Revolutionary record, and also the

sloop *Lady Washington*, to aid in carrying the furs to be bought of the Indians.

A medal struck in the year 1787 shows the two ships under full sail, with the Stars and Stripes spread to the wind over the stern of the *Columbia*. The reverse of this medal gives the names of J. Barrell, S. Brown, C. Bulfinch, J. Darby, C. Hatch and J. M. Pintard, as the members of the group of backers of the plan. Bulfinch later became famous in another way, as the architect of the Boston State House.

On Monday, October 1, 1787, the *Columbia* and the *Lady Washington*, commanded by John Kendrick of Wareham, Mass., and Robert Gray of Tiverton, R. I., sailed from Nantasket Roads, near Boston Harbor, loaded with knives, iron bars, copper pans, blankets and other material for barter with the Indians of the Pacific coast. All went well with the two vessels on their voyage until they were in the South Atlantic when a violent hurricane separated them. The *Lady Washington* was ahead when they were well on their way up the Pacific coast of South America, and she reached Nootka Sound on September 16, 1788. The *Columbia* joined her there on September 22nd or 23rd.

All through the winter, the two vessels lay at anchor in the Sound. On July 30, 1789, Captain Gray, now in the *Columbia*, set sail to cross the Pacific, with Old Glory fluttering in the wind. On December 6 he reached Canton, China. Then, with the bow of the *Columbia* pointing south, he skirted the East African coast and rounded the Cape of Good Hope. His track, from that day on, was north to Boston, where he

dropped anchor on August 10, 1780. The Stars and Stripes had gone around the world for the first time in history.

But Robert Gray was to be the dominant figure in a cruise of far greater importance to the United States and the Flag, than the carrying of Old Glory around the globe. The call of the Northwest drew Gray to sea again, after a few weeks ashore. On September 28, 1790, he left Boston in the *Columbia*, sailed south, doubled the Horn, turned north, and at length found himself again off the coast where Vancouver Island now lies on the map.

And now for a fragment of history in which appear the flags of Great Britain and the United States, with the banner of Spain dim in the background. For years, ever since the Spaniards groped along the great barrier of the west coast of North America, seeking a passage through to the Atlantic, charts had shown such a waterway or hinted at one in vague pencilings. Two Englishmen, Meares and Vancouver, were off that coast with Gray, and the three men frequently compared notes. All three suspected that a river emptied into the sea at some point within the range of their cruising.

Meares was deceived by the old Spanish charts, which showed a river under the name of St. Roque. He gave permanent record of his failure to find it in the Straits of Juan de Fuca, when he placed these names on a chart of the region, Cape Disappointment and Deception Bay. Vancouver actually sailed past the mouth of the Columbia River, which was practically

hidden by a barrier of shoals. In his journal he wrote that "the surf has been constantly seen from the mast-head to break on the shores." Vancouver mistook the breakers on the bars at the mouth of the Columbia for coastal surf.

Meares, Vancouver and Gray did not know that an Empire thirty-two times the size of Massachusetts was at stake, that it was but a question of a few days when the Yankee was to give the Stars and Stripes the right of way to the vast Oregon country. Vancouver's entry in his log-book or journal, in which he speaks of the "surf constantly seen from the mast-head," bears the date April 29, 1792. On the afternoon of that day, Gray and Vancouver met and compared notes. Then they parted, the Englishman and his Union Jack sailing north, and the American and his Old Glory sailing south.

On May 11, 1792, Gray was off the mouth of the mysterious river. With splendid courage, he ran in under full sail between the churning, surging breakers, the Red, White and Blue of his pennant snapping over the white-green waters. Ten miles up the river he anchored. A few days later he went fifteen miles further inland with his ship. At the end of nine days, he sailed out into the Pacific, leaving the name of his ship, *Columbia*, forever associated with the great river of his discovery.

Captain Robert Gray opened a new and glorious chapter in the history of his country and the Stars and Stripes, when he gave the United States a basis for claim to the Oregon country. Lewis and Clark,

carrying Flags with them, in 1805 completed the argument for possession. Their great adventure will give us the theme for another episode in the Story of Old Glory.

XX

THE FLAG SUPPLANTS THE TRICOLOR OVER LOUISIANA

THE years from 1792 to 1803 are almost barren of events that give prominence to our Flag. In 1795, Vermont and Kentucky were admitted to the Union as States, and Old Glory became a Flag of fifteen stripes and fifteen stars. Throughout the vitally critical period that ranged from 1795 to 1818, the fifteen-striped Flag flashed through the storms of three wars, appeared on the horizons of remote seas, crossed prairies and braved the winds of mountain crests on the first march of the pioneer to the Pacific. It was the Flag of New Orleans, of Lewis and Clark, of Eaton's "Army of Northern Africa," of the *Chesapeake*, of Perry's victory on Lake Erie, of Fort McHenry, and of the *Essex* and the *Constitution*.

The scene now shifts from the surf-smitten coast where the Columbia enters the Pacific, to New Orleans where the Mississippi glides by to the Gulf of Mexico. Yet the two localities are linked inseparably in the Story of Old Glory. The appearance of the Flag on tide-waters of the Columbia was followed in history by its unfurling in New Orleans, in evidence that the United States had assumed control of the huge terri-

tory that was eventually to sweep, without an alien flag within its confines, from the Mississippi to the Pacific.

The raising of the Stars and Stripes in New Orleans, in 1803, was an incident in a dramatic story of many incidents. Four nations were concerned in the series of events: Spain, France and the United States, actively, and Great Britain as an interested onlooker and friend of our country, ready to block with her fleet and her guns any sinister move by France. For Napoleon had been plotting to set the Tricolor over the tremendous region between the great river and the Rockies, and give France a subject-dominion in America that should balance England's India in Asia.

Strangely enough, the story of the three dominant flags in this bit of history comes to a climax in the space of a few days, even hours, in a single square in New Orleans. On the 30th of November, 1803, the Spanish authorities transferred their colony to Laussat, the resident French agent. An appropriate ceremony was planned, the arrival of Napoleon's representative, General Victor, was expected, and every one, as we are told in an old chronicle, had his cockade of tricolor ready to stick in his hat as soon as the flag of Spain was lowered and the Tricolor of France was raised.

Then came in the fine hand of the power we term Destiny. Old Glory was to spoil the tableau for the Tricolor. Thomas Jefferson, acting through his agents, Livingston and Monroe, in Paris, had purchased on April 30, 1803, not alone New Orleans but one million square miles in the very heart of the continent.

And the price was fifteen million dollars; fifteen round silver coins for each square mile. The fact of this amazing sale was not known, or announced, until late in the year; but Laussat knew that the ceremony of November 30 was empty of all real meaning. He had big plans for Louisiana, and the news that General Wilkinson and Governor Claiborne, of Mississippi, were on their way to take from him the keys to an Empire, must have been a sad piece of information.

On that historic December 30, 1803, the open space in New Orleans, "then a parade ground for an army," had at its center a tall, imposing flagstaff. During the morning, the Tricolor fluttered from the top of this staff. The French military officers and soldiers were grouped about it, and around them was a curiously variegated crowd, as one writer describes it, "human faces, eagerly looking up in the bright December sun, a motley of color and expression, white, yellow, red, Frenchman, Spaniard, African, mulatto, Indian, and, most visible of all by his height and boisterous triumph on the occasion, the tall, lanky Westerner, in coonskin cap and leathern hunting shirt."

When the commissioners appeared, the Tricolor began to flutter gently down, and the great new Flag, the Stars and Stripes, to mount the staff. As the two flags passed each other, they paused for a moment. A cannon was fired, and all the guns in New Orleans, on fort, battery and ships, answered in salute. As the last faint echo died away, Old Glory was streaming from the top of the staff. An old record tells us that "a group of Americans, who stood at the corner of the square, waved their hats in token of respect for their

country's flag, and a few of them greeted it with their voices."

We have given this raising of the Stars and Stripes at New Orleans in December, 1803, considerable space, and for two reasons. It marked a definite, tremendous step in our history as a People, and it was most rich in the color of romance. So we present a last final scene, in tribute to our great friend of to-day, France. When the Tricolor was sent to the tip of the staff at New Orleans, on November 30, 1903, a little group of French veterans formed themselves into a guard of honor, to act as a sort of death-watch for their beloved standard. On December 30 they stood at the base of the staff, and took the Tricolor in their arms as it came down to them. Then they marched away in silence, led by their sergeant bearing the flag. Every one uncovered as it went past, and the United States troops presented arms.

XXI

OLD GLORY GOES OVERLAND TO THE PACIFIC

THERE was at Washington, in 1803, in the President's chair, a man who, like his great predecessor, George Washington, had an eye to the West. Both men were far-visioned, and saw that the roads of the Future for their country lay toward the setting sun. But Thomas Jefferson's vision, stimulated by the Louisiana Purchase, swept to the ranges of the Rockies, questioning, wondering what lay between the Mississippi and that mighty barrier, and even what was to be found on the slopes beyond, that fell to the Pacific. He was instant in his purpose. He decided to equip and send out an exploring expedition to cross the "Stony Mountains," as the Rockies were then called, and to go down the "nearest river" to the western sea. With all his imaginative reach of thought, Jefferson little dreamed what a conquest he had in store for the Stars and Stripes.

When Congress appropriated the money required to finance Jefferson's project, he at once chose his private secretary, Meriwether Lewis, to lead the party of explorers. Lewis asked Captain William Clark of the United States Army to go with him as second in command. When all was ready, the expedition was made up of the two leaders and twenty-six men. Nine

of the party, from Kentucky, were accustomed to frontier life among the Indians. Add to them fourteen soldiers from the Army, who volunteered, two French voyageurs or watermen, one of whom could act as interpreter among the Indians, and one negro, and you have the complete roster of Lewis and Clark's little band.

We cannot give space to an exhaustive statement of their purposes. They were to get Old Glory through to the Pacific, through a wilderness and over mountains never before crossed by Americans. They were to observe the natives and record their customs while on the way, and they were to note the flora, fauna and geological structure of the country traversed. Among the articles carried as gifts to the Indians, were gilt braid, red trousers, medals and United States Flags. As their journey, in its first stages, was to be up the Missouri River, they were given three boats, the largest being a fifty-five foot keel-boat.

Now open your geography and see where California borders on Oregon. Jefferson could not send Lewis and Clark to the Pacific by the most direct route, by way of the Platte River, through the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains, by great Salt Lake and down the valley of the Humboldt, crossing the Sierra Nevada at some point that led into the valley of the Sacramento; for that road led straight into California then under the golden banner of Spain. What he had in mind was the Columbia River which, by right of Gray's discovery in 1792, gave the United States claim to the territory it drained. If his twenty-eight men could go up the Missouri to its headwaters, and then

strike directly west, through a mountain pass or over a crest, they might reach the sources of the Columbia and follow the river down to the coast. They could carry Old Glory thousands of miles, always in the territory of the United States; and they could bring home, if they ever returned, some few pages of reliable information from a big book of American Nature never before unfolded.

Jefferson feared that Lewis and Clark, and their party, might be marooned on the Pacific coast or so shattered by exposure and struggles with the Indians that they could not hope to retrace their steps. He gave these significant instructions: "Our Consuls, Thomas Hewes at Batavia in Java, William Buchanan in the Isles of France and Bourbon, and John Emslie at the Cape of Good Hope, will be able to supply your necessities by drafts on us." In other words, if a tattered Old Glory and a camp of ragged United States explorers on a strip of the shores of the Pacific, were sighted by men under the Union Jack or some other flag, they could be transferred by sea to some Asiatic or African port where they could find aid from Englishmen or Frenchmen.

On Monday, May 21, 1804, the party set out from a point opposite St. Louis to go up the Missouri to its source. We must neglect any account of the many instances of heroism shown and the really dramatic situations met by Lewis and Clark and their comrades. We are interested wholly with the part the American Flag played in their journey. They had a keen sense of their duty in leaving the impress of the Flag on all the land crossed. It was appropriate that

on July 4, 1804, the Missouri River heard for the first time the firing of guns celebrating an anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, and incidentally giving tribute to Thomas Jefferson, who wrote the great document and was the originator of the plan of their expedition.

The journal of Lewis and Clark is punctuated with brief flag-episodes. On August 3, 1804, chiefs of the Ottos, Missouris and Pawnees came in to camp for conference: "The great chief of the nation not being of the party, we sent him a flag," says the record of the expedition. This gift of a Stars and Stripes to an Indian chief occurred at the place where Council Bluffs stands to-day.

If we go on up the Missouri to Yankton, South Dakota, we are at the spot where the Sioux and the white men met for a grand council under an oak tree, from the top of which streamed an Old Glory. September 25th found the expedition at the junction of the Teton and the Missouri Rivers where, as the journal says, "we raised a flagstaff. After this we went through the ceremony of acknowledging the chiefs, by giving to the grand chief a medal, a flag of the United States, a laced uniform coat, a cocked hat and feather."

On October 10, when Lewis and Clark were in what is now the famous Deadwood mining district of the Black Hills, South Dakota, and three days' journey south from Spring River, they held another meeting with the Indians. Again we quote from the journal: "We then acknowledged three chiefs, one for each of the three villages; giving to each a flag, a medal, a red coat, a cocked hat and feather." It is a pity that no

modern motion-picture man could have been with Lewis and Clark. Those Indians, togged out in their new finery, would have made a rare picture.

Winter was coming down on the little band as they were in the region of modern North Dakota. Before selecting the place for winter quarters, Lewis and Clark summoned to council the chiefs of the neighboring tribes, the Mandans, the Annahaways and the Minnetarees. Once more the Flag figured. "One chief of each town," says the faithful journal, "was acknowledged by a gift of a flag, a medal with a likeness of the President of the United States, a uniform coat, hat and feather." The camp of the expedition for the winter of 1804-5 was in modern McLean County, North Dakota, sixteen hundred miles up the Missouri from St. Louis. On Christmas day, "the American flag was hoisted on the fort and saluted with a volley of musketry."

The winter was a breathing-spell for a plunge into the unknown. The country previously covered by Lewis and Clark was not wholly a terra incognita, as trappers and hunters had come down stream with reports that gave some idea of its nature. But the land to be explored was to see in the Stars and Stripes the first bit of bunting of any nation ever unfurled in its deeps. We hurry on in our story, though tempted to give more of this historic, epochal trailmaking the full recounting it deserves. We come to the date May 26, 1805. On that day, Captain Lewis climbed a high hill on the north side of the Missouri, and saw the sunlight gleaming on the snowy summits of the Rocky Mountains fully fifty miles away. The sight fired

him and his little party. It gave them renewed strength in pulling and tugging their boats up rapids and over shoals.

We are now at a point in their journey that gives us a picturesque scene. It was the middle of July, 1805. Lewis and Clark were going through that great gap in the hills where, as they wrote, "for five and three-quarter miles these rocks rise perpendicularly from the water's edge to the height of nearly twelve hundred feet." They called this portal the "Gates of the Rocky Mountains." Picture, if you can, the little band moving into those stupendous gates with the Stars and Stripes showing its Red, White and Blue against "the black granite near the base." In the last days of July, the party was at the foot of the narrow rampart that divides Idaho from Montana on our maps of to-day. Just beyond them, over this range, were the springs that give the streams that flow into the Columbia River.

An American Flag was given to the Shoshones on August 13, 1805, not far from the place where the boats were abandoned and canoes substituted as means of transportation. In a few days, the expedition crossed the divide, and Old Glory was at a point where, as one writer says, "one can imagine a tiny drop of water falling from the clouds and being divided by the upturned edge of a leaf, the one half finding its way to the Atlantic Ocean by way of the Missouri, the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico, the other flowing into the Pacific by way of the Columbia River." To state this feat of nature in terms of this our history, one half of that drop of water

might go on to New Orleans, where the Stars and Stripes supplanted the Tricolor, and the other half to the raging surf of the Pacific, where the Stars and Stripes dared destruction to find a river that was to be forever one of its great waterways.

Eventually Lewis and Clark got to the upper reaches of the Columbia, and in canoes went down it to the Pacific. Under the date, November 8, 1805, we have this triumphant bit of record: "Great joy in camp. We are in view of the Ocean, this great Pacific Ocean which we have been so anxious to see, and the roaring or noise made by the waves breaking on the rocky shores may be heard distinctly."

On December 3, 1805, Clark carved on the trunk of a great pine tree this inscription:

WM CLARK DECEMBER 3D 1805
 BY LAND FROM THE U. STATES
 IN 1804 & 5.

The Stars and Stripes had gone overland to the Pacific, through country that was to be carved into the magnificent States of Missouri, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, South Dakota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Oregon and Washington.

XXII

THE FLAG FLOATS OVER AN AFRICAN FORTRESS

IT is a long flight from the Pacific shore at the mouth of the Columbia River to the Mediterranean coast of Northern Africa. At the very time Lewis and Clark were carrying the Flag through our western country, Old Glory was settling a number of scores with the pirates of Tripoli, and the story of this squaring of accounts is spiced with spectacular incidents. During the closing years of the eighteenth century, the Algerians preyed upon our commerce. We were practically without a navy, and the only way to obtain immunity was to pay good gold to the robbers. In 1798, as a part of the tribute to Algiers, and in way of penalty for delay in making the payment, the United States sent as a present to the Dey the frigate *Crescent* and gifts to the value of three hundred thousand dollars.

This concession to the Algerians awoke jealousy in the small minds of their neighbors, the Tripolitans, who complained because "the Sahib-Tuppa at Tunis had received more than forty thousand dollars from the United States in cash besides presents." As the reply from Washington was slow in reaching him, the Bashaw of Tripoli deposed the American consul and cut down the consulate flag. If ever the United

States needed a man on the ground when the Stars and Stripes was an object of insult, it was then and there, at some spot within the borders of the pirate States.

In July, 1797, General William Eaton was appointed "consul to the city and kingdom of Tunis." He was instructed to alter the existent United States treaty with Tunis. We quote from Eaton's autobiography: "Objection was also made by the Senate to some other parts of the treaty; especially the provision that a barrel of gunpowder should be paid the Tunisian government for the firing of every gun of a Tunisian fort saluting American armed vessels entering their harbors; the number of guns for a salute being left to the pleasure of those saluting." This provision meant that, every time an armed ship of the United States entered a harbor of Tunis with the Stars and Stripes displayed at the maintruck, those crafty rascals could fire just as many guns in way of salute as they saw fit, and claim from Uncle Sam a fine big barrel of gunpowder in return for each gun discharged.

Now that business of the gunpowder, together with sundry other acts of pure plunder, was highly in accord with the character and the conduct of the men of Northern Africa. It was not in harmony with the ideas of William Eaton, Connecticut Yankee, graduate of Dartmouth College and soldier of fortune. Eaton had in him qualities that make a successful line-plunging half-back, and his story, told in his own words, is full of what we modern Americans call "pep." There was much trouble for Northern

Africa on the ship *Sophia* that sailed from the United States with General William Eaton on board as consul to Tunis.

In relating the story of the Stars and Stripes, Eaton and the Tunisians and Tripolitans, we can do no better than to cling pretty closely to his narrative, as found in his autobiography. Immediately after his arrival in Africa, there began a series of adroit fencing matches in diplomacy. On March 15, 1799, Eaton met the Bey of Tunis. "After taking coffee," Eaton tells us, "he began to interrogate me."

"Is your vessel a vessel of war?"

"Yes."

"Why was not I duly informed of it, that you might have been saluted, as is customary?"

"We were unacquainted with the customs."

Now note this little sidenote in the autobiography, which illustrates this whole incident in the passage of wits: "True cause, we did not choose to demand a salute which would cost the United States eight hundred dollars."

William Eaton saw at once that the Stars and Stripes was receiving a double insult. There was the intention of browbeating the United States, and there was a demand for a salute that was sheer extortion in dollars and cents and not a decent, honorable recognition of one nation by another through an interchange of salutes to their flags. So we read, with growing interest, this brief account of a later meeting, which opened with much haggling. After an hour or more of empty talk, "I was introduced to his (the Bey's) apartment," says Eaton. "A few words

passed between us. He got into a passion, arose and left the hall, but turned, going out, and said, 'Consult your government. I give them six months to give me an answer, and to send the presents. If they come in that time, well; if not, take down your flag and go home!' "

Eaton's temper came right up to the top. Old Glory had been sneered at, ridiculed by a cheap little beggar on a strip of African sand. He wrote to Washington at once. In his letter he said, among other plainly spoken words, "Too many concessions have been made. There is but one language which can be held to these people, and this is terror." The letter closes with, "The United States have no messenger whom I would greet with so much cordiality with an answer as Commodore Barry." William Eaton desired greatly to see the Stars and Stripes waving over the black muzzles of a row of cannon on an American frigate, with those guns pointed at the pirate's palace.

Picture this Connecticut Yankee counting on his fingers the names of the American ships that carried Old Glory past Gibraltar in the spring of 1799. Eighty of them! And every one of them was in danger of being taken and having its Old Glory destroyed or thrown into the sea. He looks down from the wall where he is sitting, upon the Mediterranean, and sees the harmless little ship, the *Sophia*, that had brought him from the United States, riding at anchor. He speaks of her that day in his journal, as "the little *Sophia* disguised in men's clothes." He wants a fight, and lacks weapons with which to fight.

At last there came a day when Eaton set down in

a letter to Washington some plain facts as to conditions in the Mediterranean as they concerned the Stars and Stripes:

“France has no commerce exposed. Spain can defend herself by assistance of auxiliaries drawn from her mines. Portugal, tho’ a lady, speaks with a manly tone to these pirates; she dictates to them under their own batteries. Denmark and Sweden have frigates in these seas; Holland has no commerce here. Tunis is robbed of her prey, and is as restless as a bear. Plunder must be had. Where is it to be found? America presents it. But Tunis is at peace with America. Necessity has no law. A pretext is found for a declaration of war in our delinquency; or delay in sending out the stipulated regalia (present of jewels). The commerce in this sea will fall the victim to these starving robbers.”

But Jefferson and Congress did not move then. Eaton, single-handed, “acted with so much boldness and tact that he secured for his country the freedom of its commerce from attacks by the Tunisian cruisers,” as an historian tells us. In 1803, he returned to the United States and was appointed naval agent for the Barbary States. He accompanied the American fleet sent to the Mediterranean in 1804, with Decatur, Hull and other young officers soon to become household names in the United States. All schoolboys who have read the history of this country know the records of our little fleet at Tripoli. The burning of the *Philadelphia* has furnished a classic incident for our textbooks. Yet, for all the heroism shown, three years’ experience proved that a blockade merely protected in part our commerce. Blackmail was still a condi-

tion of peace. And you cannot besmirch the American Flag with blackmail.

Now steps on the stage a new commander in the United States fleet in the Mediterranean, Samuel Barron, with our friend William Eaton. The latter's supreme adventure of 1805, as Henry Adams assures us, was so "daring, so romantic and even Quixotic, that for at least half a century every boy in America listened to the story with the same delight with which he read the Arabian Nights." This story gives us one of Old Glory's greatest exploits.

William Eaton, to tell the truth, had no real authority to act in a military capacity when he arrived in the Mediterranean; so, when he abruptly left Barron and sailed to Malta, where he arrived on September 5, 1804, he was off on a vagabond crusade on his own hook. But he had a big idea. He intended to play Hamet Caramelli, the exiled rightful Bey of Tripoli, against Yusuf the usurper. He planned to raise an army under the Stars and Stripes and march with Hamet to besiege Derna, the eastern capital of Tripoli. A plan for joint operations was made with Commander Barron, and the hour to strike had come.

On March 3, 1805, at a place called the Arab's Tower, about forty miles southwest of Alexandria, Egypt, the Stars and Stripes fluttered over the most "strangely assorted force that ever marched and fought under its shadow." General William Eaton must have smiled as he reviewed his "Army of Northern Africa." The cream of this army was a little group of seven United States marines, led by Lieutenant O'Bannon. The remainder were Greeks, Tripolitans and Arab

camel-drivers; in all, about four hundred men. Hamet was set on a camel and told to come along.

For days this polyglot band of real fighters mixed with booty-seekers, toiled across the Desert of Barca, with the sun at 120 F. for hours at a time. Henry Adams, in his admirable history, affirms that "without discipline, cohesion, or sources of supply, even without water for days, their march was a sort of miracle." Where is the artist to give us a picture of Old Glory at the head of this ragamuffin regiment?

On April 14, the "Army of Northern Africa" reached Bomba, where ships from the American fleet were to meet them. To Eaton's consternation, no ships were in sight. We cannot improve on his autobiography at this crisis: "I went off with my Christians, and kept up fires upon a high mountain in our rear all night. At eight the next morning, at the instant when our camp was about breaking up, the Pasha's casnadar, Zaid, who had ascended the mountain for a last look-out, discovered *a sail!* It was the *Argus*. Captain Hull had seen our smokes, and stood in. Language is too poor to paint the joy and exultation which this messenger of life excited in every breast."

Supplies were furnished from the *Argus* and, on April 25, 1805, the "Army of Northern Africa," with General William Eaton and Old Glory at its head, moved on Derna. The town was held by a garrison of eight hundred men, who had made earthworks and cut loopholes through the terraces and walls for musket-fire. On April 27, Eaton sent in a flag of truce. It came back with the message, "My head, or yours."

Preparations for an assault were at once made. Three United States vessels, the *Hornet*, the *Nautilus* and the *Argus*, each flying Old Glory, anchored off the town, the first within pistol-shot of the Tripolitan batteries. All three opened fire.

Late in the afternoon, Eaton ordered his marines under Lieutenant O'Bannon, now reënforced by marines from the three ships, to storm the fortifications. He, in person, led one body of his little army on one side of Derna, while the marines came in from the shore. They were met by a murderous fire. Eaton was badly wounded. But the man who had sworn to avenge the insults to his Flag, and had marched with it across five hundred miles of desert, was not daunted. He placed himself at the very front and charged across a plain swept by musket-fire.

During this struggle, O'Bannon and his marines had stormed the fort and, in a perfect whirlwind of bullets, had turned the cannon on the Tripolitans and hoisted the Stars and Stripes over a bastion where the pirate banner had streamed. For the first time in history, the Stars and Stripes had been raised over a fortress of the Old World.

And so, during the month when two American explorers were carrying Old Glory to the base of the eastern wall of a western mountain range in North America, an impetuous little body of United States marines, with a self-made Yankee commander, were storming the front of a fortification in North Africa, to plant the Stars and Stripes upon it as a warning that no man or nation can attempt with impunity to impose upon the United States and her Flag.

XXIII

THE STARS AND STRIPES SEEKS THE SOURCE OF THE MISSISSIPPI

ON August 9, 1805, a little over a year after the day when Lewis and Clark set out from St. Louis to go up the Missouri, a young officer in the United States Army, Lieut. Zebulon M. Pike, started from the same city, then a straggling town, to go up the Mississippi and seek its source. Pike was about twenty-five years old when he captained this adventure of the Stars and Stripes, and, to judge from his journal, was in many ways better equipped mentally for an exploring expedition into wild and unknown country than was Lewis or Clark. His journal reveals some ability to write interesting and grammatical prose. A quaint touch of color appears in the leaves of his record as he tells us of hours passed in study and in reading. Here are a few entries: "Refreshed my memory as to French grammar;" "Read and labored at our works;" "Read Pope's Essays." One day's entry is compressed into a single word, "Studying." While in the dead of winter near the source of the Mississippi, Pike read, a part of it probably by candle light, Volney's "Egypt." The fields of ice and snow around him must have thrown a strange background against the tropic splendor of the Nile that took shape in his imagination.

On August 20, 1805, the little party of twenty-one men in their seventy-foot boat "arrived at the rapids of De Moyen" (Des Moines). "We had passed," says Pike, "the first and most difficult shoals, when we were met by Mr. Wm. Ewing with a French interpreter, four chiefs and fifteen men of the Sac nation, in their canoes, bearing the flag of the United States."

On the following day, August 21, 1805, Pike addressed the Sac nation. We give a part of his little speech, the portion in which he defines one phase of Jefferson's purpose in sending out Lewis and Clark and himself. He told the Indians that "their great father, the president of the United States, wishing to be more intimately acquainted with the situation, wants, etc., of the different nations of the red people in our newly acquired territory of Louisiana, ordered the general to send a number of his young warriors in different directions, to take them by the hand." Pike made constant use of the Stars and Stripes in his dealings with the Indians. With him, as with Lewis and Clark, it carried a message of brotherly friendship, and they had little cause to fear injury at the hands of the Indians during all the days of their explorations. As Henry Whiting, one of Pike's biographers, says, "The flag is an emblem that carries with it some moral authority, even among Indians. He (Pike) made it respected, and made it exclusive, while he was in the Indian country." By "exclusive" Whiting means the shutting out of all other national flags from the country gained for the Stars and Stripes through the Louisiana Purchase.

When Pike and his men were a few miles below the

falls of St. Anthony, a very pretty little drama occurred, with Old Glory as the principal actor. The journal for September 24, 1805, was in great part devoted to the first picture in this playlet. We quote: "In the morning I discovered my flag was missing from my boat. Being in doubt whether it had been stolen by the Indians, or had fallen overboard and floated away, I sent for my friend, the Original Love, and sufficiently evinced to him, by the vehemence of my action, by the immediate punishment of my guard (having inflicted on one of them corporeal punishment) and by sending down the shore three miles in search of it, how much I was displeased that such a thing should have occurred."

Later in the day, as a sort of interlude in our little play, Pike "sent a flag to the Sioux at the head of the St. Peters," undoubtedly following instructions from Washington that copied orders to Lewis and Clark, directing each body of explorers to see to it that the Indians received and were requested to respect the Stars and Stripes.

The curtain rose on September 25, 1805, on the second scene in the flag-drama that opened on the previous day, that of the lost Old Glory. Pike continues, in his journal, as follows, "I was awakened out of my bed by Le Petit Corbeau, head chief, who came up from the village to see if we were all killed, or if any accident had happened to us; this was in consequence of their having found my flag floating three miles below their village (fifteen miles hence), from which they concluded some affray had taken place, and that it had been thrown overboard. Although I

considered this an unfortunate accident for me, I was exceedingly happy at its effect; for it was the occasion of preventing much bloodshed among the savages."

"A chief called the Outard Blanche had his lip cut off, and had come to Petit Corbeau and told him that 'his face was his looking glass, that it was spoiled, that he was determined on revenge.' The parties were charging their guns and preparing for action, when lo, the flag appeared, like a messenger of peace sent to prevent their bloody purposes. They were all astonished to see it: the staff was broke. Then the Petit Corbeau arose and spoke to this effect: 'That a thing so sacred had not been taken from my boat without violence; that it would be proper for them to hush all private animosities until they had revenged the cause of their eldest brother; that he would immediately go up to St. Peters to know what dogs had done that thing, in order to take steps to get satisfaction of those who had done the mischief.' They all listened to this reasoning and he immediately had the flag put out to dry and embarked for my camp."

Third scene, little drama of the lost Old Glory of September, 1805. Entry in Pike's journal for the 27th of the month: "Two young Indians brought my flag across by land, who arrived yesterday, just as we came in sight of the falls. I made them a present for their punctuality and expedition, and the danger they were exposed to from the journey."

That is a perfectly splendid scene, the moment of the arrival of the Flag floating on the Mississippi. We invite some painter to give us the angry Indians about to open fire with their muskets, and one of them catch-

ing sight of the "messenger of peace," the Stars and Stripes rippling by on the surface of the current, and swimming out into the river to rescue it.

In the middle of October, Pike was well up in the heart of modern Minnesota, and began the construction of his block-house. He was two hundred and thirty-three miles above the falls of St. Anthony. From there as a base, he made trips of exploration over the snow, on sledges and snow-shoes. On New Year's Day, 1806, he was in the land of the Chipeways; "My interpreter came to me in a great hurry, conjuring me not to go so far ahead, and assured me that the Chipeways, encountering me, without an interpreter, party or flag, would certainly kill me."

Pike's entry for the next day reveals a friendly and not a hostile spirit on the side of the Indians: "Fine warm day. Discovered fresh signs of Indians. Just as we were incamping at night, my sentinel informed me that some Indians were coming at full speed upon our trail or track. I ordered my men to stand to their guns carefully. They were immediately at my camp, and saluted the flag by a discharge of three pieces; when four Chipeways, one Englishman and a Frenchman of the North West Company, presented themselves. They had heard of us and revered our flag."

It is a pleasure to give, in this book, permanent record in a history of our Flag of a kindly reception of it and its bearers by a British subject, over one hundred years ago. On January 3, 1806, Pike wrote, "My party marched early, but I returned with Mr. Grant to his establishment on the Red Cedar Lake, having one corporal with me. When we came in sight of the

house, I observed the flag of Great Britain flying. I felt indignant and cannot say what my feelings would have excited me to, had he not informed me that it belonged to the Indians. This was not much more agreeable to me."

Now open the journal to the page with the entry for February 1. Pike had reached "an establishment of the North West Company" and "was received with marked attention and hospitality by Mr. Hugh M'Gillis. Had a good dish of coffee, biscuit, butter and cheese for supper."

This man M'Gillis warms our hearts. He was of the same breed that gave North America the intrepid, honest Mackenzie, forerunner of the true men of the British Northwest of to-day. The Stars and Stripes has nothing to fear from such neighbors under the Union Jack. "On Feb. 6," adds Pike, "my men arrived at the fort about four o'clock. Mr. M'Gillis asked if I had any objection to his hoisting their flag in compliment to ours. I made none, as I had not yet expressed to him my ideas." Pike's "ideas" were, of course, that Old Glory must fly supreme over that region.

On February 9, 1806, Pike traveled over the snow to the station of a Mr. Dickson, on Leech Lake. Here is the succinct account of the event that happened: "Hoisted the American flag in the fort. The English yacht (jack) still flying at the top of the flagstaff, I directed the Indians and my riflemen to shoot at it, who soon broke the iron pin to which it was fastened and brought it to the ground."

February 12, 1806, reveals Pike's assurance that he

was at the source of the Mississippi. He says, "This may be called the upper source of the Mississippi." He was not at the true source. Other men, coming later, were to fix the springs of the great river at another point.

Another flag-episode comes into his records on February 16, 1806: "Held a council with the chiefs and warriors at this place. . . . They generally delivered up their flags (British) with a good grace, except the Flat Mouth, who said he had left both at his camp, three days' march, and promised to deliver them up to Mr. M'Gillis to be forwarded." The true-hearted Briton knew what was right, though it must have hurt him to act as an intermediary in a visible transfer of authority. He goes out of our book at this stage. Pike, his American supplanter, was to die a brigadier general, within a few years, while fighting under the Stars and Stripes against his Union Jack. In his last moments, a captured British flag was placed under his head as a pillow.

Here is a significant foot-note from Pike's journal: "17th. Feb. The chief of the land brought in his flag and delivered it up." If England had possessed men like you, M'Gillis, in London in that year 1806, the insane war of 1812, which was precipitated by insults to Old Glory, might never have appeared in history.

Pike and his party returned in safety to St. Louis, but he was not to remain idle. On July 15, 1806, he set out again, this time to go up the Missouri, cross by land to the Arkansas River, and go up the latter stream exploring and meeting the Indians as he advanced. With him went two lieutenants, one surgeon,

one sergeant, two corporals and sixteen privates. There is but one event of this journey that fits into this book. Before we embody it in this chapter, we give a picture of Pike's mode of approach to a village. He says that the party advanced with "Lieutenant Wilkinson and myself in front; my sergeant, on a white horse, next with the colors." This passage tells us very definitely that the Stars and Stripes was to be displayed continually. The fact that the Flag that floated down the Mississippi in 1805 was on a broken staff, proves that it must have been planted either in the bow or the stern of the seventy-foot boat.

In Republican County, modern Kansas, on September 29, 1806, Pike and his followers "held our grand council with the Pawnees, at which were present not less than four hundred warriors, the circumstances of which were extremely interesting. . . . The Spaniards had left several of their flags in their village, one of which was unfurled at the chief's door the day of the grand council. Amongst various demands and charges I gave them, was that the said flag should be delivered to me and one of the United States flags be received and hoisted in its place. This probably was carrying the pride of nations a little too far, as there had so lately been a large force of Spanish cavalry at the village, which had made a great impression on the minds of the young men, as to their power, consequence, etc., which my appearance with the 20th infantry was by no means calculated to remove."

The journal continues as follows: "After the chiefs had replied to various parts of my discourse, but were silent as to the flag, I again reiterated the demand for

the flag, adding that it was impossible for the nation to have two fathers; that they must either be the children of the Spaniards or acknowledge their 'American father.' After a silence of some time, an old man rose, went to the door and took down the Spanish flag, and brought it and laid it at my feet, and then received the American flag and elevated it on the staff which had lately borne the standard of his Catholic majesty. Perceiving that every face was clouded with sorrow, as if some great national calamity was about to befall them, I took up the contested colors and told them that it was the wish of the Americans that their red brethren should remain peacefully around their own fires." It is to Pike's credit that he succeeded in handling a difficult problem with rare tact.

This event undoubtedly marked the first raising of Old Glory within the borders of what is now the State of Kansas. On July 4, 1901, the corner-stone of a shaft of granite, twenty-seven feet high, was laid at the site of the Pawnee village. The shaft bears this inscription:

ERECTED BY THE STATE OF KANSAS,
1901,

TO MARK THE SITE OF THE PAWNEE REPUBLIC,
WHERE

LIEUT. ZEBULON M. PIKE

CAUSED THE SPANISH FLAG TO BE LOWERED
AND THE FLAG OF THE UNITED STATES TO BE RAISED,
SEPTEMBER 29, 1806.

Zebulon M. Pike left his name on the map of his country. On November 15, 1806, he wrote of "a mountain on our right, which appeared like a small blue cloud. . . . Their appearance can easily be imagined by those who have crossed the Alleghany, but their sides were whiter as if covered with snow." That mountain on the horizon, "a small blue cloud," is now known as "Pike's Peak."

XXIV

DISCORD AMONG THE THREE TRICOLORS

IN this year 1919, the Stars and Stripes is seen in thousands of homes in the United States, flanked by the flags of Great Britain and France. A little more than a hundred years ago, it was between the same two standards, but in the unhappy position of an innocent party in danger of being singed in the flames that threatened to burn its fellow tricolors. For England and France were at grips, and their struggle convulsed the commercial world. London tried to shut ships flying Old Glory from all French harbors, and Paris, through Napoleon's Berlin and Milan Decrees, aimed to prevent our Flag on our ships from entering British ports.

How greatly this country was confused by the shifting shuttles of European politics and entangled American sympathies, is shown in the attitude of her citizens. This attitude, or want of concerted purpose, is well expressed by Henry Adams: "President Madison submitted to Napoleon in order to resist England; the New England Federalists preferred submitting to England in order to resist Napoleon; but not one American expected the United States to uphold their national rights against the world."

Few if any historians have realized that our Flag,

as a symbol of nationality, came to its own in the early years of the last century, and on the sea. All ships of all Powers display their colors; for these colors are the only means of positive identification distinctly visible over distances where waters intervene. The contest between Napoleon and Great Britain spread out to the high seas, became a cut-throat struggle in commercial blockades. It developed into a problem of shutting out even neutrals. The United States was a sadly perplexed neutral, and her Flag was to suffer exclusion and ignominy in the angry give-and-take of the times. For the Flag, being the nation's supreme indubitable symbol on the ocean, was the watched-for mark of the United States at trade. Immediately, even as early as 1807, the Stars and Stripes became a figure of speech frequent in impassioned addresses and in the daily press.

The affair of the *Chesapeake* and the *Leopard* off the Virginia coast in 1807, was like a sudden swinging of a vane turned by a breeze from the sea, indicating to those inland that there was trouble brewing seaward. English sailors had been deserting to American ships. Admiral George C. Berkeley, of his Britannic Majesty's fleet in the North Atlantic, said in orders to that fleet, in 1807, "Subjects of his Britannic Majesty, and serving in his ships, deserted—and openly paraded in the streets of Norfolk under the American flag." This marching of erstwhile English seamen under Old Glory was considered a rank insult to the Union' Jack. On July 29, 1807, Captain Douglas, of his Majesty's Service, wrote a letter to the Mayor of Norfolk, in which he said, "You must be perfectly

aware that the British flag never has been, nor will be, insulted with impunity."

The guns of the *Leopard* opening fire on the *Chesapeake* while practically defenseless, awoke the United States to the realization that England meant a business of a sinister nature. The right of search on the high seas, even in neutral waters, following a command to stand to, was a violation of international law. Jefferson, and Madison, his Secretary of State, wrote to Monroe in Europe on July 16, 1807, "As a security for the future, an entire abolition of impressments from vessels under the flag of the United States, if not already arranged, is also to make an indispensable part of the satisfaction." They had the *Chesapeake* affair in mind.

England saw in 1807 that trouble between her and the United States might arise from the double incitement of the search of the *Chesapeake* for deserters, after a broadside, and the stifling of American trade with European countries through decrees closing ports. Yet the general feeling of the day in England was expressed in the London *Morning Post*, in a reference of October 23, 1807, to the United States as an "insignificant Power" and, in the same paper of a previous issue, January 27, 1807, when, with a glance to the sea, it uttered the scornful words, "It will never be permitted to be said that the *Royal Sovereign* has struck her flag to a Yankee cockboat."

If England was baiting the United States with words and actions, France, under Napoleon, was also playing a part of tantalizing mystery and deeds equivalent to slaps of the American face. Josiah Quincy,

of Massachusetts, said in 1808, that "Nature gave the ocean to New England." See how Napoleon, in his utterances, catered to the Federalists of the northern States of the United States. On May 18, 1809, he dictated the following: "The seas belong to all nations. Every vessel under the flag of any nation whatever, recognised and avowed by it, ought to be on the ocean as if it were in its own ports. The flag flying from the mast of a merchantman ought to be respected as though it were on the top of a village steeple. To insult a merchant-vessel carrying the flag of any Power is to make an incursion into a village or a colony belonging to that Power."

Napoleon may have had France in mind as he dictated those words, for he knew well how to fling out the Tricolor and make it the very living symbol of France, but he had New England in the background of his thought; for he was preparing a letter to General Armstrong, the representative of the United States in Paris, and his "village steeple" was a shrewd casting of a fly for the New England fish. He had blocked England's scheme, if she ever had one, for an Empire in the Mississippi Valley, when he closed the Louisiana Purchase, and he was maneuvering, in the years that immediately preceded the War of 1812, to get Old Glory again into a tussle with the Union Jack. On December 13, 1811, he wrote, "You will give the assurance that if the American government is decided to maintain the independence of its flag, it will find every kind of aid and privilege in this country." Napoleon often made a flag the symbol of a nation's individuality. In his address to deputies of the Hanseatic League,

March 17, 1811, he spoke of "nations that defend their sovereignty and maintain the religion of their flag."

That month of March, 1811, marked Napoleon's most direct hint to the United States. In a speech at the Tuileries, on the 24th of the month, he said, "I consider the flag of a nation as a part of herself. That nation must be able to carry it everywhere, or she is not free. That nation which does not make her flag respected is not a nation in my eyes. The Americans, we are going to see what they will do." One report of this speech gave this passage: "As for neutral navigation, I regard the flag as an extension of territory. The Power which lets it be violated cannot be considered neutral. The lot of American commerce will soon be decided."

In the closing weeks of 1811, spurred on by that young and audacious body of Southern Congressmen led by Clay and Calhoun, who were of a generation after Madison and Monroe, the United States walked up to the brink of war with England. Opposition to a declaration of war was bitter in the extreme northern group of States. Again we quote Henry Adams, for we can find no better authority: "As a force in the affairs of Europe, the United States had become an appendage to England. The Americans consumed little but English manufactures, allowed British ships to blockade New York and Chesapeake Bay, permitted the British government to keep by force in its naval service numbers of persons who were claimed as American subjects, and to take from American merchant-vessels, at its free will, any man who seemed likely to be useful." But New England's trade with Eng-

land was at stake, and she would not move toward war.

Yet New England could meet the cards played by the South, with her own trumps. War with Great Britain was declared on June 18, 1812. On the very next day came news of still more "American vessels burned by French frigates." A French commodore declared that "he had orders to burn all American vessels sailing to or from an enemy's port." As a matter of simple fact, the United States had fully as much cause to fight France in 1812 as she had to go to war with Great Britain. She had even more cause for defying Napoleon, for England was rapidly coming to a ground of fair and open dealing with this country in that year.

So, in 1812, the three Tricolors fell out. Napoleon chuckled in his sleeve when he heard that one more Power was arrayed against England. Great Britain "felt that Madison had been a tool of Bonaparte, had stabbed her in the back." To get a view of the American attitude, as it concerned the Stars and Stripes, we turn once more to Henry Adams: Clay, Calhoun, and their associates in Congress, "bent on war with England, were willing to face debt and probable bankruptcy on the chance of creating a nation, of conquering Canada, and carrying the American flag to Mobile and Key West," then in foreign hands.

XXV

THE STARS AND STRIPES RAISED OVER A LOG SCHOOLHOUSE

EARLY in May, 1812, Massachusetts chose a legislature more strongly Federalist, or supposedly pro-British, than any one dared to predict. The old Bay State, a military backbone of the French and Indian wars and the Revolution, was in the distressing position of a province at odds with the nation. Were it not for her splendid record on the Canadian frontier, shown in the heroism of her enlisted men, and her connection with the frigates *Constitution* and *Essex* and many privateers, she would have stood shamed when the War of 1812 came to its close.

Yet Massachusetts gave the United States, in 1812, one remarkable, spontaneous proof of fealty. The incident we are about to relate was one of those unheralded but natural evidences of fine patriotism that often come from the hearts of a people acting independently, without the counsel of their rulers and wise men. In May, 1812, Old Glory went to the top of "a pine staff" over a log schoolhouse on Catamount Hill, Colrain, in the heart of Massachusetts. It is generally believed that this home-made Flag was the first Stars and Stripes to float over a schoolhouse in the United States.

The women of Colrain, forerunners of the women of the North who, in countless cities, towns and villages, sewed stripes and squares and stars, of red, white and blue into Flags in 1861, were the inspiring figures at the center of this event. Mrs. Rhoda Shippee gave the cloth for the stars and the white stripes. Mrs. Lois Shippee contributed the blue cloth for the Union. But tradition hesitates between Mrs. Alden Willis and Mrs. Stephen Hale, as the donor of the cloth for the red stripes. And those loyal women wove the fabric for the Old Glory of Colrain on their looms in their homes.

A man comes into the story in the person of Amasa Shippee who "marked out the stars with compass and square," and went "down to the Pine Swamp" to cut a staff from good old New England growth. Within a few months, he was to be one of the five men from Catamount Hill who marched away to fight for the Stars and Stripes, who were true blue when so much of Massachusetts was tinged with British red.

The whole story is American in its atmosphere. The final picture of that Flag of the hearthfires going to the top of its pine staff over a rough log schoolhouse, with the waving pines in the background, and with a little group of men, their wives, and their boys and girls barefooted and in homespun, is one that deserves perpetuation in a painting by an American artist.

On June 3, 1903, the Catamount Hill Association erected a monument in honor of the event of May, 1812, on the spot where the little log schoolhouse stood one hundred years ago.

XXVI

THE FLAG ON THE SEA IN THE WAR OF 1812

ONE of our most reliable historians divides the years of our history from 1776 to 1812, into periods of twelve years' duration. The first ended in 1788, with the adoption of the Constitution. The Flag had won a compact of federation for its original States of the thirteen stripes and stars. The second closed with the year 1800, which date marked low tide, a recession of the current of national purpose, with the Flag struggling for firm ground on a rock-bed of clean-cut nationality. The third period saw a declaration of war with England, and Madison throwing "forward the flag of the country, sure that the people would press onward and defend it," although the nation was split into opposing camps.

As the War of 1812 was forced by repressions of American commerce and infringements of American rights of the individual on the sea, it at once assumed the form of a struggle to maintain inviolate the freedom of the Stars and Stripes on the ocean. A full month before war was declared, an American frigate had answered England's insult to the ensign of the *Chesapeake*, of 1807, in a decisive manner. On the evening of May 16, 1812, Captain Rodgers, in the *President*, while off Cape Charles, sighted a ship which

he took to be the British *Guerriere*, on which was supposed to be an American seaman recently impressed by the English. He made sail in pursuit, and, just after dusk, came near enough to hail. At 8.30, the *President* rounded to within pistol-shot. Each ship ran out "every gun in the broadside."

Rodgers' hail, "What ship is that?" was answered by a flash and a ball that hit the mainmast of the *President*. What happened then is best told in a statement made by Rodgers after the action—note how he makes the Flag the keynote—"Equally determined not to be the aggressor or suffer the flag of my country to be insulted with impunity, I gave a general order to fire." A shattering volley smote the Englishman. The action was brief, and the *President's* opponent soon lay helpless, in distress. She was the English corvette the *Little Belt*.

There was much controversy between the United States and Great Britain over this affair, and we find Old Glory figuring in the report of Captain Bingham of the *Little Belt*, when he says, "At 6.30, finding he gained so considerably on us as not to be able to elude him during the night, being within gun-shot, and clearly discerning the stars in his broad pennant, I imagined the most prudent method was to bring to and hoist the colors, that no mistake might arise."

We have given this little account of a very minor incident in way of prelude to the real story of the Flag on the sea during the War of 1812, as revealed in a few dramatic scenes. That Great Britain made light of the defeat of the *Little Belt*, and regarded this country, in the summer of 1812, as an "insignificant

Power" is clearly shown in a sentence that appeared in the London *Evening Star* in July of that year. That paper sneered at "a piece of striped bunting flying at the mastheads of a few fir-built frigates manned by outlaws."

But England was to receive a shock that shook the whole structure of her naval traditions. Bear in mind that no European country had ever beaten her in a single-ship action; that Trafalgar was, in 1812, a memory of a tremendous victory less than seven years past. During that month of July, when that reference to "striped bunting flying at the mastheads of a few fir-built frigates" came to print in London, the *Constitution*, Captain Isaac Hull, made her remarkable escape from under the guns of a British fleet, through superior seamanship. Within a month, to be precise, on August 19, 1812, the same *Constitution* smashed the *Guerriere*, a pride of the British navy, to flinders off the New England coast. Hull sailed up Boston harbor to the old Federalist town, and, his ship being of Massachusetts make, there was no holding back the true American soul from uttering itself in wild cries of joy and in streets beflagged with Old Glory. A song of the times, one of the many poems of jubilation, gives us a stanza that introduces the London *Evening Star's* "striped bunting" with real effect:

"Too long our tars have borne in peace
With British domineering;
But now they've sworn the trade should cease—
For vengeance they are steering.

First gallant Hull, he was the lad
 Who sailed a tyrant-hunting,
 And swaggering Dacres soon was glad
 To strike to '*striped bunting!*' "

There was a neat little incident on the smashed deck of the *Guerriere*. Hull sent Lieut. Geo. C. Read in a boat to receive the surrender of the British frigate. When Read stepped up to Dacres, the British captain, he said, "Commodore Hull's compliments, and wishes to know if you have struck your flag." Dacres looked up and down his ship, and then coolly and dryly replied, "Well, I don't know. Our mizzen-mast is gone. Our mainmast is gone. Upon the whole, you may say we *have* struck our flag."

But behind unfortunate Dacres, across the wide Atlantic, stood the English nation awaiting word of victory. Imagine, if you can, the dismay when tidings came of the Stars and Stripes waving above a beaten Union Jack. The *London Times*, then as now the great paper of the city, lamented "the striking of an English flag on the high seas to anything like an equal force. . . . Never before in the history of the world did an English frigate strike to an American." Some one should have stood right up in meeting and called up the shades of the *Serapis* and Paul Jones. It was most sad, as the *Guerriere* was one of the select frigates picked to drive "the insolent striped bunting from the seas."

October 18, 1812, witnessed the defeat of the *Frolic* by the *Wasp*. The Britisher was so shattered, and lost so many men, that an American had to board her and haul down her flag. She fought magnificently,

but was beaten decisively in a raging sea that hurled spray over the muzzles of the guns.

On October 25, 1812, a week later, the *United States* defeated the *Macedonian* and brought her home in triumph. And, on December 29, the *Constitution*, then under Bainbridge, whipped the *Java*. In six months, England had lost the frigates *Guerriere*, *Macedonian* and *Java*, and three hundred merchantmen. This universal success of Old Glory on the sea went far to compensate for the poor luck of the American forces on land during the opening months of the war. Even recent English writers do not neglect to pay a just tribute to the achievements of the Stars and Stripes on the ocean in 1812. Shane Leslie, in an article in the *Dublin Review*, said in 1917, that "Naval honors went to America. The Anglo-Saxon, after littering the sea with Spanish, Dutch and French wreckage, was whipped at sea by his own whelps."

Those sea-battles were contested bitterly, and were won for Old Glory through the superior seamanship of officers and the superb gunfire of crews. When it came to the question of courage, of the ability to hold on to the grim end, there was little choice between American and Briton. And there was much noble chivalry displayed under the two flags in that war on the sea of 1812, a chivalry that should be recalled in these later days of approaching understanding between Great Britain and the United States. Decatur, who commanded the *United States*, and Carden, who captained the *Macedonian*, had met in Norfolk just before war was declared. This bit of dialogue is worth preservation, especially for its flag-motif:

CARDEN: "We now meet as friends. God grant we may never meet as enemies. But we are subject to the orders of our governments, and must obey them."

DECATUR: "I heartily reciprocate the sentiment."

CARDEN: "But what, sir, would be the consequence to yourself and the force you command, if we should meet as enemies?"

DECATUR: "Why, sir, if we meet with forces that might be fairly called equal, the conflict would be severe, but the flag of my country on the ship I command shall never leave the staff on which it waves as long as there is a hull to support it."

Epilogue: On October 25, 1812, Carden stepped on board the *United States* to hand over his sword to Decatur. "No, sir," said the latter, doffing his cocked hat, "I cannot receive the sword of a man who has so bravely defended his ship, but I will receive your hand." Then Decatur conducted Carden to his cabin where, as an old account tells us, "refreshments were set out and partaken of in a friendly spirit by the two commanders."

The defeats of the *Guerriere*, the *Macedonian* and the *Java*, in rapid succession, stunned England. There were no more references to the *Constitution* as "a bundle of pine-boards." George Canning, speaking in open Parliament in February, 1813, asserted that the loss of the *Guerriere* and the *Macedonian* produced a sensation in the country scarcely to be equaled by the most violent convulsion of nature. He added, "It cannot be too deeply felt that the sacred spell of the invincibility of the British fleet was broken by those

unfortunate captures." The London *Times* confessed that "a very short time before the capture of the *Guerriere*, an American frigate was an object of ridicule to our honest tars." And the *Pilot*, the chief naval authority of England, seeing Old Glory like an apparition in the west, fairly wailed. The following must have made good reading for the men who stood on decks under the Stars and Stripes: "Any one who had predicted such a result of an American war this time last year would have been treated as a madman or a traitor. He would have been told, if his opponents had condescended to argue with him, that long ere seven months had elapsed the American flag would be swept from the seas, the contemptible navy of the United States annihilated, and their maritime arsenals rendered a heap of ruins. Yet down to this moment not a single American frigate has struck her flag."

To the United States these victories were clarion calls to Old Glory, summoning it to appear on roof and steeple and in banquet hall. After Decatur had taken the *Macedonian*, he sent Midshipman Hamilton, who had served under him in the action, to Washington with the captured flag of the British frigate, to deliver it to Paul Hamilton, the Secretary of the Navy and the father of the young midshipman. Hamilton arrived on the evening of December 8, 1812, and at once went to a ball that was in progress with his father in attendance. Into the groups of dancers came the young fellow with the *Macedonian's* flag draped around his shoulders. We open an old letter written in Washington on December 14, for the rest of the in-

cident: "He was borne into the room by many officers. Good little Mrs. Hamilton, his mother, stood by me, and was so much agitated at the sight of her son that she must have fallen had I not stepped forward and offered her my arm. The young man sprang into her arms, his sisters threw their arms around him. The colors were then held up by several gentlemen over the heads of Hull, Morris and Stewart, and 'Hail Columbia' played; and there were huzzas until my head swayed."

The picture of those sea-fighters, Hull and Stewart, under the captured British ensign, with the flags of the *Guerriere* and another English ship of war on a wall near them, and with flashes of Old Glory giving colors of victory, is one to be added to our gallery of scenes in the story of the Stars and Stripes.

XXVII

THE FLAG FINDS VICTORY IN DEFEAT

BY the middle of the year 1813, England had succeeded in smothering the navy of the United States under an overwhelming power. The Stars and Stripes, in the matter of frigates free for service at sea, was bankrupt or in danger of bankruptcy. The *Constellation* was held a prisoner at Norfolk; the *United States* and the *Macedonian* were gripped by a stern blockade; the *Congress* had become unseaworthy; and the *Essex* was in the Pacific, where she soon was captured after a desperate fight against heavy odds. Only three frigates were left in a condition that gave them freedom to go out and fight. They were the *President*, the *Constitution* and the *Chesapeake*. The latter two were, in May, 1813, at the Charlestown navy yard, Boston, and Englishman Broke, on the *Shannon*, could see their masts as he came in toward Nahant.

The battle of June 1, 1813, between the *Chesapeake* and the *Shannon*, off Boston harbor, although a defeat for Old Glory, gave our navy its signal of victory for many contests that followed. Lawrence was beaten by Broke in a better ship. As he lay mortally wounded, he repeatedly exclaimed, "Don't give up the ship!" and, as one account states, added, "The flag shall wave

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while I live." When the news of the defeat and capture of his frigate traveled through the United States, it was received with incredulity and great anxiety. Richard Rush wrote, years afterward, "I remember the public gloom; funeral orations and badges of mourning bespoke it. 'Don't give up the ship,' the dying words of Lawrence, were on every tongue."

One episode, slight but full of meaning, occurred near Newark, N. J., on July 4, 1813. On that day a group of men rode on horses from Newark to a place then called Orange Four-Corners. They entered a tavern and drank a number of toasts, two of which were as follows:

"Hull, Jones, Decatur and Bainbridge, their courage and success have encircled them with laurels unfading as time, imperishable as immortality."

"James Lawrence, the brave, the true, the good. May his last words be the signal of victory to the United States commanders, 'Do not give up the ship!'"

Those were indeed dark days for Old Glory, brightened in part by the thought of the heroism of Lawrence, and by certain memories of his chivalry at sea and generous appreciation by his foemen. Broke was severely injured in the head during the fight of the *Chesapeake* and the *Shannon*, yet for hours, between moments of delirium, he spoke of the "gallant and masterly style" shown by Lawrence in bringing the *Chesapeake* out to meet his ship, under full sail, and with four great flags flying; Stars and Stripes on the mizzen-royal masthead, on the peak, in the starboard

main rigging, and, at the fore, a broad white flag with the words "Free Trade and Sailors' Rights."

The *Shannon* took the *Chesapeake* to Halifax, with the dead Lawrence, wrapped in his Stars and Stripes, on the quarter-deck. The good people of Halifax, loyal to the core to their Union Jack, knew what manner of man lay within the folds of Old Glory on the deck of his lost frigate. Less than three months had elapsed since Lawrence, in the *Hornet*, had defeated Peake, in the *Peacock*. Two acts of the American must have thrilled true Englishmen with a feeling that James Lawrence was a man through and through. He had taken into his own family the son of one of the slain hands of the *Peacock*, and he had paid a glorious tribute to the Union Jack. His opponent, Captain William Peake, was killed by the last broadside from the *Hornet*. Lawrence had his body carried to his cabin, and tenderly covered it with the Union Jack. So Captain William Peake went down in his ship, in five and a half fathoms of water, honored with "a shroud and a sepulcher worthy so brave a sailor."

Halifax knew of Lawrence's tribute to his dead foe. So, when the *Chesapeake* slowly came into the harbor, with her captain lying still and cold on the deck, and wrapped in Old Glory, she determined to honor his memory as a fellow man and a chivalrous enemy. We must not overlook this event in the story of our Flag, for it shows us clearly that the souls beneath the standards of the English-speaking peoples are one in noble impulses.

Halifax chose the oldest resident naval officer as chief pall-bearer at the funeral, and she buried Law-

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rence in his Old Glory. One beautiful line of the day comes to mind: "Victory, reluctant, dropt a star upon the grave." We quote from a poem written in the Nova Scotian city during the week of the funeral:

"At dawn of day was seen afar
The flag that bore the stripe and star,
And high Old England's ensign flew
To cheer the Shannon's hardy crew.

"His midnight watch the seaman keeps
Where wrapt in death the hero sleeps,
Where, in his country's colours, bleeds
Brave Lawrence."

After the body of Lawrence was returned to the United States, in September, 1813, the Hon. Joseph Story delivered an address at Salem. We select from this address one fine sentence: "The stars and stripes, which distinguish our flag, are not more our own than that profuse and generous gallantry which sees an enemy no longer than a hostile banner waves for his protection." That was a salute to Halifax.

We also copy two extremely interesting fragments from the mass of printed matter on the loss of the *Chesapeake*. One, in reference to the slain officers of the frigate, said, in way of reply to Napoleon's utterance of March 17, 1811, "Lawrence, Ludlow, Ballard, Broome, White, you died in the defense of the 'religion of your flag.'" The *Boston Palladium* for June 15, 1813, glorified both Lawrence and his Stars and Stripes, in these words: "His flag he could not suffer should wave under a shadow of suspicion, or be exposed to the least breath of reproach."

Old Glory snatched victory from the jaws of defeat on Lake Erie on September 10, 1813. The story of Perry's victory on Lake Erie is one of the high lights in the record of the War of 1812. But our schoolbooks almost invariably give a wrong impression of the flag-episode at the very heart of that important battle. They support the belief, and practically all illustrations of the event strengthen the view, that Perry transferred the Stars and Stripes from the *Lawrence* to the *Niagara*, at the critical moment of the struggle.

The facts follow. Perry, taking the words of the dying Lawrence, "Don't give up the ship," as his battle-cry, his motto for his signal, had a large blue flag made at Erie, with those words upon it in white muslin. When his flagship, the *Lawrence*, named after the commander of the *Chesapeake*, was shattered and in danger of falling into the hands of the British, he took this flag, left the *Lawrence* in the command of her captain, with a Stars and Stripes at her masthead, and was rowed in a boat to the *Niagara*. Then he proceeded to win his fight, with the *Niagara* as his flagship.

Now the typical picture of the act of transfer of the blue flag shows Perry standing upright in a small boat amid a hail of shot churning the water around him, and with a thirteen-stripe Stars and Stripes either in his arms or flying at the bow of his little skiff. He carried the blue flag, with the last words of Lawrence upon it. If he had carried an Old Glory, it would have been the orthodox Flag of the period, with fifteen stars and fifteen stripes.

The big dramatic moment of that critical fight on

Lake Erie was the hour when Perry, on the *Niagara*, broke through the British line and saw the *Lawrence* with her Flag lowered, about to surrender. Through the murk came the *Niagara* pouring broadsides into the English ships. Now for the *Lawrence*, and her men who could stand amid her dead and dying. "When the smoke cleared, with a feeble shout the remnant of the crew flung out their flag at masthead." So wrote an historian years ago, and, with that stirring picture of victory snatched from defeat for Old Glory, through the inspiration of the call of Lawrence that still thrills American fighters at sea, we close the record of Old Glory on the water in the War of 1812.

XXVIII

THE FLAG ON LAND IN THE WAR OF 1812

AFTER discouraging campaigns during the early months of the War of 1812, the Flag found itself with defenders gathering close around it in victory. There are but three events of the whole war on land that give us stirring scenes with Old Glory a dominant actor. They occurred at Lundy's Lane, Canada; Stonington, Conn., and Fort McHenry, Maryland.

Strangely enough, the Stars and Stripes owed its glory at Lundy's Lane mainly to regiments from New England, although New England had been a backslider in supporting the central government at Washington in active prosecution of the war. The men of Vermont, Massachusetts and Connecticut, who fought with Scott and Ripley under Old Glory at Lundy's Lane, were of the stock that stood at Bunker Hill and swarmed over the Berkshires and the Green Mountains to fall upon and overwhelm Burgoyne. No amount of Federalist talk could argue them out of their conviction of the demands of loyalty to their country's Flag.

The battle of Lundy's Lane, on July 25, 1814, was mostly fought after sunset, during a close, sultry darkness, with a pale moon shining, and with the roar

of Niagara Falls thundering through the volleys of cannon and muskets. As the American force marched to the field, a rainbow arched the head of their column, the colors of its curve enclosing the red, white and blue of the flags that fluttered within it. This column, we give the make-up of the little American army as a whole, was composed of two regiments from Massachusetts, one from Vermont, one from Connecticut, one from New York, one from Pennsylvania, and a mixed body of militia mainly from Pennsylvania. The regulars had been trained to a fine finish by Scott and Ripley, and formed one of the best fighting bodies the United States ever sent to a battlefield.

The British force at Lundy's Lane included the famous Royal Scots and other regiments whose standards had been seen on many fields. The fight that ensued when the two little armies met, was one long series of bayonet charges, with interludes of musketry fire in volleys so close that the flashes from the muzzles of the muskets frequently crossed in sheets of flame vivid in the night.

Major Jesup, with the 25th Regiment (Conn.), attacked on the left, while Scott's other three regiments in his brigade fell upon the front of the English line. Jesup broke through the Royal Scots. His Stars and Stripes "was riddled with balls, and as a sergeant waved it amid a storm of bullets, the staff was severed in three places in his hand. Turning to his commander, the sergeant exclaimed as he took up the fragments, 'Look, Colonel, how they have cut us!' The next minute a ball passed through his body, but he still kept his feet, and still waved his mutilated stand-

ard until, faint with loss of blood, he sank on the field."

The above quotation is from a history that appeared in 1852. We use this book again, in telling of the attack by Major Leavenworth's Ninth Regiment (Mass.), which advanced on the British center and "appeared in the darkness to be engulfed in fire." Scott, coming up on the gallop, "pointed to the flag that still waved in the dim moonlight" and urged the regiment to hold fast. Soon Colonel Miller arrived with the 25th Regiment (Mass.), and received orders to storm the British battery on the hill. Major McFarland, with the 23rd Regiment (N. Y.), went in to support him. "The struggle," as the old book we have at our elbow says, "became at once close and fierce; bayonet crossed bayonet, weapon clashed against weapon." The guns were taken, but the British came back in a wave of desperate men, and again, in the moonlight, around the American regimental flags, the struggle was renewed.

Canadians and Englishmen claim that Lundy's Lane was a victory for their side or a drawn battle. Americans make similar claims. One fact we know. Old Glory never waved over better troops than those regiments that fought for it in the darkness of the night of July 25, 1814. In Scott's brigade, at the close of the action, all the regimental officers were killed or wounded, and "only one out of every four soldiers stood up unhurt."

Here are two sharply defined pictures of two regiments, taken word for word from the book we have

been following. They give the lie to the statement that New England had little part in the War of 1812:

“Around the tattered colors of the Eleventh Regiment (Vermont), that shattered fragment of the first brigade was rallied.”

“The Twenty-fifth (Connecticut), under Jesup, with their regimental banner pierced with scores of bullet-holes received at Chippewa and in this engagement, reposed after victory on the river side of the Queenstown Road.”

Add to those pictures that of the Old Glory of the Ninth Regiment (Massachusetts), “that still waved in the dim moonlight” over its men “engulfed in fire,” and you have material for bronze tablets in State Capitols of three New England states.

During the month after Lundy’s Lane, in August, 1814, the British bombarded Stonington, Conn., from the sea. Lossing, in his “Field Book of the War of 1812,” tells this story: “A timid citizen in the battery proposed lowering the colors. ‘No! No!’ shouted venerable Captain Jeremiah Holmes. ‘That flag shall never come down while I am alive!’ When the wind died away, he held it out on the point of a bayonet, and several shots went through it. To prevent its being struck by some coward, Holmes held a companion, J. Dean Gallup, on his shoulders while he nailed it to the staff. It was completely riddled by British shot.” Lossing saw this flag in Stonington, in 1860, and counted the bullet-holes.

The history of the Stars and Stripes on land dur-

ing the War of 1812 very properly closes with the "Star-Spangled Banner" of Fort McHenry. Francis Scott Key, who wrote the poem that so soon became famous when sung to the music of an English song, "Anacreon in Heaven," was a temporary prisoner on a British ship during the bombardment of Fort McHenry at Baltimore. He had gone to this ship to obtain the release of his friend, Dr. William Beanes, and was held by the British until after the attack was over.

Key had taken with him, in his effort to secure the release of Dr. Beanes, another friend, John S. Skinner, and the two men were transferred from Admiral Cochrane's ship, the *Royal Oak*, to the frigate *Surprise*, and from the latter to their own little boat, where they were held under guard. This boat was so placed that it gave Key a clear view of Old Glory streaming over Fort McHenry. The poem, which was hastily scribbled, part of it while on the deck of his boat while watching the "rockets' red glare" and "the bombs bursting in air," and the rest in lines jotted down on the back of a letter as he was returning to Baltimore, is a record in verse of what Key actually saw on September 13, 1814.

On September 21, 1814, the poem, or song, appeared in the Baltimore *American* under the title "Defense of Fort McHenry," set to the music of "Anacreon in Heaven." It was at once received with enthusiasm. To-day, as "The Star-Spangled Banner," it holds premier place among the patriotic songs of the United States. It was fitting that our Flag should have been the inspiration of our most popular national

hymn, for "The Star-Spangled Banner" was a perfectly natural outburst of feeling in a period when Old Glory was making a dramatic fight for recognition among the great standards of the world.

The Flag that inspired Key was made by order of Brig. Gen. John Stricker, who commanded the Third Brigade, made up mainly of men from Baltimore. It was sewed together by Mrs. Mary Young Pickersgill, wife of Col. Henry S. Pickersgill of Baltimore. It was made in sections, was originally forty feet long, with fifteen stripes, each nearly two feet wide, and with fifteen stars, each two feet from point to point. The stars are arranged in five parallel lines, three stars to a line. "The Star-Spangled Banner" now rests in the National Museum at Washington.

XXIX

THE FLAG ASSUMES PERMANENT FORM

ON September 26, 1814, the American privateer, *General Armstrong*, dropped anchor in the harbor of Fayal, a port protected by the neutral flag of Portugal. She was one of the fleet whose audacious exploits, as a prominent Englishman said in Glasgow but three weeks before, had "proved injurious to our commerce, and discreditable to the directors of the naval power of the British nation, whose flag till late waved over every sea and triumphed over every rival."

At sunset of that September 26, three ships showing the British flag entered the roads leading to the harbor of Fayal. We can give no space to the fight that followed, one of the most desperate sea-fights ever fought. It opened with "one of the bloodiest defeats suffered by the British navy in the war of 1812," and closed, later, with Captain S. C. Reid sinking the *General Armstrong* to prevent her being taken.

Early in 1817, Captain Reid was in Washington, and was asked to prepare a design for the Stars and Stripes that should represent the increase in the number of States, "without destroying its distinctive character, as the committee were about to increase the stars and stripes to the whole number of States." As there were at the time twenty States in the Union, there

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was a possibility of arriving at an Old Glory of twenty stripes, with a strong probability of indefinite addition of stripes. As one Congressman facetiously remarked, the Flag would in time require a ship's mast or a tree to hold it aloft.

It was a gracious act to give Reid the task of designing a form for Old Glory that would endure, as his fight at Fayal was practically the last sea-fight of a war waged in defense of the integrity and the reputation of the Stars and Stripes. Congressman Peter H. Wendover, of New York City, a leader in the movement toward securing a permanent form for Old Glory, was a close friend of Reid, and it is reasonable to assume that the two men had talked over the future of the Flag, that they saw in the vast expanse of the Louisiana Territory the areas of many new States to come, each demanding representation in the nation's Flag.

To go back a few years, on July 13, 1794, George Washington gave his name to the first bill that received his signature as President at that session of Congress. The bill read:

"An Act making alterations in the flag of the United States:

"Be it enacted, etc., That from and after the first of May, 1795, the flag of the United States be fifteen stripes, alternate red and white, and that the union be fifteen stars, white in a blue field."

Vermont and Kentucky had come in to the sisterhood of States, to make the fifteen represented in the Old Glory of 1794. But, since 1795, Tennessee, Ohio,

Louisiana, Indiana and Mississippi, had been added, and it was realized that it would be ridiculous to continue adding stripes to the Flag, to keep pace with the incoming States. Captain Reid found a reasonable solution of the problem. "He recommended that the stripes be reduced to the original number of thirteen States, and to form the number of stars representing the whole number of States into one great star in the Union, adding one star for every new State, thus giving the significant meaning to the flag, symbolically expressed, of 'E Pluribus Unum.' "

Congressman Wendover wrote a number of letters to Captain Reid while the latter was in New York. In that of March 25, 1818, he included this sentence: "If the bill passes the Senate soon, it is probable I shall request the captain of the late *General Armstrong* to have a flag made for Congress Hall under his direction." The bill referred to was the one of April 4, 1818, which we shall quote later in this chapter. Another letter, that of April 6, 1818, also from Washington to New York, opens with a clever allusion to England's slurring phrase, "striped bunting flying at the mastheads of a few fir-built frigates," and does not overlook Reid's heroic defense of his ship at Fayal. We give the first two sentences: "Your favor of the 3d. instant is this moment received. I learn with pleasure that the 'Star-Spangled Banner' has fallen into good hands, and doubt not Captain Lloyd of the *Plantagenet* once thought it was in good hands as the nature of the case would admit, and hope the 'striped' or 'ragged bunting' will ever find equal support as at Fayal." Lloyd was the commander of the huge

ship-of-the-line *Plantagenet*, seventy-four guns, one of the three that cornered Reid's privateer at Fayal, to their sorrow.

Captain S. C. Reid, with the aid of his good wife, in old Cherry Street, New York, made the Old Glory of the new design, and sent it by mail to Washington, where it arrived on April 13, 1818. James Schouler, in his "History of the United States of America," comes close to the true significance of this Flag of 1818. He says, "April 13, 1818: The new flag of the United States, hoisted for the first time over the chamber of assembled representatives at Washington, with its twenty stars so disposed as to form one great star in the center of the azure field, while the long red and white stripes danced in the breeze, supplied a parable. That spangled host, soon to be increased in number, spoke of a Union to be progressive and perpetual, while the thirteen stripes recalled founders whose memory must ever be cherished."

The Act of Congress signed by President Monroe on April 4, 1818, read:

"An Act to Establish the Flag of the United States:

"Section 1. *Be it enacted*, etc., That from and after the fourth day of July next, the flag of the United States be thirteen horizontal stripes, alternate red and white; that the union have twenty stars, white in a blue field.

"Section 2. *Be it further enacted*, That on the admission of every new State into the Union, one star be added to the union of the flag; and that such addition shall take effect on the fourth of July next succeeding such admission."

Old Glory, even in that rather precise Act, had not reached a definite design. No one seemed to know

how to arrange the stars. As late as July 4, 1857, flags were displayed in New York City with stars grouped in at least nine different ways; in circles, diamonds, anchors, etc. It was not until March 18, 1896, that Daniel S. Lamont, then the Secretary of War, issued the following order relative to army flags:

“The field or union of the National flag in use in the army will, on and after July 4, 1896, consist of forty-five stars, in six rows, the first, third and fifth rows to have eight stars, and the second, fourth and six rows seven stars each, in a blue field.”

That order fixed the arrangement of the stars in the Union in parallel lines, and apparently gave permanence to the design of the Stars and Stripes.

XXX

"OLD GLORY"

THE brig *Charles Doggett*, Captain William Driver, was about to sail from Salem, Mass., in 1831. A young man, a friend of Captain Driver, came on deck at the head of a party from the town, and presented the Captain with "a large and beautifully made American flag." It was done up in stops and, when sent to the masthead and broken out to the wind, Captain Driver christened it "Old Glory." This Flag is now preserved in the Essex Institute at Salem.

The original Old Glory very appropriately had a romantic history. It came up over the sea-rim of the South Pacific, when Driver and his brig sailed to the rescue of the mutineers of the English ship *Bounty*. Then its story shifts back to the United States, after a gap of thirty years.

Captain William Driver was living in Nashville, Tenn., at the outbreak of the Civil War. Fearing that Confederate sympathizers would seize and destroy his Flag, he sewed it into the coverlet of his bed, that it might be hidden by day and be near him at night. In February, 1862, Nashville fell into Federal hands. A correspondent of the *Philadelphia Press* gave this paragraph as a portion of his story: "A corporal's guard was sent to the old man's house, where they

ripped from the coverlet of his bed an immense flag containing a hundred and ten yards of bunting, and he brought it himself to the Capitol and unfurled it from the flagstaff. Then, with tears in his eyes, he said: ‘There, those Texas Rangers have been hunting for that these six months, without finding it, and they knew I had it. I have always said if I could see it float over that Capitol, I should have lived long enough. Now ‘Old Glory’ is up there, gentlemen, and I am ready to die.”

Curiously, Captain William Driver, in naming the American Flag “Old Glory,” unwittingly echoed another sailor, John Kilby, a quarter-gunner under Paul Jones on the *Bon Homme Richard*, who, in his memoirs, spoke of the Flag as “the glory of America.”

XXXI

TWO WOMEN, THE FLAG AND THE BOOK

IN the early years of the nineteenth century two nations traveled in nearly parallel lines from the Atlantic to the Pacific, across the middle belt of North America. England, with the Hudson Bay Company as a type of her advance guard under the Union Jack, went with the steel trap of the hunter, seeking only for the gain that would accrue from hunting and trading in the skins of wild animals. She cared little for any enterprise that aimed to establish fixed colonies or tended to uplift the native Indian tribes.

The story of the travel of the men of the United States to the shores of the West, along their lines of occidental progress, is best typified in the history of two men and two women, Marcus Whitman, M.D., the Rev. H. H. Spalding, and their wives. There is a background to their episode in our story of Old Glory. General William Clark, he of our chapter on the Flag's trip overland to the Pacific, was living in St. Louis in 1832, as Indian Superintendent. To him came two Indians of the Flat Heads, who had traveled hundreds of miles in an unusual quest. They wanted the white man's Book and his religion for their people in the fastnesses of the remote mountains and on the slope of the land beyond.

William Barrows, in his admirable history, "Oregon; The Struggle for Possession," gives a version of the address of one of these Indians, delivered to Clark in council at St. Louis, of which we copy a part: "I came to you over a trail of many moons, from the setting sun. You were the friend of my fathers who have all gone the long way. I came with one eye partly opened, for more light for my people, who sit in darkness. I made my way to you with strong arms, through many enemies and strange lands, that I might carry back much to them. . . . My people sent me to get the white man's Book of Heaven." Clark did not give the Indians what they wanted, and they departed over the trail "of many moons" with heavy hearts. But a young clerk, who was in the room with Clark when they presented their petition, overheard the talk, and what he treasured in memory became "a divine pivot" in the history of the Oregon country. He sent the story of the appeal of the two Flat Heads to friends in Pittsburg, who transferred it to George Catlin, the Indian historian; and Catlin gave it, in 1836, to the Rev. H. H. Spalding and his wife, who were on their way from the East to Oregon as missionaries.

On July 4, 1836, Spalding, with the to-be-famous Whitman, and their wives, came through the South Pass between the Rockies and the Wind River Mountains, in a wagon, the first to make the long trek, on their path to Oregon. With them were a Stars and Stripes and a Bible. Barrows says, "It is a little amusing to trace through this pass the routes of distinguished explorers, as 'Fremont, 1842,' 'Fremont, 1843,' 'Stanbury, 1849.' It may give information

and also divide honors to add, 'Mesdames Whitman and Spalding, 1836.' A United States corps of engineers discovering a pass in the Rocky Mountains six years after two women had gone through!"

On the morning of the Fourth of July, 1836, Mrs. Spalding was ill, fainted, "and thought she was near the end of her life." By nightfall she was stronger. As Barrows puts it, poetically, "Was it because they gave her to drink of the brook trickling by, whose waters were to run through her great parish to the Pacific?" They were, on that Fourth of July, on the high plateau where the head springs of the South Platte, the Yellowstone and the Columbia, gleam in their silver threads. They little knew, those four men and women, that, because their wagon carried Old Glory and the Book, together with wheat seed and farming utensils, they were to give, through righteous colonization, the one indubitable claim of the United States to the Oregon country in years to come.

When once on the Pacific slope, twenty-five hundred miles from their homes, the little party halted. "Then, spreading their blankets and lifting the American flag, they all kneeled around the Book, and, with prayer and praise, took possession of the western side of the continent for Christ and the Church." They had traversed the weary road to give the land a Christian civilization under the Stars and Stripes. With them, as they knelt, were two Nez Percé boys, who stood by with eyes on Old Glory and the Bible.

William Barrows, in his work on Oregon, gave us one of the most adequate and fascinating of all the biographies of our forty-eight Commonwealths. In

tribute to him as an historian, and in memory of the heroism of the two women who were "ready to die on the Rocky Mountains" in the service to which they were called, we give his word-picture of one of the most significant scenes in the whole history of the Stars and Stripes: "In compass of background and foreground; the two halves of the continent; the parting rivers for two oceans; the moral exigency suggested by the two Indian figures; the rounding out of the Republic on the sunset side, as it came in the consequences; the kneeling men and women around the Book, with the American flag floating over them,—the scene is worthy any panel in the Rotunda at Washington."

XXXII

OLD GLORY SEEKS THE ENDS OF THE WORLD

BY an Act of Congress of May 18, 1836, an expedition to the Antarctic regions was authorized, for the purpose of aiding, through a better knowledge of the fishing grounds, "our commerce embarked in the whale fisheries," and increasing the nation's fund of information of the world. Charles Wilkes, of the United States Navy, was placed in command, and his little fleet included the sloops-of-war *Peacock* and *Vincennes*, the brig *Porpoise*, the storeship *Relief*, and the tenders *Sea-Gull* and *Flying Fish*.

Wilkes and his ships left Chesapeake Bay on August 18, 1838, sailed across the Atlantic to Funchal, and then turned south and skirted the east coast of South America. After rounding the Horn, they carried their Flags over the South Pacific to Australia, and then headed straight for the Antarctic ice. It was a bold feat of seamanship to front the ice-pack in those small sailing ships, not one of them equipped with the engines of motor power of a later day. Yet Wilkes ran along the edge of the gigantic barrier, proved that there was an Antarctic continent, and wrote, in 1840, "I feel it due to the honor of our flag to make a proper assertion of the priority of the claim of the American Expedition, and of the greater extent

of its discoveries and researches. That land does exist within the Antarctic Circle is now confirmed."

Wilkes and his fleet left the regions of the South Pacific, and made north for the sea-track of Robert Gray in the *Columbia*, of whom we told in our chapter on the Flag's journey around the world. On April 28, 1841, the *Vincennes*, Wilkes' sloop, was off the mouth of the Columbia River. The entry in his journal for the day corroborates all that Vancouver, Meares and Gray had said in 1792; for Wilkes wrote, "I stood for the bar of the Columbia River, after making every preparation to cross it, but I found breakers extending from Cape Disappointment to Point Adams in one unbroken line. Mere description can give little idea of the terrors of the bar of the Columbia. All who have seen it have spoken of the wildness of the scene, the incessant war of the waters, representing it as one of the most fearful sights that can possibly meet the eye of the sailor."

Wilkes went up the Columbia River. And now come the unexpected elements of this chapter. We set out to go through the five ponderous volumes that contain the records of the Wilkes Expedition, in search of Flag-incidents for this history. We read chapter after chapter, and page after page, without a glimpse of Old Glory. Then, and we are sure you will be as surprised as we were, events of the very nature we hoped to find came in a group, in Oregon. In a peculiarly alluring way, the arrival of the Wilkes party at the mouth of the Columbia, in 1841, ties together three threads of Flag-stories that have already appeared in this book, and, in a truly dramatic man-

ner, gives a verification of the salient episodes in each.

Wilkes, in a part of his long voyage, went over the track of Robert Gray. He carried the Stars and Stripes to the bars of the Columbia, and then inland, as Gray had done before him. Then he met Marcus Whitman, of whom we have just written, and conversed with him. When the two men clasped hands at Wallawalla, Oregon, a great circuit of American heroic endeavor was in current: for Wilkes had carried Old Glory around the Horn, along the mysterious Antarctic headlands of ice, and then up the Pacific, to meet another Old Glory that had gone from the Atlantic to the Missouri, and then by wagon over the Rockies and down to the Pacific at the Columbia River.

But the really beautiful episode of that July, 1841, comes in here to make the trilogy complete. We give Wilkes' own words: "Mr. Drayton (who was with Wilkes) met with an old Indian at Wailaptu, who was pointed out as the man who took the first flag that was ever seen in this country to the Grande Ronde (a meeting place) as the emblem of peace. Lewis and Clark, when in this country, presented an American flag to the Cayuse tribe, calling it a flag of peace; this tribe, in alliance with the Wallawallas, had up to that time been always at war with the Shoshones and the Snakes. After it became known to the Snakes that such a flag existed, a party of Cayuse and Wallawallas took the flag and planted it at the Grande Ronde, the old man above spoken of being the bearer. The result has been that these two tribes have ever

since been at peace with the Snakes, and all three have met annually in that place to trade."

Wilkes wrote, in 1844, in closing his narrative, "I have reason to rejoice that I have been enabled to carry the moral influence of our country to every quarter of the globe where our flag has waved." Did he also hold in memory the "moral influence" of the Stars and Stripes and the Bible in that then remote land of Oregon?

There was a sequel to Wilkes' narrative, one that he could not have foretold in 1844. On July 18, 1841, the *Peacock*, Captain Hudson, one of the two sloops-of-war in his fleet, was wrecked in the surging billows while trying to sail through the break in the bar at the mouth of the Columbia. The sea rolled over her, plundering her of her rigging and her framework. In boats, a part of the crew reached shore. Captain Hudson, when he saw that the sea was rising rapidly, "ordered the ensign to be hoisted on the stump of the mizzen-mast, as a signal for the boats to return to the land; which was obeyed by them, although with the feeling that they were abandoning their commander and those with him to their fate."

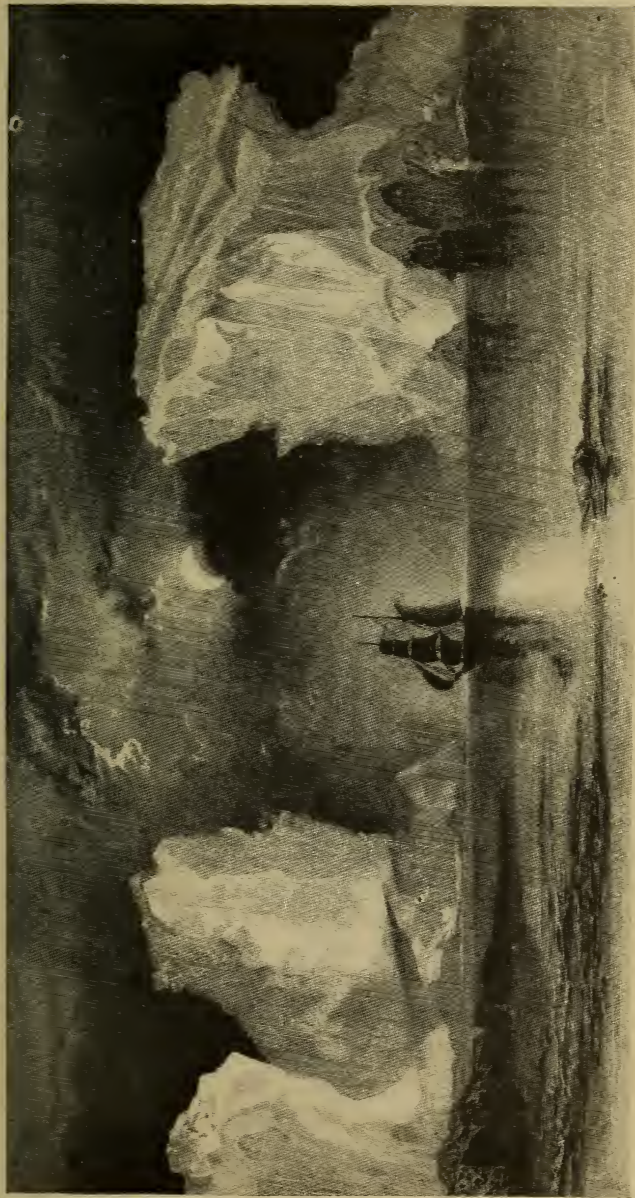
But Hudson, and his plucky crew that stood by him, were saved, and they brought ashore with them the Old Glory that had fluttered "on the stump of the mizzen-mast." This Flag went with Wilkes across the Pacific, through the Indian Ocean, around the Cape of Good Hope, over the Atlantic, back to the United States. It must have had in its threads something of the restless spirit of daring of the American people, of the men who in the middle years of the last cen-

tury were striking north, south, east and west, carrying Old Glory on their mastheads into all corners of the world. For this ensign of the *Peacock* known now as the "*Peacock* Flag," did not rest after its return to the United States in 1842. Its romantic story was then but beginning.

In 1850, President Taylor recommended to Congress an appropriation to defray the expense of an expedition to seek for Sir John Franklin, lost, with his men under the Union Jack, in the Arctic regions. Lieut. Edwin J. DeHaven, who had been with Wilkes, received the command of this expedition, and he carried the "*Peacock* Flag" with him on the *Advance*. The search proved in vain, although conducted in co-operation with an expedition from England.

Now it chanced that Henry Grinnell had come into possession of the "*Peacock* Flag," probably through DeHaven, and had been largely instrumental in backing the Franklin expedition. When DeHaven returned with no word of Franklin, Grinnell at once planned a second expedition to assail the white North, and he gave Dr. Elisha Kent Kane the command. Kane had gone with DeHaven in the *Advance*, and had developed original plans for attacking the northern barriers of ice. With him again went the Old Glory of the *Peacock*, as the party sailed on May 30, 1853.

Kane reached the farthest point North ever attained by man up to the time of his expedition. This word-picture, taken from the journal of William Morton, one of Kane's "gallant and trustworthy men," and transcribed by Kane, tells its own story; "Morton tried to pass round the cape. It was in vain; there



THE "PEACOCK FLAG" IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.
(Old Glory Appears at the End of the Main-Gaff of the *Advance*.)

was no ice-foot, and, after trying his best to ascend the cliffs, he could get up but a few hundred feet. Here he fastened to his walking-pole the Grinnell flag of the Antarctic, a well-cherished little relic, which had now followed me on two Polar voyages. This flag had been saved from the wreck of the United States sloop-of-war *Peacock*, when she stranded off the Columbia River; it had accompanied Commodore Wilkes in his far-southern discovery of an Antarctic continent. It was now its strange destiny to float over the highest northern land, not only of America but of the globe."

Still the Stars and Stripes of the *Peacock* could not rest. It went with Hayes to the North in 1860, and was again spread to the wind by Captain Charles Francis Hall, on the *Polaris* in 1870. Hall had it with him, and unfurled it, when he took possession of land at $82^{\circ} 60'$ north latitude "in the name of God and the United States." There is no question that this famous Stars and Stripes traveled farther north and south than any other flag in the world, of any nation. It was in good condition in 1878, and was described then as being "of ordinary bunting about eight by three feet, and with twenty-four stars of white muslin sewed in the Union."

So we have for our Story of Old Glory the dramatic record of a Stars and Stripes that rippled in the wind against the silver-white ice of the Antarctic; that came through the gates of destruction on the bars of the Columbia; that time and time again dared the desolate Mystery of the frozen North; that, fluttering from the topmast of the *Polaris*, had the proud

honor of being, at the time, at the highest point north ever attained by any flag on any vessel. We leave it, with its Red, White and Blue vivid on the margin of the Polar Sea.

XXXIII

THE FLAG FLIES OVER THE HALLS OF MONTEZUMA

THE annals of the Army of the United States in Mexico in 1847, reveal few instances of dramatic action with the Stars and Stripes as a participant. General Taylor's campaign, which covered ground to the North in Mexico, is practically devoid of any mention of the Flag in action. Scott's spectacular drive on Mexico city from Vera Cruz, at the South, gives a scant half-dozen scenes that naturally fall within the scope of this history. There was romance enough in the mere fact that Scott's small American army of invasion fought on plains and ridges that were wet three centuries before with blood of Mexican and Spaniard. Scott's line of march traversed the fields, hills and rivers crossed by Cortez, and Old Glory waved in triumph where once the yellow standard of Spain had been flaunted in victory.

In March, 1847, General Scott was at Vera Cruz. On the 9th of the month, he decided to land a force to assault the city. A line of boats filled with men and fluttering with standards, started from the ships for the shore, and passed through lines of war vessels with the British, French, Spanish, German, and other national colors streaming above masts and yard-arms heavy with masses of men gathered to watch the land-

ing. When the boats struck the sand, there was a rush of soldiers and marines to the sand-hills, and Old Glory was planted on a high crest without the firing of a gun.

On the 6th of March, Vera Cruz fell and "the Flag of the American Republic floated from the top of San Juan D'Ulloa. The first great blow to the Mexican power had fallen." It is interesting to note that in Scott's "little cabinet" of officers at Vera Cruz, was an engineer, Captain Robert E. Lee. The roll-call of the commissioned officers of Scott's army of invasion was rich in the names of other men who, in two decades, were to win world-fame under the Stars and Stripes and the Confederate flag.

Vera Cruz was followed by Cerro Gordo, a weird battle fought in a region of gorges and cliffs, that ended with every height crowned with the Stars and Stripes. The battle of Contreras grants us a brief glimpse of Old Glory flaming from the ridges of fortified heights. Cherubusco yields a florid passage from Headley's "Life of Winfield Scott," which we give; "The sun's rising beams flashed on the crimson summit of Contreras; his noonday splendor failed to pierce the war cloud that shrouded the tens of thousands struggling in mortal combat around Cherubusco; and now his departing rays, as they stooped behind the Cordilleras, fell on a mournful field of slaughter. But they kissed in their farewell the American standard fluttering from every summit and tower, where in the morning the Mexican cross greeted his coming."

In September, 1847, Scott stood at the base of Chapultepec, with seven thousand men, determined on

carrying it by storm and then falling upon Mexico city. Chapultepec was carried, and, as the waves of the American army swept over the crest, "flag after flag was flung out from the upper walls." Scott looked up and saw, as Headley tells us in graphic prose, "walls and ramparts which a few hours before bristled with the enemy's cannon, now black with men, and fluttering with the colors of his own regiments."

When Mexico city came into American hands, General Quitman's division first approached the square, and his troops, "rushing with shouts upon it, hoisted their flag on the walls of the National Palace." A little company of forty United States marines, under Lieut. A. S. Nicholson, won the honor of carrying Old Glory into the heart of Mexico and standing beneath it as it went above the Palace. If you recall Lieut. O'Bannon, who planted the Stars and Stripes on the walls of Derna, Tripoli, at the time of General William Eaton's assault in 1805, you will understand the meaning of the opening words of "The Marines' Hymn:"

From the Halls of Montezuma
To the shores of Tripoli
We fight our country's battles
On the land as on the sea.

The feature of this series of sharp, decisive victories for Old Glory that interests us the most, is the appearance of certain names, then associated with the Stars and Stripes, but now prominent in our country's history as representing men who served under another flag. Lieut. George D. Pickett, at Chapulte-

pec, "took charge of the colors of the 8th Infantry, had them borne to the top of the palace, lowered the enemy's standard, and replaced it with that of the 8th Infantry and the national flag." Almost at his side, Lieut. James Longstreet "was disabled by a severe wound." Lieut. Lewis Armistead, 6th Infantry, was "the first to leap into the ditch under the artillery and musketry fire and hand-grenades of the enemy." Not far away, Lieut. T. J. Jackson "had eight of his artillery horses killed at one shot."

Let us go on over the years to July 3, 1863. On that day "Stonewall" Jackson was no more. A bullet at Chancellorsville had dropped him, "Bobby" Lee's good "right arm," lifeless. In the afternoon of that July 3, at Gettysburg, Major General George D. Pickett led the pride of Virginia's regiments against the Union center. At the head of the column went Brigadier General Lewis A. Armistead, to fall dying among the Union guns.

The Mexican war was not one of enduring glory for the Stars and Stripes. Its chief interest for us is the schooling it gave to young West Pointers who were to step over the threshold of the sixties and find themselves arrayed in hostile camps on the soil of the United States. Some of them were true to Old Glory; but there were others in their number who were for a time as "strangers in a strange land."

XXXIV

THE FLAG GOES DOWN THE RIVER JORDAN TO THE DEAD SEA

THE Mexican war gave up one restless spirit to another and a nobler work when, on May 8, 1847, W. F. Lynch, of the United States Navy, "the town and castle of Vera Cruz having some time before surrendered, and there being nothing left for the Navy to perform," applied to the Hon. John Y. Mason, then Secretary of the Navy, "for permission to circumnavigate and thoroughly explore the Dead Sea." That was certainly a peculiar request for a man to make immediately on the heels of participation in a war that had little sanction in righteousness. Lynch, who was of a decidedly religious bent of mind, must have found a welcome allurement in his plans to explore the very heart of the Holy Land. His request was granted on July 31, 1847.

Lynch made preparations for his expedition with rare foresight. He had two metallic boats made, in sections, and engaged a mechanic to go with him, a man "whose skill would be necessary in taking apart and putting together the boats," which he named *Fanny Mason* and *Fanny Skinner*, the first undoubtedly in honor of a member of Secretary Mason's fam-

ily. He also saw to it that he was well supplied with arms, ammunition, tents, American Flags, etc.

On Friday, Nov. 26, 1847, in command of the United States storeship *Supply*, Lynch weighed anchor at 10.15, and stood down New York bay. Students of the curious in literature find the log of this young Naval officer interesting reading. He was admirably posted in the world's history, and his entries frequently reflect the reactions of historic spots on the naïve mood of his thought. We give one, as his Old Glory gleamed in the sun off Cape Trafalgar on Dec. 19. "Made Cape Trafalgar, and sailed over the scene of the great conflict between the fleet of England and the combined fleets of France and Spain. Here, the great Collingwood broke the opposing line. There the noble Nelson, the terror of his foes and the pride of his country, nobly, but prematurely fell, his last pulsation an exultant throb, as the shout of victory rang in his ears. Had he lived, his noble nature would have freed itself from the thralldom of a syren."

On went Lynch, with his Stars and Stripes threading a way through the Mediterranean, to the Bosphorus, Constantinople, and then down to Sidon and Tyre. On March 28, 1848, he anchored under Mount Carmel, before the walled village of Haifa. On March 31, he sent to Acre for horses, "and hoisted out the two *Fannies* and loaded them with our own effects." Then he set up a staff and "for the first time, without the consular precincts, the American flag was raised in Palestine."

On April 1, the *Supply* weighed anchor and stood close inshore to land provisions. The two small metal

boats also arrived and were hauled up to "a green spot beside Belus, and a short distance from the sea." An illustration of the camp at this spot, given in Lynch's "Narrative of the United States' Expedition to the River Jordan and the Dead Sea," from which we derive our story for this chapter, shows Old Glory at the top of a staff near two tents, the little boats, hauled up, near by, and the *Supply* distant on the horizon.

On April 3, 1848, after much vexatious haggling with native officials, the two *Fannies* were mounted on trucks drawn by camels, and, with Old Glory flying over them, the little party set out for the Sea of Galilee. On April 4, they crossed the plain of Acre. The next day found them passing through "the narrowest tract on the coast of Syria which was never subdued by the Israelites, and through the narrowest part of the land of the tribe of Ashur into that of Zebulun." Lynch gives us a word-sketch of his little expedition at this point. It is worth repeating here: "The metal boats, with the flags flying, mounted on carriages drawn by huge camels, ourselves, the mounted sailors in single file, the loaded camels, the sherif and the sheik with their tufted spears and followers, presented a glorious sight."

Then came trouble for the two *Fannies* and their Flags. Lynch had reached "a broken and rocky country" where he "encountered much difficulty with the boats." The road was rugged, had never been crossed by wheel-carriages before, and was cut by ridges and hollows. In two days the little boats had been dragged up fifteen hundred feet from the plain of Acre. From

that elevation, Lynch had his first view of the Sea of Galilee and, while profoundly moved by the sight, wrote in a practical Yankee vein, "How in the world are the boats ever to be got down this rocky and precipitous path, when we are compelled to alight and lead our horses? From hence is a sheer descent."

Nightfall of April 7, 1848, saw the *Fannies* on the "brink of the high and steep range which overlooked the lake to the west." Old Glory was unfurled in sight of Galilee. The following day, Lynch proudly wrote, "Took all hands up the mountain to bring the boats down. Many times we thought that they would rush into the sea. Every one did his best, and at length success crowned our efforts. With their flags flying, we carried them triumphantly beyond the walls uninjured, and, amid a crowd of spectators, launched them upon the blue waters of the Sea of Galilee. Buoyantly floated the two *Fannies*, bearing the Stars and Stripes, the noblest flag of freedom now waving in the world. Since the time of Josephus and the Romans, no vessel of any size has sailed upon this sea, and for many, many years, but a solitary vessel has furrowed its surface."

So it happened that on a bright day in April, 1848, the *Fanny Mason* led the way, followed by the *Fanny Skinner*, steering directly for the outlet of the river Jordan, "with awnings spread and colours flying." After a number of exciting adventures in shooting the rapids of the river, the two boats, with Flags at their sterns, entered the Dead Sea at 3:25 P. M., April 18, 1848.

Lynch circumnavigated the Dead Sea, and finished



THE LYNCH EXPEDITION ON THE RIVER BELUS, SYRIA
(The Two *Fannies* are Just Beyond the Flag.)

his work early in May. On the morning of the 8th of the month, he constructed "a float with a flagstaff fitted to it." The next morning, he rowed out in the *Fanny Skinner* and moored this float, with Old Glory fluttering above it, in eighty fathoms of water. In the afternoon the boats were taken apart and were started on the road overland to the Mediterranean, where Lynch joined them later.

One incident of this adventurous expedition is well worth preservation in this book. On April 28, 1848, Lynch received word of the death of ex-President John Quincy Adams. The next day, he went out upon the surface of the Dead Sea, in the *Fanny Mason*, with the Stars and Stripes displayed and with a heavy gun mounted in the bow of the boat. "Twenty-one minute-guns were fired, the reports reverberating loudly and strangely amid the cavernous recesses of the lofty and barren mountains."

XXXV

STARS AND STRIPES AT FORT SUMTER

THE first page of the greatest chapter in our country's history of Old Glory was written when Confederate batteries opened fire on the Stars and Stripes that flew over Fort Sumter in April, 1861. The Civil War was a struggle for the salvation of the Flag. The North saw in its thirty-four stars a family of States that must not be broken. Horace Greeley's "erring sisters" were not to go out over the national threshold and take their stars with them. The South strove to destroy the integrity of the Constellation that had been so many years in coming from misty nebula to gleaming reality. She would split North America with a line from the Atlantic to the Pacific, shut out the lower Mississippi from northern trade, unless controlled as she dictated, and force the North to reshape the Stars and Stripes, mournfully removing a group of stars that had been splendid in history.

At that time no man on earth knew that the unity of the United States of America is figured in the Heavens in an eternal sign. As Beauregard's guns fired their first shells at Sumter, a mighty constellation, Cygnus, the Swan, was approaching the zenith. Near it traveled Lyra, the group of stars that, as some men hold, gave our fathers the thought of the constellation in our

Flag. In the middle ages, Cygnus, since it resembled a gigantic cross, was called "The Cross of Calvary." Years after the Civil War had closed, an astronomer pointed his telescope at the heart of this Cross and, to his astonishment, saw the faint glimmer of a universe in the making. This film of silver against the night took shape in the field of his vision, became a North America of a myriad stars. It is known to-day as the "North America Nebula." The batteries of Moultrie and Morris Island could not destroy the stars of Old Glory, for above those stars, in the silent night, was hung the United States within the Cross.

Yet the South loved the Flag, even through the bitter years from 1861 to 1865. She tried to imitate it in her own standards, under which and for which she fought so magnificently. There were instances when Old Glory was insulted, torn, even buried in the ground, south of Mason and Dixon's Line. But there ran a current of memory through Southern hearts, a thrill that was alive with thoughts of the Old Glory of Washington, Greene, Morgan, Marion, Sumter, Pickens, Harry Lee and Andrew Jackson. We have one little story, out of many, to prove what we are saying, and will give it later, in another chapter.

We return to Sumter. During the afternoon of April 13, 1861, the Stars and Stripes that had waved in defiance over the fort, although the target of a concentrated fire and with its staff scarred in nine places by shells, was shot away and fell among glowing cinders. Peter Hart, an old servant of Major Anderson who was in command, took the Flag from Lieut. Hall who had rescued it from the cinders, and, climbing the

splintered staff with it in his arms, nailed it in place again. This act, performed in sight of Moultrie where, in 1776, Sergeant Jasper had rescued and planted the Palmetto Flag on the parapet, gave the keynote to the North at the opening of the great War. From the States of the North Atlantic seaboard to the States of the trans-Alleghany and northern Mississippi River sections, ran the cry, "The Old Flag has been fired upon!" with an echoing refrain. "We must set it up again, and hold it on high!" The Stars and Stripes became instantly a flaming torch of war for the North, and its hold on the devotion of its people grew in strength and in its power of calling forth expressions of passionate loyalty, as the struggle continued.

We open the pages of books and newspapers of the year 1861, and read columns of matter literally aglow with Old Glory. Well nigh every oration and fully three-fourths of the multitude of poems written, contain references to the Flag. Many a speaker and writer, who commenced their speeches, articles and poems in a subdued mood, found themselves swept away by the tides of their feelings, when they came to the point of introducing Old Glory. We give a few passages from brief newspaper reports of April, 1861:

On April 19, at Kingston, N. Y., John B. Steele, who presided at a meeting, said on taking the chair:

"It must never be supposed that the flag could be desecrated without touching the soul of every genuine American. No matter what it must cost, the Stars and Stripes must wave. But one heart beats here and that is the true American heart."

When the scholars of the Newburyport (Mass.) High School raised Old Glory near their building on April 24, Caleb Cushing said:

"Long may this glorious flag wave above our heads the banner of victory and the symbol of our national honor."

The *Independent*, New York City, in its issue for April 25, 1861, gives us a composite picture of the second Sunday that followed the firing on Sumter:

"Dr. Bethune's sermon was from the text 'In the name of our God we will set up our banners.' In Dr. Bellows' church the choir sang 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' which was vigorously applauded. At Grace Church, Dr. Taylor began by saying 'The Star-Spangled Banner has been insulted.' Dr. Osgood's text was, 'Lift up a standard to the people.'"

Down from Massachusetts, to appear in the Press of New York, came stirring sentences from Wendell Phillips and Edward Everett. The former stated the position of the entire North, as pictured in the attitude of the new President, Abraham Lincoln:

"When Abraham Lincoln swore to support the Constitution and the laws of the United States, he was bound to die under the flag of Fort Sumter, if necessary."

Everett, in his address at Boston on April 27, gave a remarkably accurate statement of the sudden transfiguration of Old Glory through the smoke and fire of Sumter:

"Why is it that the flag of the country, always honored, always beloved, is now, all at once, worshipped, I may say, with the passionate homage of this whole people? Why does it float, as never before, not merely from arsenal and mast-head, but from tower and steeple, from the public edifice, the

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temple of Science and the private dwelling? Let Fort Sumter give the answer."

As we examine the files of Northern papers for that ominous month of April, we come upon frequent editorial allusions to the Stars and Stripes. They always present it as the symbol of a united people, as an emblem that has been foully insulted and that must be defended with the full limit of all resources. Here are three excerpts:

"Henceforth each man, high and low, must take his position as a patriot or a traitor, as a foe or a friend of his country, as a supporter of the flag of the Stars and Stripes or of the rebel banner."

Philadelphia Press.

"The cannon which bombarded Sumter awoke strange echoes, and touched forgotten chords in the American heart. American loyalty leaped into instant life, and stood radiant and ready for the fierce encounter. From one end of the land to the other, in the crowded streets of cities and in the solitude of the country, wherever the splendor of the Stars and Stripes, the glittering emblem of our country's glory, meets the eye, come forth shouts of devotion and pledges of aid."

New York Times.

"We know no cause save to wipe an insult from our flag, and to defend and maintain an assailed Government and a violated Constitution. We care not who is President, or what political party is in power; so long as they support the honor and the flag of our country, we are with them. Those who are not, are against us, against our flag, and against our Government. 'Take your places in line!' The American flag trails in the dust."

Philadelphia Enquirer.

A voice from Kentucky, from the borderland of the seceding States, is well worth bringing back, if only for its ringing tones. The Hon. Archie Dixon said, at

the opening of his address at Louisville on April 21, 1861:

"Whose flag is that which waves over us? To whom does it belong? Is it not yours, is it not our own Stars and Stripes, and do we mean ever to abandon it? That flag has ever waved over Kentucky soil with honor and glory. It is our flag, it is Kentucky's flag. When that flag is trailed in the dust and destroyed, I pray Heaven that the earth may be destroyed with it, for I do not wish, and I trust I shall never look upon, its dishonor. It is our flag, ours while we have a country and a Government. I shall never surrender that flag. I have loved it from boyhood, and have watched it everywhere, and imagine it in this dark hour still waving amid the gloom, and feel that its stars will still shine forth in the smoke of battle, and lead our country forth to honor and glory."

The Hon. Archie Dixon's sentences were rather staccato in their broken eloquence. But he voiced the sentiments of thousands of men throughout the North in 1861, who actually feared for the life of the Government and dreaded the possibility of the destruction of the Stars and Stripes. Old Glory was indeed the flame that led to war.

If we could go back nearly sixty years and find ourselves in New York City on April 21, 1861, and standing in Union Square near the equestrian statue of George Washington, we could get into our minds and our souls the whole spirit of that tremendous hour in our national history. On that day New York was given over to mass-meetings and addresses, the principal meetings being in Union Square. Major Anderson with his officers, was there from the battered walls of Sumter, and he had brought with him the Old Glory of Sumter, which was placed on the arms of the bronze

Washington. Fortunately, we have complete records of all the addresses delivered in Union Square on that day. We glance over them rapidly and select a few burning paragraphs that were fired by the presence of Sumter's "smoke-stained banner."

Rev. Dr. Spring, of the Brick Church, before his opening prayer, spoke briefly :

"When I think of the little band of men who took such a noble part in the struggle at Fort Sumter, maintaining the flag of their country while burning fires were about them (turning to Major Anderson and the other officers present), I feel cheered. The dead lips of the Father of his Country speak to you and to me. And what do they say? 'United we stand—divided we fall.'"

Then stepped forward General John A. Dix, the chairman of the meeting, who, only three months before, when Secretary of the Treasury, had written his famous letter to New Orleans that closed with the bugling words, "If any one attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot!" You can imagine the wild cheering when he said, pointing to Major Anderson and to the Old Glory in the arms of Washington,

"There hangs the flag under which they upheld the honor of our country; and its tattered condition shows the desperate defence they made."

Soon after General Dix had finished speaking, Senator E. D. Baker of Oregon, who was to die within six months while leading his men at Ball's Bluff, gave one of his spirited speeches so characteristic of his brave, imaginative thought. It was punctuated with

tremendous cheering, from the moment he began with the first sentence to the words at the close. We copy a few outstanding sentences:

"The hour for conciliation is past. It may return; but not to-morrow, nor next week. It will return when that tattered flag (pointing to the flag of Fort Sumter) is avenged.—The hour of conciliation will come back when again the ensign of the Republic will stream over every rebellious fort of every Confederate State.—I am not here to speak timorous words of peace, but to kindle the spirit of manly, determined war. I speak in the midst of the Empire State, amid scenes of past suffering and past glory; the defences of the Hudson above me; the battlefield of Long Island before me, and the statue of Washington in my very face, the battered and unconquered flag of Sumter waving in his hands. . . . To have star after star blotted out! (Cries of 'Never, Never!')—to have stripe after stripe obscured—(Cries of 'No! No!')—to have glory after glory dimmed; these are infinitely worse than blood!" (Tremendous cheers).

Senator Baker was followed by Robert J. Walker who said, in the course of his address:

"This is the question now to be decided: have we a Union, have we a flag, are the Stars and Stripes a reality or a fiction?—If we are defeated, the last experiment of self-government will have failed. We will have no flag, we will have no government, no country, and no Union."

Note how Walker placed the Flag first in his four prerequisites of nationality. His words were followed by a letter from Archbishop Hughes, which was read from the platform. It closed with these words on Old Glory:

"It is now fifty years since I took the oath of allegiance to this country under its title of the United States of America. The Government of the United States was then, as it is now,

symbolized by a national flag, popularly called 'The Stars and Stripes.' (Loud applause). This has been my flag, and shall be to the end. (Cheers). I trust it is still destined to display in the gales that sweep every ocean, and amid the gentle breezes of many a distant shore, as I have seen it in foreign lands, its own peculiar waving lines of beauty. May it live and continue to display those same waving lines of beauty whether at home or abroad, for a thousand years and afterwards as long as Heaven permits, without limit of duration."

While that meeting was in tumultuous progress, another one was being conducted on a stand on the northwest corner of the Square. There, David S. Coddington said, during his speech:

"Do you wonder to-day to see that flag flying over all our reawakened national life, no longer monopolized by masthead, steeple or liberty pole, but streaming forth a camp signal from every private hearthstone."

Among the speakers on the stand at the southwest side of the Square, was C. H. Smith. He reached his high notes of patriotism in these words,

"We have assembled in one common brotherhood, to take measures for the protection of that glorious old flag, which had been borne through the Revolution of '76, baptized in the blood of our forefathers, and is sacred to the memory of liberty and popular institutions. . . . We won't submit. To-day the common sentiment that thrills the common heart of the North is, Our country and our country's flag."

On a stand before the Old Everett House, at the north side of Union Square, a slender, graceful figure stood. Professor O. M. Mitchell, the astronomer, later a Major General in the Union Army, was speaking. As he spoke, in words that were frank, inspiring, "fired with nervous eloquence and patriotism," the crowd

about him stood hushed. His address gives us the very soul of the North in April, 1861:

"I owe allegiance to no State, and never did, and, God helping me, I never will. A poor boy, working my way with my own hands, at the age of twelve years turned out to take care of myself as best I could, and beginning by earning but four dollars a month, I worked my way onward until this glorious Government gave me a chance at the Military Academy at West Point. There I landed with a knapsack on my back, and, I tell you God's truth, just a quarter of a dollar in my pocket. There I swore allegiance to the Government of the United States."

We have given this bit of autobiography, word for word as General Mitchell gave it from that stand, as it furnishes a background to his intense patriotism as revealed in his pathetic close to his address, which we now quote:

"There was a man of your city who had a beloved wife and two children, depending upon his personal labor day by day for their support. He went home and said, 'Wife, I feel it is my duty to enlist and fight for my country.' 'That's just what I've been thinking of, too,' said she; 'God bless you and may you come back without harm. But if you die in defence of the country, the God of the widows and the fatherless will take care of me and my children.' That same wife knew precisely where her husband was to pass as he marched away. She took her position on the pavement, *and finding a flag, she begged leave just to stand beneath those sacred folds and take a last look on him* whom she, by possibility, might never see again. The husband marched down the street; their eyes met; a sympathetic flash went from heart to heart; she gave a shout and fell senseless upon the pavement, and there she lay in a swoon. She was ready to meet this tremendous sacrifice upon which we have entered, and I trust you are all ready. I am ready. God help me to do my duty. I am ready to fight in the ranks or out of the ranks. I only ask to be permitted to act; and in God's name give me something to do."

We have printed in italics the little flag-scene at the center of this quotation. Who of us can imagine the result of General Mitchell's words in the minds and the feelings of his hearers, on that day nearly sixty years ago? A footnote to a newspaper report of his address, says, "The scene that followed the close of Professor Mitchell's eloquent and patriotic remarks baffles description."

We have tried to reproduce the feeling of the North after the news of the firing on Sumter's Flag had traveled through all its cities, towns and villages. No pages that we could write would give any conception of the incarnation of nationality of that momentous April, 1861, when the North stood face to face with a death-struggle for the Stars and Stripes, so dramatically vivid as the passionate words of men who then lived and suffered, but are now for the vastly greater part, gone, forever. They loved Old Glory.

XXXVI

THE FLAG GOES TO THE FRONT

IN reply to Lincoln's call, Northern regiments began their journey to the front that was to be for four heavy years a line of fire dividing the Nation into two peoples. New York City was the meeting-place of converging channels along which traveled the men of New England and of the Empire State's cities and towns. A Massachusetts man had received the call to arms while plowing in the field where his great-great grandfather, also at the plow, had heard the cry that sent him on the run to his musket and to Lexington. A nineteen-year-old boy of a regiment of the same State, dying in the streets of Baltimore, had raised himself on one arm and cried, "All hail to the Stars and Stripes!" Men saw, as in a vision, the past sweep of their country's history culminating in one moment of terrific import. They knew but one symbol of that history, the Flag, and they displayed it with a fervor of devotion that was both glorious and pathetic.

The day came for the departure of New York's Seventh Regiment. A newspaper reporter strolled over from old Newspaper Row to Cortlandt street, and this is what he saw: "The Stars and Stripes was every-

where, from the costliest silk, twenty, thirty, forty feet in length, to the homelier bunting, down to the few inches of painted calico that a baby's hand might wave. Cortlandt street showed a gathering of flags, a perfect army of them. They were not, in that comparatively brief space from Broadway to the Jersey City ferry, to be numbered by dozens or by scores. Every building seemed like 'Captains of Fifties.' It was flag, flag, from every window from the first floor to the roof, from every doorway; in short, it was flag, flag, till the wearied eye refused the task of counting them. Such was the display along the route of the Seventh. Such is and will be the route for all noble troops entering our City from the New England States."

Behind that screen of Old Glories on Cortlandt street, there is a scene that must not fail reproduction here. We are told, by a paper of '61, that the "unprecedented demand for flags rendered it impossible for the manufacturers to get one up in less than ten or twelve days." As there were at that time very few plants in the country equipped for making flags, and, as the demand for them was immediate and insistent, loyal women and girls volunteered to furnish all the Stars and Stripes that were needed. In one little group of women and girls at work on an Old Glory, in New York City during that third week of April, 1861, four generations were represented. The oldest woman, seventy years of age, had memories of George Washington. As she plied her needle, "tears fell on the bunting while she recounted vivid recollections of the war of 1812."

A New England regiment on the eve of departure for Washington, found at the last moment that they had no Flag. One of their officers told his sister of their predicament. At dawn of the next day, she came to his room and knocked on the door. In her hands was a Stars and Stripes that she, with girl friends summoned to her aid, had made during the night. The boy took the Flag in his arms and kissed it. There, indeed, was an Old Glory for which to fight and to die.

But, even though many patriotic women and girls gave of their time to the making of flags, there were regiments that reached Washington without standards or with extremely poor representations of the Stars and Stripes. Three or four graphic incidents, taken from a long list of contemporary accounts of flag-presentations, will show how the lack of colors was remedied.

When the Third Maine Infantry, commanded by Col. O. O. Howard, later a Major General in the Union Army, went through New York, the Maine men of the city presented them with a Flag that had been made especially for the purpose. One manly sentence stands out from the speech of presentation: "Your brethren in this hour of battle would give you a strong man's gift, your country's flag."

On June 13, '61, "a magnificent silk banner was presented by the ladies of the Relief Committee of New York city" to the Sixth New York Infantry. After the Rev. S. H. Weston had made his speech of presentation, "Col. Wilson received the flag from the hands of Mrs. George Strong and, carrying it into the ranks, gave it into the hands of the color-sergeant. Col. Wil-

son and the color-sergeant then returned to the foot of the steps, both grasping the banner of liberty. The Colonel seemed deeply affected and his utterance was choked for some time. His wife stood on the stoop, regarding him with tearful emotion."

The Second Wisconsin Infantry, coming down from the Northwest, reached Martinsburg, then in Virginia, in July, '61. It was significant of the attitude of the people of the section, later to be citizens of the loyal State of West Virginia, that the women of the town made and gave to this regiment "a beautiful national ensign." One of those loyal women made the presentation-speech, which we give in full: "Soldiers of the Wisconsin Regiment, we have met this bright and beautiful morning to present to you this emblem of our national glory as a token of our high regard for you and your cause; we welcome you into our midst bearing this flag of our glorious country, trusting in God. This flag has protected the oppressed of all lands, who have sought its shelter, and so long as this flag shall wave the oppressed shall be free. Believing from what you have already accomplished, it will never be disgraced in your hands, you will accept this token from the ladies of Martinsburg, Berkeley County, Virginia."

Out in Michigan, on June 4, 1861, a delegation of thirty-four young girls, representing all the States of the United States, and dressed in red, white and blue, came to the cantonment at Grand Rapids. With them was a Flag that they had made for the Third Regiment, Michigan Infantry, then quartered at Grand Rapids.

The annals of the Fifth Massachusetts Infantry, Col. Lawrence, furnish us with an interesting flag-episode. Early in the war, this regiment, then in Washington, received orders to march over "the Long Bridge into Virginia, and filed out of the Treasury Building." Then they discovered, to their dismay, "that they had only their State color, not having received the national ensign." Immediately a search was made for a Stars and Stripes. It chanced that certain women of the city had made "a beautiful new cashmere flag, of the finest quality," for a local hotel. Massachusetts men in Washington begged for this Flag, obtained it, mounted horses and rode after the marching regiment. When they came up with Lawrence and his men, the regiment was halted and Old Glory was handed over with an impromptu but impressive ceremony.

Baltimore, determined on wiping out the stain of April 19, gave Flags, made by its patriotic women, to a number of Northern regiments as they passed through on the road to Washington and to Abraham Lincoln. Both the Sixth and the Eighth Massachusetts Regiments received Old Glories in that city. In the case of the Sixth, the presentation had a deep significance, as that regiment was the one that suffered in the unfortunate riot. As its Flag was given in July, it is probable that a detachment from the regiment was detailed from Washington to go over to Baltimore to receive the Stars and Stripes. The Second Massachusetts Infantry received its Old Glory from the women of Harper's Ferry on July 3, 1861.

These gifts of Flags to Northern Regiments soon

came to be a rule of the day. We find a number of instances, illustrative of the deep sympathy between the Union States, where Stars and Stripes were sent across country from one State to another. No more dramatic instance of this expression of kinship between States during the Civil War can be found for this chapter, than that of the Flag given by Massachusetts to the Ninth Iowa Infantry. This regiment, at the battle of Pea Ridge, Arkansas, 1862, fought for ten solid hours after a forced march of forty-two miles, without a Flag under which to rally. Word of their valor reached Massachusetts and, five months after the battle, an Old Glory, made by women of Boston, came to them in camp. We find the following in their records: "Camp Ninth Iowa, near Helena, Arkansas, Sunday, August 3, 1862. The regiment was formed at 2 P. M., to receive the stand of beautiful colors sent by a committee of ladies of Boston, Mass., as a testimonial of their appreciation of our conduct at Pea Ridge. Colonel Vandever delivered a short speech at the presentation and seemed much affected, as did many others present, at the respect and honor thus manifested by the noble women of a distant State, and at the associations connected with the occasion."

This Flag had a magnificent history, won for it by Iowa men who fought under its folds. At last, shot to pieces, "no longer fit for service, it was placed on the retired list and returned to the original donors in Massachusetts." Within a month, another Flag arrived from Boston, to take the place of the tattered Old Glory. The great story of that first Stars and Stripes

of the Ninth Iowa will appear in another chapter of this history.

And so it happened that hundreds of Old Glories went fluttering on their long roads to the front in 1861 and 1862. In a book written in 1867, to commemorate the part the Northern women took in the Civil War, we find this passage: "The loyal soldier felt that he was fighting, so to speak, under the very eyes of his countrywomen, and he was prompted to high deeds of daring and valor by the thought. In the smoke and flame of battle, he bore, or followed the flag made and consecrated by their hands to his country's cause."

One of those very women gave us, in her journal of the Civil War, a glimpse of Old Glory going forward at the front: "They have gone; they have all passed by. Nothing can be seen of them now but a long line of flashing bayonets, passing close under the brow of yonder hill. A few hours pass on, and looking far away, over the hills, we see a long, dark line in motion. As they come out of the shadow of the hill, their bayonets begin to gleam. Now, in the sunshine, they look like a line of blazing light. They come pouring on, officers riding at the head of their various commands, colors and battle-flags waving on the air, some of them pierced and torn in many places, but borne all the more proudly, and guarded the more sacredly, for that!"

We thought we had finished this chapter. We laid aside our manuscript, and closed our desk. And then, one of those marvelous bits of prose-painting that one so frequently comes upon in the books on the Civil War written by men who were in the heart and the

heat of it as boys, came to us in all its subdued beauty. You will find it in General Morris Schaff's "The Battle of the Wilderness." Let us present it in a little panel by itself:

"Two days of awful suspense for the North have gone by, and city is calling to city, village to village, neighborhood to neighborhood, 'What news from Grant?' Hour after hour draws on, and not a word from him. The village grocer has closed, and his habitual evening visitors have dispersed. The lights in the farm-houses have all gone out. Here and there a lamp blinks on the deserted, elm-shaded street, and in the dooryard of a little home on the back road off among the fields—the boy who went from there is a color-bearer lying in Hancock's front—a dog bays loneliness."

XXXVII

OLD GLORY'S DEVOTED FOLLOWERS

IN August, 1863, Dahlgren's fleet moved up to attack Fort Sumter, on whose walls the Stars and Stripes had been shot away on April 13, 1861. In the fleet was the monitor *Catskill*, commanded by George W. Rodgers, son of Commodore Rodgers of the War of 1812. After the *Catskill* had gone in toward her fighting position, Commander Rodgers withdrew her from range and, stepping into a small boat, was rowed over to the flagship to get a Stars and Stripes which he lovingly called "my own flag." It was the one under which he had fought, on the *Catskill*, during the April, '63, attack on Sumter. He wished to have it over him and his ironclad through the coming fight.

When Rodgers returned with his Old Glory in his arms, the father of the writer of this book met him on the deck of the *Catskill*. Rodgers' Old Glory was hoisted, and then the two men went up into the iron pilot-house to watch the effect of the shot on the walls of Sumter. A shell struck the house and Rodgers' dead body fell into the arms of his loved comrade. A contemporary account says that "his body was wrapped in the same flag and was conveyed on board the flag-ship which but a few minutes before he had left."

That is the story of the Old Glory referred to in the Dedication of this book. A blood-stained fragment of that Flag is before the writer as he begins this chapter. H. Clay Trumbull, a Chaplain-in-Chief of the Commandery-in-Chief of the Loyal Legion, tells us that George W. Rodgers was "a naval Havelock or Hedley Vicars," one of the finest men in the Northern service. His Flag was to him a part of his religion.

Charles G. Halpine, writing under the pseudonym of "Miles O'Reilly" in 1863, contributed a stanza in a rich brogue, mourning the death of Rodgers:

"Woe's me! George Rodgers lies
With dim and dreamless eyes.
He has airily won the prize
Of the sthriped and starry shroud."

The "idolatrous love for the Stars and Stripes," as a Southerner rather contemptuously referred to the passionate devotion of the North to Old Glory, was mirrored, time and time again during the great War, in the lives of individual men. Even women were caught up in the sweep of ardent patriotism at the front, and gave more than one proof, while under fire, of their willingness to suffer all things for their Flag. A group of events, each minute in the tremendous panorama of the war's tumult, yet glowing with the intense flame of a loyalty that ever burned fiercely, will suffice to reveal the love of the soldier for his Stars and Stripes, the supreme symbol of his country.

On April 14, 1864, Major L. F. Booth fell while fighting against heavy odds, defending Fort Pillow. One of the few survivors of his command saved the

blood-stained Flag of the fort and carried it with him, though desperately wounded, to the hospital at Mound City. There, Mrs. Booth, the widow of the former commander of the regiment at Fort Pillow, found her husband's Stars and Stripes in the hands of the wounded soldier. She at once went to the remnant of Major Booth's old command, that had been incorporated with the Sixth United States Heavy Artillery, taking the Flag with her. She stood before them with their Old Glory in her arms, and said, "Boys, I have given to my country all I had to give, my husband,—and such a gift! Next to his dead self, the dearest object left to me in the world is that Flag, the Flag that waved in proud defiance over the works of Fort Pillow. Soldiers, this Flag I give to you, knowing that you will ever remember the last words of my noble husband, 'Never surrender the Flag to traitors!'" Colonel Jackson received from her hand, in behalf of his command, the blood-soaked Flag, and called upon his regiment to receive it as such a gift should be received. He and every man of his regiment fell on their knees and swore to avenge their fallen commander and never surrender the Flag.

A group of Northern soldiers was imprisoned at Libby Prison in 1863. On July Fourth came news, brought in by an old slave, that Lee had been defeated at Gettysburg. At once, "the very walls of Libby quivered in the melody as five hundred joined in the chorus of the Battle Hymn of the Republic." And then those sick, starving fellows decided to have an Old Glory and display it. The Rev. C. C. McCabe, Chaplain of the One Hundred and Twenty-first Ohio

Regiment, one of the prisoners in the group, continues this story for us: "A man was found who wore a red shirt; another had a blue one; white (?) shirts were plenty. From a combination of these at last emerged the emblem of liberty with all its thirty-four stars. I never saw men gaze so long and earnestly at a flag before or since."

Libby Prison had witnessed a similar scene on the preceding Fourth of July, when twenty-five men of the Ninth Massachusetts Infantry, including Timothy J. Regan of Company E, who had been imprisoned after being captured at Malvern Hill, made up their minds that they would have a real Old Glory. According to the *Boston Globe*, "Regan offered his blue flannel shirt as a field for the stars. Other prisoners bought through the guards about four yards each of unbleached white cotton and a very poor quality of red worsted, which was torn lengthwise into strips to form the stripes. Pieces of white shirts were used for the stars, which Regan cut out; and the men set to work to fashion their flag with the needles and thread that they had been permitted to retain. The flag was not finished until the morning of the Fourth, when Regan climbed into the rafters, and there unfurled the banner to the delight of the little band of patriots."

There is a pretty sequel to this incident. This improvised Old Glory was torn into twenty-two pieces, to prevent its falling into the hands of the Confederates. A piece was given to each man who had helped to make it. These pieces were concealed in the clothing of the men and, later, carried away from Libby. After the War was over, Regan decided to get together

these fragments and recreate their Stars and Stripes. It was not until 1897, thirty-five years after the making of the Flag, that he secured the twenty-second piece and saw his Old Glory complete once more. This Flag, eleven feet nine inches by six feet seven inches, is now in the possession of the Thomas G. Stevenson Post 26, G. A. R., of Roxbury, Mass.

But there were many men, penned within the walls of Southern prisons, who never caught a glimpse of the Flag they loved so deeply. Out from Andersonville came, in 1865, men who seemed to have emerged from "some strange outer world, some horrible land of dimness and groans." One day a company of them, shuffling by, was asked, "Boys, how did you live through it?" A grim old Tennessean replied, instantly, straightening up as if to salute, "'Twas the flag that kept us up."

Old Glory nerved its followers to face Death, and there are many recorded instances of men and boys dying with the Flag as the last mental picture absolute in their thought. William Starr, of one of Ohio's regiments, was dying in a hospital in April, 1865. Word that Richmond had fallen was brought to him. "Now," said he, "I am ready to go. When I am gone, cover me with the Flag." In his last moments, a little boy came to bid him good-bye, carrying in his hands a tiny Flag. Starr's failing sight caught the gleam of the child's Stars and Stripes. He reached out, took it, waved it feebly down and up, once, and then, for him, no more the sight of Old Glory. That night a "splendid silk flag" was brought in and laid over his body.

Private Andrew McGurk, of the Eleventh Illinois In-

fantry, lay near a window of a hospital in Nashville. His regiment had been terribly cut to pieces at Fort Donelson and Shiloh, and memories of those bitter fights surged through his mind. He whispered, "Fought till—almost—the—last—man—fell." There came a final lucid interval. A glance through the window gave him Old Glory floating from the dome of the Nashville Capitol. "Ah! the—old—flag! —it—waves—still." And Private Andrew McGurk was gone.

Chaplain H. Clay Trumbull gives two dramatic evidences of devotion to Old Glory. The first follows: "After one of our battles in South Carolina, while preparations were making for another fight, I saw a newly appointed color-sergeant lying in line with the men, and tenderly shielding the colors with his body from a driving rainstorm.

" 'Sergeant,' I said, 'I hear that the colonel has given you the colors to carry. I congratulate you.'

" 'Yes, Chaplain,' he replied, looking down on his charge with affectionate pride; 'and I don't know of anything better than this that I'm fighting for.' "

Here is the second incident. "In the first severe engagement of which I was a witness, our color-sergeant and one of the color-corporals were badly wounded, and were borne to the rear and laid on the ground side by side at the field hospital. As I knelt by the corporal his first words were:

" 'I did what I could to guard the colors, Chaplain. I'd stand by them to the last.'

" 'I know you would, Corporal. You were always faithful!'

" 'Where's the regiment now?' he asked.

“ ‘It’s gone on and finished its work,’ I said.

“ ‘Glory!’ he cried.

“Just then the major of the regiment made his appearance, the battle being over. At once the wounded sergeant called to me:

“ ‘Chaplain, there’s the major. Won’t you ask him if the colors are safe?’ ”

Trumbull then continues with these words: “The colors were first in the thoughts of their soldier guardians, at the front and at the rear. Patriotism, loyalty, devotion, centered in the flag as a symbol, as it could not, in the nature of things, center in anything else. Soldiers came to love and honor the flag above all other visible objects.”

We cannot omit from this chapter at least one anecdote illustrating the heroism of loyal women during the Civil War. Nashville, Tenn., was the only city in the seceding States that contained a number of genuine Unionists who had the courage to stand by their colors openly and in defiance of Southern sympathizers. In that brave little regiment of men and women was Mrs. Hetty McEwen, and her breed was not the kind to haul down Old Glory for any man. She was an old woman, in 1861, having been born while Washington was President. Six of her uncles fought at King’s Mountain, in 1780, and four of them were killed in that wild fight.

Hetty McEwen with her own fingers stitched together a Stars and Stripes. There was talk of secession in her neighborhood, and she intended to stand true to the Nation, and to have every one know her position. At length came a day of crisis. Her husband, Colonel

McEwen, who had fought under Andrew Jackson, fastened a pole into one of the chimneys of their house and nailed his wife's Old Glory to it.

We are glad to be able to quote a Civil War record at this point: "The hostility now became fiercer than ever. The Colonel was told that the flag must come down from that roof if the house had to be fired to bring it down. He asked his wife what they had better do about the flag, adding that he would sustain her in any course she thought best to adopt. 'Load me the shot-gun, Colonel McEwen,' said the heroic old woman. And he loaded it for her with sixteen buckshot in each barrel. 'Now,' added she, 'I will take the responsibility of guarding that flag. Whoever attempts to pass my door on his way to the roof for the star-span-gled banner under which my four uncles fell at King's Mountain, must go over my dead body.'" Old Glory stayed over Hetty McEwen's house, unmolested.

When the Civil War broke out, the Hon. J. F. H. Claiborne was living on a cotton plantation in the far south-western corner of Mississippi. His only son was in the Confederate service, and his own sentiments were well known. To him came one day Captain Rockwell, of the Thirty-first Massachusetts Infantry, demanding that he give up a flag which was said to be in his home and was undoubtedly a Confederate standard. Claiborne denied that he had any flag of that type. A rigid search was made. No flag appeared. Then Claiborne said, "Now, sir, you have failed to find a flag, but I confess I have one. I will never part with it. If you take *me* you shall take *it*; and if you take *it*, you shall take *me*."

He then ordered a servant to bring a certain trunk. It was old and dilapidated. It was opened, and there, before Rockwell's astonished eyes, were a bundle of commissions and a moth-eaten Flag, a real Stars and Stripes. Claiborne smiled and said, "General Claiborne, my father, had been ensign, lieutenant, captain and adjutant of the First Regiment of the United States, in Anthony Wayne's army; and this was the old flag of that regiment."

So, after all's been said, there were Southern hearts in '61 that beat in tune to the music of the whispering folds of Old Glory. A captured Confederate officer told the truth when he remarked, "Oh, well, as to that, the Stars and Stripes are just the sauciest rag to fight under that ever was swung on a battle-field. I don't wonder they like that flag."

XXXVIII

THE IMMORTAL COLOR-BEARERS

"But I have seen thee, bunting,
To tatters torn upon the splintered staff,
Or clutched to some young color-bearer's breast
With desperate hands,
Savagely struggled for."

Walt Whitman.

IN July, 1913, the writer went to Gettysburg and found himself one in a host of men with a million memories. After sunset, from the crest of Little Round Top, he watched the myriad fireflies weaving their delicate mantle of fire over a consecrated ground. As a far bugle sounded "taps," he wrote on a slip of paper these words:

You men in the Grey and the Blue,
There are boys in the dusk here with you.
They gather in ranks,
On your front, on your flanks,
In the fire-fly maze and the dew.

Again, in December, 1917, alone on the field, he stood at nightfall on Little Round Top. On the chill wind came the ghostly voices of the boys of Sedgwick's Sixth Corps of the Army of the Potomac, singing afar in the night as they swung along in their great march to Gettysburg. He saw them come in near Little Round

Top, dusty, tired, indomitable, with their color-bearers carrying the Old Glories of many desperate fields. And then the vision vanished. But one young, slender color-bearer came to his side with a spectral Stars and Stripes, and pointed down to the line of memorials where in July, 1863, many a Northern lad bore Old Glory into the whirlpool of action, fell and never rose again. And then he, too, faded into the darkness.

WISCONSIN. Gettysburg, July, '63. Meredith's Iron Brigade, the advance-guard of the Army of the Potomac, strikes the swinging flail of the onrushing Confederate left, to the north of Gettysburg town. The gray line, bursting into view, greets the Second Wisconsin Infantry with a volley. Down goes nearly a third of the regiment. Twenty-three of the thirty-three in the color-company are killed or wounded in thirty minutes. Soon the last color-bearer is killed. In the ranks of the Second Wisconsin is Private R. E. Davison, who has been wounded at Antietam while saving Old Glory. He runs to the side of the last staggering color-bearer, catches the Flag as it drops, turns to the regiment behind him and shouts, "Come on!" The men of the Northwest answer with a yell and follow him up to and into the Confederate lines, breaking them.

Night comes. Beneath a Stars and Stripes so riddled and torn by bullets that it will never again wave over a field of battle, fifty men out of the regiment's three hundred of the morning, answer at roll-call.

MINNESOTA. Gettysburg, July, '63. Longstreet, commanding the right wing of Lee's Army of Northern Virginia, has hurled brigades from his Corps upon

Sickles' exposed line. The Union front is broken. Confederate regiments are drifting through, aiming to crumple up Meade's left wing, take Little Round Top, and repeat their victory at Chancellorsville. The brigades of Barksdale and Kershaw, on the run, are pouring across the field. In the Peach Orchard and around Bigelow's Battery at the Trostle house, a demoniac conflict is raging. Hancock comes up on the gallop, rides straight into a vortex of flame, sees a regiment in line, reins in his horse and shouts, "What regiment is that?" Colonel Colville answers, "The First Minnesota." "Do you see those lines?" cries Hancock, pointing to the onrolling tide in gray. "Charge them!"

On go the color-guard of those men from the Northwest. Behind them and at their sides are points of loyal glittering bayonets. They reach a little brook, its bed dry from the summer heat. There they stand, faced and gripped on the flanks by three thousand rifles pouring lead into them in streams. Down goes Color-Sergeant Ellett P. Perkins, but the Stars and Stripes does not touch the ground. A corporal seizes it from his hand. He, too, struck by a bullet, staggers and hands the Flag to another corporal, who also pitches forward. But Corporal Dehn is at his side, and Old Glory still quivers in the tempest of lead.

The little brook begins to trickle into life again, but now with Minnesota blood. Thank God, reënforcements arrive, and "the First Minnesota is relieved." Corporal Dehn alone of the color-guard is left, and he carries out a rent and tattered Old Glory at the head of forty-seven men of the two hundred and sixty-two

who fifteen minutes ago sprang into their bayonet charge.

MICHIGAN. Gettysburg, July, '63. A gray billow of men sweeps toward them. Above the rattle of musketry sounds the triumphant rebel-yell. "Stand firm, Fourth Michigan! Stand firm!" shouts Col. Jeffords. Red flags, streaked with blue and with hostile stars, appear in the drifting smoke, flapping as they come nearer, nearer. The billow breaks on the men of Michigan, forces them back into the deadly wheat-field. A swarm in gray leaps for the Stars and Stripes. Down sinks the color-guard, every man bayoneted or shot. An arm in gray shoots forward, wrenches the Flag from the grasp of a fallen corporal. Jeffords, hat off, sword in hand, rushes to save his loved Old Glory. A flash of bayonets, and he is pinned to the ground. Lieut.-Colonel Lumbard springs toward the Flag, crying, "Stand firm! Stand firm! This is the time for men to die." Old Glory becomes the center of desperate hand-to-hand fighting. Northern bayonets and butts of rifles do deadly work. The Flag of the Fourth Michigan and the body of its Colonel are saved.

PENNSYLVANIA. Gettysburg, July, '63. Twelve Old Glories face nearly double their number of Confederate standards advancing upon them in Pickett's charge. It is high tide for the South at Gettysburg. With Armistead leading, the red banners burst through the Union line at the low stone wall and smother Cushing's Battery. Meade's army is severed at its center. Sixty yards away, the Seventy-second Pennsylvania is in leash, waiting the word to charge. An officer rides up on a badly wounded horse. "Sergeant,

forward with your colors!" he cries. "Let the Rebels see it close to their eyes before they die." The color-sergeant, grasping the stump of his broken lance in both hands, waves the Stars and Stripes above his head and rushes, alone, toward the wall now crested with men in gray and their flaunting crimson flags.

Men of the Seventy-second Pennsylvania, this is the soil of your own State. Up and at them! Your color-sergeant is half way to the wall. A bullet strikes him. He spins round, totters and falls, dead. With a wild yell, you rush by him, taking up your Old Glory as you go. Now it is Pennsylvania against Virginia. At the "Bloody Angle," where a swirling mass of men struggles, around Old Glories and flags aflame with red, tossing and whirling above them, the flood of the gray invasion strikes a wall of blue, and stops. Armistead falls, dying, at the feet of a color-bearer of the Seventy-second Pennsylvania.

MAINE. Bull Run, July, '61. Yesterday, July 20, the Seventh Maine Infantry was presented with a glorious silk Stars and Stripes, with slide, rings and battle-axe surmounting the staff, of solid silver, sent all the way from California to meet the regiment on its way to Bull Run. The regiment is now in action. Twice its men have charged almost to the muzzles of a Confederate battery. Color-Sergeant William J. Deane has fallen, mortally wounded, and Color-Corporal A. V. Moore, who took the Flag from Deane's hands, is lying dead beside it, near the enemy's lines. A body of Confederates dashes out to take Old Glory. The men from Maine shout, "We must have that flag!" Led by Colonel Charles D. Jameson, they charge on the

men in gray rapidly nearing the Flag, beat them back and rescue their color.

Color-Sergeant Deane is dying on the grass close by a little brook. Lieutenant-Colonel Roberts has told him that his Flag is safe. Deane beckons to Chaplain Mines, who kneels and puts his ear close to the sufferer's mouth. "It's safe!" says Deane. "What," asks Mines, "the Flag?" Deane nods, smiles, closes his eyes, and dies.

DELAWARE. Antietam, September, '62. The First Delaware Infantry is advancing through woods and corn fields. Suddenly it comes to a sunken road, or ravine, beyond which, behind a breastwork of sod and wooden rails, are heavy masses of Confederate infantry. The Stars and Stripes and the State color emerge from the stalks of corn. There is a thundering crash, a plunging volley from the breastwork, followed by an intense, withering fire. In five minutes, two hundred and eighty-six of the regiment's six hundred and thirty-five men are down, killed or wounded. One by one the color-bearers fall, but Old Glory goes on until it is within twenty yards of the breastwork, where the ninth and last of its heroic bearers drops dead. There is a dramatic struggle for the Stars and Stripes lying on the road. Five times the men in gray charge to capture the Flag, and each time they fall back, discomfited by the deadly fire of the men in blue.

Delaware, will you give up your Old Glory, around which lie its fallen bearers? Captain Rickards calls for volunteers, and thirty men respond. They rush out into the open, down into the road where their Stars and Stripes lies with a boy's still hand upon it.

A storm of lead smites them and twenty fall. Lieutenant Charles B. Tanner steps forward from the ranks and calls for men to aid him in another effort to rescue the Flag. Twenty men spring to his side. They run toward the Stars and Stripes. One after another they reel and fall in the whirlwind of bullets. But Tanner, his right arm shattered by a minie-ball, plunges on, drops on his knees by the Flag, seizes it in his left hand, leaps to his feet and returns with Old Glory.

RHODE ISLAND. Antietam, September, '62. The Fourth Rhode Island Infantry is on the extreme left of the Army of the Potomac. It sweeps across a rolling country, under a heavy artillery fire, and comes into brisk action with the Confederates in a cornfield. The regiments in gray are almost hidden in the thick, tall growth of corn, and their positions are determined mainly by the challenge of their rifle-fire. The Fourth Rhode Island reaches a low, round hill, on the crest of which, partly concealed, is a portion of a Confederate brigade.

Union forces, coming to this hill from another angle, suddenly divert the volleys from its summit. They thrust up a Stars and Stripes, its Red, White and Blue plain above the yellow corn-stalks, as a signal to the Fourth Rhode Island. "We are firing on our own men," cries a Rhode Island officer. Then he gives the command to charge, and the Fourth Rhode Island dashes up the slope, its Old Glory in the lead. Out of the screen of corn on the crest crashes a sweeping fire. Color-bearer Thomas B. Tanner is killed, and his Flag is wrenched from his hands by a soldier in gray. The latter falls into the clutches of Lieutenant George

E. Curtis, and yields the Stars and Stripes after a sharp struggle. Above the tumult of Antietam ring the cheers of the boys of Rhode Island.

INDIANA. Stone River, December, '62. The Sixth Indiana Infantry is at the apex of a right angle. Twice the regiment has been attacked on this critical day, and now, a third assault, in a gray sea, sweeps upon it and envelops it on front, on right and on left. The Sixth runs a gauntlet of flame, with its colors plunging on in advance. Color-Sergeant John E. Tillman drops, wounded for the third time, with a ball through a knee. He hands the Stars and Stripes over to Corporal Carson, who instantly falls with a wound in his thigh. Three boys, Corporals Young, Meades and Harold, now bear Old Glory in quick succession; and all three are shot.

Harold, a mere lad, beloved of the regiment, dies in saving the Stars and Stripes. His hands are the last to carry it through the gates of the storm of battle, and he falls on the threshold of safety. A recorder of the part the Sixth Indiana takes at Stone River, will write, in months to come, "Bitter tears were shed when Harold died, under the banner he had saved with his blood."

MASSACHUSETTS. Fredericksburg, December, '62. Noon of a raw winter day. The Twenty-first Massachusetts Infantry is drawn up in the town, ready to cross the Rappahannock and assault the formidable Confederate works. They cross on the upper pontoon bridge, and at once rush toward the entrenched lines. The air about them becomes an inferno of projectiles which hiss, shriek and burst. Side by side race the

Stars and Stripes and the State color, borne by Color-Sergeant Joseph H. Collins and Color-Corporal Barr. Sixty rods from that wall fringed with flame and smoke, both color-bearers fall. Sergeant Thomas Plunkett springs to lift Old Glory as it trails toward the ground with its mortally wounded bearer; and Color-Corporal Wheeler stoops and loosens the grasp of the dying Barr from the staff of the white Massachusetts color. At the point nearest the Confederate infantry reached by boys in blue on this terrible day, a shell bursts on Plunkett and his Stars and Stripes. Both arms are torn from his body and his Flag is drenched in his blood. But Color-Corporal Brady H. Olney is at his side, and Old Glory again streams defiant in the gusts of shot and shell.

Twenty years from now, Sergeant Plunkett, and your eyes will be closed forever from the sight of the Stars and Stripes. But Massachusetts will bring from her Capitol, to your body lying near her heart at Worcester, the remnant of your Old Glory reddened with your blood, and lay it gently above you. Nor Death nor Time can separate you from the moment of your supreme sacrifice.

NEW HAMPSHIRE. Fredericksburg, December, '62. The Fifth New Hampshire Infantry has reached the dead-line, beyond which it can advance no farther, a rail fence within range of the Confederate rifle-pits. On that last stretch of open ground, before the protecting fence is reached, lie the color and all its bearers. Captain James B. Perry starts on the run to save it, is struck in the breast and mortally wounded. Dying, he whispers, "I know I shall not recover from this

wound, but I am content if I can see the old flag once more." Captain Murray makes an attempt to get to the Flag, but is killed, and Captain Moore, following him, also falls dying. A little group of determined men rushes out upon that dangerous open. Their bodies fall across one another, close to the Flag. Lieutenant George Nettleton crawls from behind the fence to the color, is struck by a grape-shot and mortally hurt. But he gets back to his regiment with their Flag. Captain Perry presses the blood-wet folds to his lips, and dies.

IOWA. Vicksburg, May, '63. The Army of the Tennessee is assaulting the Confederate works at Vicksburg. The Flag of the Ninth Iowa Infantry, that came so many miles from New England as a tribute to the regiment, flutters on through the storm of bullets to the very edge of the works, carried by Color-Sergeant Elson. He springs to the crest of the redoubt and plants the Stars and Stripes firmly in the ground, cheering the regiment on to protect it. A bullet strikes him in the thigh and he falls, dragging Old Glory with him. Captain George Granger draws the Flag from under Elson's bleeding body and hands it to Color-Corporal Otis Crawford, who soon falls with it in his arms. In swift succession, Color-Corporals Curtis, Moore, Strunk, Gipe, Moulton, Logue and Smith, are shot while carrying the beloved color. The assault ends in a disastrous repulse. The survivors of the regiment find themselves lying in a ditch, behind logs, close to and partly under the protection of the Confederate earthworks. Captain Granger tears the Stars and Stripes from its staff and conceals it beneath his blouse. Under the cover of the night, the

Ninth Iowa, torn as badly as its Old Glory, retires in safety.

But other color-bearers of the Ninth Iowa will carry their Old Glory through days glorious with victory. In their hands it will travel two thousand miles over Confederate soil, toil up the rocky steep of Lookout Mountain, stream on the brow of Missionary Ridge on a chill night after a terrific struggle at Chickamauga, in the midst of shivering, tired, hungry soldiers; and at last, a mere shred, a ghost of its early beauty, it will pass out of service and into immortality.

ILLINOIS. Chickamauga, September, '63. The Federal right at Chickamauga has been ripped to pieces by terrific Confederate assaults. Hosts of fugitives with artillery, limbers and caissons, are pouring to the rear. Thomas and his Corps, on the left, stand like a rock, steadfast in the torrent. They have taken the form of a huge horseshoe, a band of steel that cannot be bent or broken. Distant, at McAfee Church, is General Steedman with a division of infantry, three four-gun batteries and two squadrons of cavalry. He has been ordered to stay there, but, the roar of Thomas' stubborn defense coming to him on the air, he decides to disregard orders, and go to the field of Chickamauga.

Thomas, on his horse under a clump of dead trees, sees a thick cloud of dust rising from the Lafayette road. A column of marching men comes into sight. They and their Flags are so covered with dust that Thomas cannot distinguish them as friend or foe. A color-bearer waves his Flag, high over his head. A sprinkle of gray dust floats from it. The Stars and

Stripes signals to the tight-gripped men of the blue horseshoe that help is at hand.

On the extreme right of the curved line there is imminent danger of a collapse under stern pressure. There, on a front of seven hundred yards, twelve thousand rifles exchange volleys. The ground slopes from the blue regiments up to those in gray. Steedman receives orders from Thomas to charge up that slope and break the Confederate grip. He rides to the head of the One Hundred and Fifteenth Illinois Infantry, seizes a Stars and Stripes from its bearer, and shouts, "Boys, I'll command you. I'll bear your flag if you'll defend it. 'Tention! Forward—double—quick—march!" A stream of bullets tears Old Glory into shreds, as Steedman, galloping on, holds it above him. His horse, struck and plunging forward, hurls rider and Flag over his head. Man and color lie tangled on the ground. The One Hundred and Fifteenth Illinois, charging by with a yell, lift Old Glory into its home amidst the hurricane of shot, and break, bayonet clashing against bayonet, into the heart of the Confederate line.

OHIO. Missionary Ridge, November, '63. An eagle soars above Chattanooga Valley. Below him on Missionary Ridge, are eight thousand gray riflemen and fifty cannon. The gothic rim of the crest is a lip of flame; rifles and heavy guns all blazing down a slope that rises to them five hundred feet on an angle of forty-five degrees. Up this steep, on a front well over a mile wide, moves a line of blue, infantry of the Army of the Cumberland. At intervals the line is pushed forward into inverted V's. There are waving wings at

fifteen of these points, Stars and Stripes moving upward irresistibly, borne by their color-guards. These Flags have gone through hurricanes of shot at Pea Ridge, Shiloh and Stone River, and have been riddled at Chickamauga.

Near the center of Sheridan's upsweeping front, Old Glories ripple over men from Ohio. The Ninety-seventh Ohio Infantry approaches the fire-rimmed crest. A color-bearer falls. For a moment the Stars and Stripes wavers at the tip of its V, a broken wing faltering. It swings up again into its right of leadership. Now the great broom of blue grazes the fringe of the summit and scatters the ranks in gray who so tenaciously have clung to their guns. In the west the sun is but its own breadth from the wall of the hills. The golden rays, bridging the valley from Chattanooga to the Ridge, fall upon and illumine the regiments in blue, the glittering bayonets and the waving, triumphant Stars and Stripes. The eagle turns, soars to the west and disappears in the sunset.

CONNECTICUT. The Wilderness, May, '64. Chaos in the Wilderness. Through tangled brush and twisting branches, a desperate battle is raging. The Fourteenth Connecticut Infantry, on the left of the Federal line, is engaged in driving back the enemy's outposts. So great is the din that orders cannot be heard. The adjutant, seeking for a means of rallying the men, touches a color-bearer on the shoulder, points to a fallen tree, and shouts to him to kneel by it, holding the Flag over him. Around the two, Stars and Stripes and boy, gather officers and men of the Fourteenth and other regiments. With this vivid point of loyalty

as a base, the line is extended as skirmishers. Color-Corporal Charles W. Norton, standing by the Flag, is severely wounded.

In the afternoon Longstreet throws his fresh Corps against the Union line, into a battle-ground thick with a pall of smoke and ablaze with burning trees and grass. The Wilderness becomes an inferno. The Fourteenth Connecticut is wellnigh surrounded. Color-Corporal Henry K. Lyon, standing in an exposed position, staggers and sinks to the ground. Lieutenant-Colonel Moore, at his side, takes Old Glory from his hands. "Take it, Colonel! I have done my best," says Lyon, and dies. Moore gives the Stars and Stripes to Color-Sergeant John Hirst, and with him it goes through the rest of the awful fight, to find quiet only as the stars come out above it and the Wilderness hears the whip-poor-wills calling mournfully in the tangled depths, above the living and the dead, the Blue and the Gray.

NEW YORK. Peach Tree Creek, July, '64. The One Hundred and Forty-ninth New York Infantry is in a field thick with undergrowth and trailing vines. Its brigade, in reserve in a column of regiments, is ordered forward, each regiment advancing as it becomes deployed. As each regiment comes into close range, it is at once a focus of converging fire. The One Hundred and Forty-ninth traverses a ravine filled with the hum of bullets and, with its colors ahead, enters a maze of tangled brush clouded by a swirl of smoke stabbed by spurts of flame. Six of the bearers of the Stars and Stripes are lying in the ragged grass. Color-Sergeant W. H. H. Crosier stands, a solitary

figure, outlined with his Flag against the drifting smoke. Out of this smoke rushes a knot of men in gray. They leap upon Crosier. "Take my Flag, if you can!" he yells. The staff is grasped. He rips Old Glory from its lance, tucks it under his blouse over his heart. Then, with a dive, he breaks through the gray circle around him and runs toward his regiment. A bullet strikes him, but he goes on. Stained with blood, he emerges from the thicket, and is confronted by his Colonel, who demands, "Where is that Flag?" Crosier unbuttons his blouse, pulls out Old Glory, says faintly, "Here it is, Colonel," and sinks to the ground.

General H. A. Barnum will recommend Color-Sergeant Crosier for the Congressional Medal of Honor. In the letter which he will write he will say, "Crosier's act was one of superb bravery in action and of devotion to the flag, in which he held life as nothing to the saving of the starry banner."

VERMONT. Cedar Creek, October, '64. Break of day. With the speed of a whirlwind, Jubal Early strikes a section of the Army of the Potomac, determined on breaking its grip on the Army of Northern Virginia. The Eighth Vermont Infantry, a part of General Stephen Thomas' Brigade, a mere handful of men, is thrown in to stem the torrent. General Crook's Corps, to the left, has been surprised, smashed and swept away. Under Major Meade, the Green Mountain Boys hold a terribly exposed position, for the enemy, with deafening yells, moves swiftly in from front and flank. Regiment after regiment of the Eighth Corps crumbles and goes by to the rear. Two

companion regiments, the Twelfth Connecticut and the One Hundred and Sixtieth New York, frightfully broken, cling to their ground, but with ever widening rifts between as the Confederate swarm breaks upon them in fury.

Suddenly a mass of men in gray confronts the twin Flags of the Eighth Vermont, demanding their surrender. "Never! Never!" is the reply of the men in blue, forming a compact ring of defense around their colors. Instantly begins one of the Civil War's most desperate and ugly hand-to-hand struggles for flags. Men become demons, fight with fists, clubbed muskets and bayonets. Color-Corporal Petre, shot in the thigh, pitches forward to the ground. "Boys, leave me! Take care of yourselves and the flag!" he cries. As he crawls away to die, Corporal Perham seizes Old Glory and raises it aloft. A soldier in gray reaches to grip the staff, but Color-Sergeant Shores places the muzzle of his musket against his breast and fires, killing him instantly. A flash from another musket, and Perham falls, dragging the Stars and Stripes to the earth with him. Again, in a din of yells, the Flag goes up, held stoutly by Color-Corporal Blanchard.

Color-Sergeants Shores and Simpson, now standing by the colors, become the center of a terrific man-to-man fight. Three Confederates attack them at once and attempt to take Old Glory. Simpson fires at one, and Shores bayonets another. Down the line bursts forth wild cheering. Sheridan has come from Winchester, miles away, and the tide of battle, that has been ebbing so swiftly for the Army of the Potomac, turns into a flood of victory. At the heart of the Eighth

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Vermont stands a little group of stunned and bleeding boys, the faithful, heroic color-guard. Salute Sergeants Moran, Shores and Holt, and Corporal Worden, who are willing to die, but not to yield the Stars and Stripes.

NEW JERSEY. Fort Mahone, April, '65. A New Jersey boy, James Jarvis, of the State's Thirty-ninth Infantry, gives a superb picture of heroism under Old Glory. It is the early dawn of April 2, '65. The regiment is moving forward, under a pitiless fire, to the assault on Fort Mahone. Jarvis runs ahead, scales the earthwork and, mounting the parapet, plants the Flag squarely in the face of the enemy. Immediately he is the target for a hail of bullets. Forty-three balls pierce his Old Glory, and one slices his right arm. But he stands, refusing to yield an inch, clinging to his Flag, until he sees his regiment beaten back by the unyielding fire. With one last defiant glance at the muskets leveled at him, he leaps from the crest of the parapet and brings off the Stars and Stripes, tattered but glorious.

MARYLAND. Five Forks, April, '65. The war is at the eve of Appomattox. Fighting doggedly, the worn and battered Army of Northern Virginia is revealing, in its final hours, the splendid temper of its steel. Pushed back, struck repeatedly by an army of its own tough fiber, it is standing with its back to the wall, dangerous in its extremity. Sheridan, moving with dazzling rapidity, is opening his brilliant battle at Five Forks. In the Fourth Maryland Infantry, as it goes into action, is a boy color-bearer, Corporal Jacob R. Turner, and the day is his twentieth birthday. Over

his head as he advances, flutters a standard nearing the close of its first century in history, about to witness the last event of the greatest canto of its long epic. Corporal Tucker sees no Appomattox ahead of him as he runs. The brown line of a Confederate entrenchment is before him, blazing with flame and crested with smoke. Can he plant the Stars and Stripes on that line? He outstrips his comrades of the Fourth Maryland, reaches the brown slope, scales it and stands, silhouetted against the murky cloud, waving Old Glory above the Confederate flag. With a cheer the Fourth Maryland billows up to and around him, clears the barricade and leaps to cross bayonets with men in gray.

Within four months, Corporal Tucker, you will receive from General Grant, a letter of praise, commending your "gallantry and heroism in battle," as one historian says, "the only letter of the kind ever sent by a commanding general to a private soldier during the war."

XXXIX

THE FLAG COMES HOME

"Imagine what it was like to see a bullet-shredded old battle-flag reverently unfolded to the gaze of a thousand middle-aged soldiers, most of whom hadn't seen it since they saw it advancing over victorious fields when they were in their prime. And imagine what it was like when Grant stepped into view while they were still going mad over the flag; and then right in the midst of it all somebody struck up 'When we were marching through Georgia.' Well, you should have heard the thousand voices lift that chorus and seen the tears stream down. If I live a hundred years, I shan't ever forget these things, nor be able to talk about them."—Mark Twain, in letter to Howells, November, 1879.

THE men who came North from Appomattox in 1865, brought with them the memory of an unusually dramatic scene. We have been strict, in this history, in our adherence to the story of the Stars and Stripes. We have closed the door on such flags as have come into life on the soil of the United States, hostile to our Flag and its meaning as the perfect symbol of federated States bound in an indissoluble Union. But there was an hour at the very close of the Civil War, so pathetic, so interpretative of the splendid armies that fought for the Confederacy, that we open the door and give a swift view of the last moments at Appomattox.

Brigadier-General Joshua L. Chamberlain was del-

egated by Grant to receive the surrender of Lee's Army. A detachment of that Army, led by Lieutenant-General John B. Gordon, came marching with their arms to the place designated for the formal act of surrender. Chamberlain, a soldier and a man, thrilled with a noble pity, gave a sharp command, and the Union muskets came to an attitude of salute. Gordon reined his horse, turned in his saddle, drew his sword, and, with a magnificent sweep, acknowledged the salute and its significance. As the torn and ghostly banners of the South went by, the Stars and Stripes dipped in a comradeship of heroism not wholly without reverence; not for the flag that had gone down in defeat, but for the men, Americans, who had fought under it.

Then, with a painful reluctance, the flags of the Lost Cause were leaned against the stacks of muskets or laid gently on the ground. The hour of parting had come, and, regardless of discipline, the gray ranks broke and the men rushed to their flags, folded them in their arms, pressed them to their lips and wept over them.

From the front of four bitter years, Old Glory came home. There is a literature in itself on the return of the Northern battle-flags. One paragraph, written at the time, presents a picture more graphic than any we can give:—"The multitude raised a shout and cheered, but the impulse was but momentary, for at the sight of the array of tattered rags the noise of the tumult died away, and a half-suppressed sound was heard as through the hearts of the people there flashed a thrill of mingled pride and pain. Those who saw it will never forget the scene. In the center the tattered silk

of the colors, and on the fringe and in the background a wonder-stricken crowd, as past uncovered heads, past dimmed eyes and quivering lips, the old flags were carried."

We turn to a page of Connecticut's history for our final view of the Old Glory of the Civil War. The ceremony of returning the battle-flags of the State was held at Hartford. It was decided to gather the regimental standards, repair those that could be repaired, and deposit them in the State Capitol for preservation and as a memorial of a great period in the history of the Nation and of the State. Other Northern States were carrying out similar ceremonies, and Connecticut's battle-flag day did not differ in essentials from the routine followed throughout the North. But there were two or three incidents in the Hartford episode of a peculiarly tender significance.

A committee of women and girls was appointed to take the Flags into their hands for the delicate work of repairing them in such a way that they should retain their torn and bullet-pierced appearance and yet be fortified for the decades to come. One girl was given, for her handiwork, the Flag under which her brother had died in action. A young woman took the last stitches in a Stars and Stripes which, during the war, had more than once been returned to her for repair, from the regiment in which her husband was an officer.

On the day of the Flag-ceremony, veterans came to Hartford from all quarters of the State. Burnside was there on the platform, and with him was General Joseph R. Hawley, Connecticut's own soldier. During

one of the addresses, as the rent Old Glories were brought in, one by one, a Flag was seen approaching with its old color-guard beneath it. Between two comrades, one at each arm, limped a crippled man who, a boy, had carried that Flag into the center of battle and fallen under its folds. His eyes, filled with tears, were lifted to the Stars and Stripes as he stumbled on.

"Those relics, tattered as they are and intrinsically worthless, possess a sacred value in the eyes of the soldier and the patriot, second only to the national honor itself."—Benj. R. Cowen, Adj. General, Ohio, December, 1864.

"There's a strange love for the old flag burning in our hearts. It is inconceivable, indescribable, absolutely unknown to one never in battle or active service. . . . Our wild battle-cry will be heard no more forever. Our battle-flag will come forth no more to war. Our flag is furled."—George N. Carpenter, Historian, Eighth Vermont Infantry.

XL

THE STARS AND STRIPES GOES TO THE HEART OF AFRICA

BY a curious freak of circumstances, Africa, that had been an indirect cause of the Civil War, called to America in 1869 for aid in finding the lost David Livingstone, the great Scotch missionary who had gone with the Cross from one end of the dark continent to the other. The call found its answer in an ex-Confederate soldier, Henry M. Stanley, then in Spain as a newspaper correspondent. James Gordon Bennett, Jr., who financed the search, gave his orders to Stanley in one brief but adequate sentence: "Find Livingstone and bring news of his discoveries or proofs of his death, regardless of expense."

On January 10, 1871, Stanley, under the Stars and Stripes, landed at Zanzibar to plunge into a wild and practically unknown country in search of a missionary lost while serving under the Union Jack. He enlisted twenty-seven native soldiers, one hundred and fifty-seven carriers, and, with two white men, struck inland on March 21, 1871. For nearly eight months the little caravan toiled on, through thorns and jungles, across rivers and swamps many miles in length. Men deserted, and the oft-recurring fever delayed and lessened by death, Stanley's train of followers. For hun-

dreds of leagues . . . once traveling five hundred and twenty miles to cross an air-distance of one hundred and twenty miles . . . the search-party literally hewed a road into Africa. At length came rumors, picked up from the natives, that a white man had recently arrived at Ujiji from Manyuema.

This golden piece of information spurred Stanley on with greater speed. On November 9, 1871, he looked down on the splendid expanse of Lake Tanganyika. What occurred on the following day is best told by Stanley himself:—"At this grand moment we do not think of the hundreds of miles we have marched, of the hundreds of hills we have ascended and descended, of the many forests we have traversed, of the jungles and thickets that annoyed us, of the fervid salt plains that blistered our feet. Our dreams, our hopes, our anticipations are about to be realized.

" 'Unfurl the flags and load the guns!'

" 'Ay, Wallah, ay, Wallah, bana,' responded the men eagerly.

"A volley from nearly fifty guns roars like a salute from a battery of artillery.

" 'Now, Kirangazi, hold the white man's flag up high, and let the Zanzibar flag bring up the rear. And you men keep close together, and keep firing until we halt in the market-place, or before the white man's house.'

"Before we had gone one hundred yards our repeated volleys had the desired effect. The mere sight of the flags informed every one that we were a caravan, but the American flag, borne aloft by the gigantic Asmani, whose face was one broad smile on this day,

rather staggered them at first. However, many of the people who now approached us remembered the flag. They had seen it float above the American consulate, and from the mastheads of many a ship in the harbor of Zanzibar, and they were soon heard welcoming the beautiful flag with cries of 'Bindera Kisungu!' . . . a white man's flag. 'Bindera Mericani!' . . . the American flag."

Through an avenue of Africans went Stanley, with Old Glory at his side. At the end of the avenue stood a white man with a gray beard, before a semi-circle of Arabs. Stanley walked up to him, took off his hat and said, very simply,

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume."

"Yes," replied Livingstone with a gentle smile, lifting his hat slightly.

And so, in Central Africa, the Stars and Stripes, piloted by an ex-Confederate soldier and carried by a black African, found the Union Jack and its Christian representative, David Livingstone.

XLI

OLD GLORY AT SAMOA

ON the 15th and 16th of March, 1889, a terrific gale swept over Apia, Samoa, driving ashore every vessel in the harbor except the British ship *Calliope*. Three nations were represented by men-of-war in the general fleet anchored at Apia in that month; Germany by the *Adler*, the *Eber* and the *Olga*; England by the *Calliope*; and the United States by the *Trenton*, the *Vandalia* and the *Nipsic*. When the storm abated, the *Nipsic* and the *Olga* were held gripped by the sand on the beach, and the *Trenton*, the *Vandalia*, the *Adler* and the *Eber*, were wrecks. The *Calliope* alone, with the aid of her powerful engines, had fought her way out to sea and to safety. From the chaos of that hurricane emerges one of the most powerful scenes in the Flag's long drama.

The three ships that figure in our rendering of the critical moments of the hurricane, are the *Calliope*, the *Vandalia* and the *Trenton*. At about ten o'clock on the morning of the 16th, the last named of the three was seen from the shore to be helpless. Titan waves were breaking over her, lifting her stern clear of the sea. Her rudder and propeller had been wrenched away by the twisting grip of the waters. The *Vandalia* and the *Calliope* were coming together rapidly. A

collision could not be averted. The iron prow of the British ship rose high in the air and fell with a crash on the port quarter of the *Vandalia*. Every man on the American ship near the point of collision was hurled from his feet.

Then came an heroic moment. Captain Kane, of the *Calliope*, swung her round into the wind and gave orders to work the engines to the limit. It was the one last desperate chance for life. One break in the machinery, and Death was at hand for three hundred men. Slowly the British ship struggled on, inch by inch, through a weltering riot of waters, passing between the *Trenton* and the reef. The *Trenton's* fire had gone out, and she lay, tossing and rolling, almost in the path of the *Calliope*. At close quarters with Eternity, the American seamen, as the straining Britisher toiled by them, sent over the white spume a ringing cheer, the Stars and Stripes greeting the Union Jack, "Three cheers for the *Calliope*!" Captain Kane said, later, "God bless America and her noble sailors."

By three P.M., the *Vandalia*, a complete wreck, was giving up men to the hungry sea. The sailors that were left were clinging in, or were lashed to, the rigging. The officers of the *Trenton*, believing they, too, were doomed, flung out the Stars and Stripes, the first flag to appear in the storm on any ship, determined to go down with Old Glory streaming above them. Caught by the tide and the wind, they were slowly drifting down on the *Vandalia*. It was then after seven o'clock, and daylight was beginning to fade. Soon the last light paled away, and night came on. To the men on the *Vandalia*, with arms and legs cut

by ropes, came through sheets of blinding spray the apparition of the towering *Trenton* moving down upon them through the darkness. Across the surges, traveling on the wind, rang a great shout, American calling to American, the *Trenton* cheering the *Vandalia*, "Three cheers for the *Vandalia*!"

From the shivering masts of the stricken *Vandalia* breathed a response like a whisper. Then, from the deck of the *Trenton*, in the mood of the Roman, "We who are about to die, salute you," rolled forth from the ship's band "The Star-Spangled Banner." The crashing chords conquered the tempest. Before each man rose the vision of Old Glory defiant in the face of Death, the ever-young, immortal Flag of the great Republic.

Who knows? Some power beyond mortal divination intervened as the last trumpet-notes died away in the gale. The *Trenton* reached the *Vandalia*, but there was no shock. The two, side by side under the Stars and Stripes, formed a barrier against the sea.

A correspondent of the Associated Press who witnessed the wreck of the *Vandalia* and the *Trenton*, wrote these words near the close of his report: "Above the whole scene of destruction the Stars and Stripes and the flag of Rear-Admiral Kimberly floated from the shattered masts of the *Trenton*, as if to indicate that America was triumphant even above the storm."

XLII

THE FLAG IN THE WAR WITH SPAIN

THE Spanish War of 1898 was almost barren of scenes in which the Stars and Stripes had an individual part. When the *Maine* was blown up at Havana, in February of that year, the Flag was hoisted over the wreck, and was kept there at half-mast for days. Our ships, in and out of action, furnished no moments when Old Glory was an outstanding feature. The long run of the *Oregon* from the Pacific to the Atlantic; the battles of Manila and Santiago; the sinking of the *Merrimac*; not one of these stirring events revealed the Flag in a dramatic prominence.

The records of our land forces in the Spanish War surrender, under search, two stories that are of a nature that admits them to this book. One, that of the Stars and Stripes of the Rough Riders, is a genuine, first-class Flag story, possessing the desired elements of inception, development and stirring finish. The other, that of the National ensign of the Sixteenth Regulars, is but a flash-light incident in prose.

The Rough Riders, composed of men from the Southwest, cow-boys and college men from the East, assembled in Arizona. The command was an interesting one, having in its personnel men with family traditions of other wars under the Flag—Bucky

O'Neill's father had stormed Marye's heights in '62 with Meagher—and also serving, in a remarkable degree, as a forerunner of certain divisions in the late war in France, that were composed of men from many States.

When the squadron was about to leave for Cuba, it was found that it had no Stars and Stripes. Now note how beautifully this little story that follows echoes the stories of the battle-flags of '61. The women of the Women's Relief Corps of Phoenix, Arizona, promptly volunteered to make an Old Glory. They sat up all night at their work and sewed together "a beautiful silk standard" with their own fingers and needles. Unconsciously, those women were in a long delayed antiphone to old Fort Stanwix of 1777. It was said there was "much difficulty in finding the material of which to make it." The same rumor tells of "a blue gown, which may or may not have been used as the field for the stars."

When the Flag was finished, the Governor of Arizona presented it to the Rough Riders, handing it to Captain James M. McClintock. A chorus of girls from the Territorial Normal School sang "God Be With You Till We Meet Again," and, as Edward Marshall, war-correspondent, adds, the band of the Rough Riders undoubtedly responded with "A Hot Time."

As the Rough Riders went through the South to Tampa, they received ovations all along their route. Theodore Roosevelt's account of this portion of their Flag's story is so vivid that we repeat it here, especially as Roosevelt was himself the spirit of Old Glory incarnate. He says: "Everywhere the people came

out to greet and to cheer us. We were traveling through a region where practically all the old men had served in the Confederate Army, and where the younger men had all their lives long drunk in the endless tales told by their elders, at home, and at the cross-roads taverns, and in the court-house squares, about the cavalry of Forrest and Morgan and the infantry of Jackson and Hood. Everywhere we saw the Stars and Stripes and everywhere we were told, half-laughing, by grizzled ex-Confederates, that they had never dreamed in the bygone days of bitterness, to greet the old flag as they now were greeting it, and to send their sons, as they now were sending them, to fight and die under it."

The Rough Riders were the first volunteer regiment organized, armed and equipped, in the Spanish War. They were the first volunteer soldiers in Cuba. They raised the first Stars and Stripes hoisted by the military forces of the United States over foreign soil since the Mexican War. The raising of their Old Glory on the crest of Loriltires is an incident not to be overlooked. Surgeon La Motte, Color-Sergeant Wright, Trumpeter Platt, and Edward Marshall, climbed the hill with the Flag, found a deserted block-house, and prepared to fling out Old Glory above it. But the block-house had a slippery tin roof, and the little party was on the verge of despair when an American sailor opportunely appeared. He scrambled up the tin slope, carrying the Stars and Stripes of the girls of Arizona with him, and lashed it, by its own staff, to the little timber that stuck from the peak.

Down on the bay lay the United States transports.

Their sailors looked like toy men to the group on the hill. Suddenly some one on one of the ships caught sight of Old Glory fluttering over Cuba. And then, as we are told and can readily imagine, there was bedlam. Steam-whistles tooted, twenty thousand men yelled and cheered, twelve bands began to play with all their strength, and guns of warships banged away in fervid patriotism.

This Flag of the Rough Riders was carried gallantly through all the engagements in Cuba. At Las Guasimas, Color-Sergeant Wright was grazed three times on the neck by bullets, while carrying it, and four holes were shot through the silk of its folds.

At San Juan Hill, the Stars and Stripes of the Sixteenth Regulars, Infantry, was the first United States Flag to reach the crest and the Spanish lines. Stephen Bonsal wrote of this color as follows: "The leader of the thin and scattered line, the forlorn hope that persisted in advancing, was Lieut. Ord. There raced with him, running neck and neck the gauntlet of death, a color-bearer of the Sixteenth Infantry, carrying his great flag unfurled to the breeze; a private of the Sixth Infantry; and a little flute-player of the Sixth, a boy of sixteen. The young private of the Sixth, from Ohio, the first in the rush-line, fell twenty yards short of the crest."

XLIII

OLD GLORY AT THE TOP OF THE WORLD

THE North Pole, that for years had defied the attacks of men, especially of Englishmen and Americans, yielded to the assault of Commander Robert E. Peary of the United States Navy, in 1909. By successive stages, in 1900, 1902 and 1906, Peary had pushed beyond Greely's farthest of $83^{\circ} 24'$ north, by distances of 30 miles, 23 miles and 169 miles. There remained a strip of 174 miles to cover, in order to span the whole line of 396 miles that had resisted the foot of any other conqueror. Of Peary's tremendous struggle with the barrier of the North, we have no room to tell in this history. We are greatly interested in the Stars and Stripes which he carried with him.

This particular Old Glory, which had been made for Peary by his wife in 1894, was of silk and went with him in all his voyages to the North. On April 6, 1909, with five companions, four Esquimaux and the negro Henson, Peary stood on the top of the world. The great quest was ended. The North was no longer a mystery and a defiance. The Old Glory that had covered so many weary miles in high latitudes, that Peary had carried wrapped about his body on every one of his expeditions northward, was unfurled and planted to stream in the cold Arctic air. Peary had

left fragments of this Flag at each of his successive "farthest norths;" Cape Morris K. Jesup, the northernmost point of land in the known world; Cape Thomas Hubbard, the northernmost known point of Jesup Land, west of Grant Land; Cape Columbia, the northernmost point of North American lands; and his farthest north in 1906, latitude $87^{\circ} 6'$ in the ice of the Polar Sea. So it was a worn, discolored and patched Old Glory, typical of the long and severe struggle of the man who carried it, that marked the victory of the United States over all nations in a contest of brawn and mind.

Peary's record, deposited at the Pole, "between the ice blocks of a pressure ridge," in a glass bottle containing a diagonal strip of Old Glory, read as follows:—

90 N. Lat. North Pole.

April 6, 1909.

I have to-day hoisted the national ensign of the United States of America at this place, which my observations indicate to be the North Polar axis of the earth, and have formally taken possession of the entire region, and adjacent, for and in the name of the President of the United States of America.

I leave this record and United States flag in possession.

Robert E. Peary,

United States Navy.

XLIV

TERRITORIAL ACQUISITIONS UNDER THE FLAG

BEFORE entering upon the part taken by the Stars and Stripes in the late war in Europe, it will be well to list the territorial additions to the United States during the years since the Civil War. This record applies only to such lands as were, previous to their dates of acquisition, under other national flags.

Alaska was purchased from Russia through a Treaty which was signed on March 30, 1867. Russia relinquished, by this Treaty, all claim to the continent of Alaska and the adjacent islands. The transfer took place at Sitka, October 18, 1867. The Flag used at the time was forwarded to Washington, where it is now preserved.

On June 21, 1898, the cruiser *Charleston*, Captain Henry Glass, entered the harbor of San Luis d'Apra, Island of Guam, and took possession. The Spanish flag was lowered, and the Stars and Stripes was raised at about two o'clock that afternoon.

A fleet of United States vessels sailed from Guantanamo, Porto Rico, on July 21, 1898, and reached Guanica, Porto Rico, on the 25th. The Spanish withdrew without resistance. At the eastern end of the beach was a worn and faded Spanish flag, typical of

the waning control of Spain. This flag was lowered, and Old Glory was raised. At noon of October 18, the Stars and Stripes was hoisted at San Juan, and Porto Rico came completely into the hands of the United States.

During the Spanish-American War, the Hawaiian Islands were gathered under the folds of Old Glory. The formal annexation occurred at Honolulu on August 12, 1898. At 11.30 of that day, at the Executive Building, the Hawaiian flag slowly fluttered down from the flagstaff on the central tower of the building, and Old Glory went up to take its place.

On August 13, 1898, the city of Manila surrendered to Rear-Admiral George Dewey and Major-General Wesley Merritt. The Spanish flag was hauled down and the Stars and Stripes was hoisted. This act was a sign of the taking over of the Philippines by the United States.

On July 4, 1898, a group of officers of the second Philippine expedition landed on Wake Island and, a very proper celebration of the day, raised the Stars and Stripes over land many miles from any other Pacific shore. On January 17, 1899, Commander E. D. Taussig, United States Navy, in the ship *Bennington*, took formal possession of Wake Island.

Spain, in signing the Treaty of Peace on December 10, 1898, relinquished all claims to Cuba. At Havana, on July 1, 1899, the act of transfer occurred. At noon, the day was a Sunday, the Spanish standard that had for centuries flown above the Island, was lowered, and the Stars and Stripes was sent to the top of the staff. The fleet present, and the fortress, fired

salutes before and after the change of flags. The ceremony of transfer was free of ostentation, consisting merely of brief speeches by Captain-General Castellanos and Major-General John R. Brooke. On May 20, 1902, Cuba became an independent Republic.

Tutuila, Manua, and three lesser islands of the Samoan group came under the shadow of Old Glory through a Treaty signed November 14, 1899, between Great Britain and Germany, in the terms of which the United States acquiesced. Formal possession was taken at Pago Pago, on April 12, 1900.

Two islands, Caguyan-Sulu and Sibutu, of the Sulu Archipelago, which caused much discussion between Spain and the United States in the settling of the questions brought forward by the results of the Spanish-American War, became the property of the United States, on November 7, 1900, by a payment of \$100,000 to Spain.

In March, 1917, by purchase from Denmark, the Virgin Islands, St. Thomas, St. John and St. Croix, became the eastern wardens of the United States for the Caribbean Sea. On March 27 of that year, Secretary of the Navy Daniels radioed Captain Pollock of the transport *Hancock* to go to St. Thomas and take over the Islands in the name of the President of the United States. Pollock dropped anchor in the harbor of St. Thomas at 5.30 on the afternoon of that day.

At dawn of the next day the old *Olympia*, of Dewey's white fleet, appeared, like a ghost, off the harbor. She transferred her band to the *Hancock*, took on board sixty of Captain Pollock's seventy-eight marines, and

slipped over to St. Croix. Pollock proceeded at once to carry out Daniels' orders. As the evening began to deepen, the crimson Danneborg which had fluttered above the old town for years, came rippling slowly down, and a hush fell on the crowd. The Danish band played the Danish national anthem for the last time in the West Indies, and then marched away to the landing-stage, with Kaptan Konow, the late Governor, and his marines, behind them. An eye-witness said, and we believe him, "For a great many people this part of the picture was rather blurred."

Across the parade came the petty officers of the *Hancock*, each with a folded Stars and Stripes under an arm. They were tall and slim and brown, and they went like men with a purpose, straight to their posts. When their three Old Glories went up into the air—one on the fort, one on the barracks, and the largest on the main flagstaff in the saluting battery—the Islands were of Old Glory's domain.

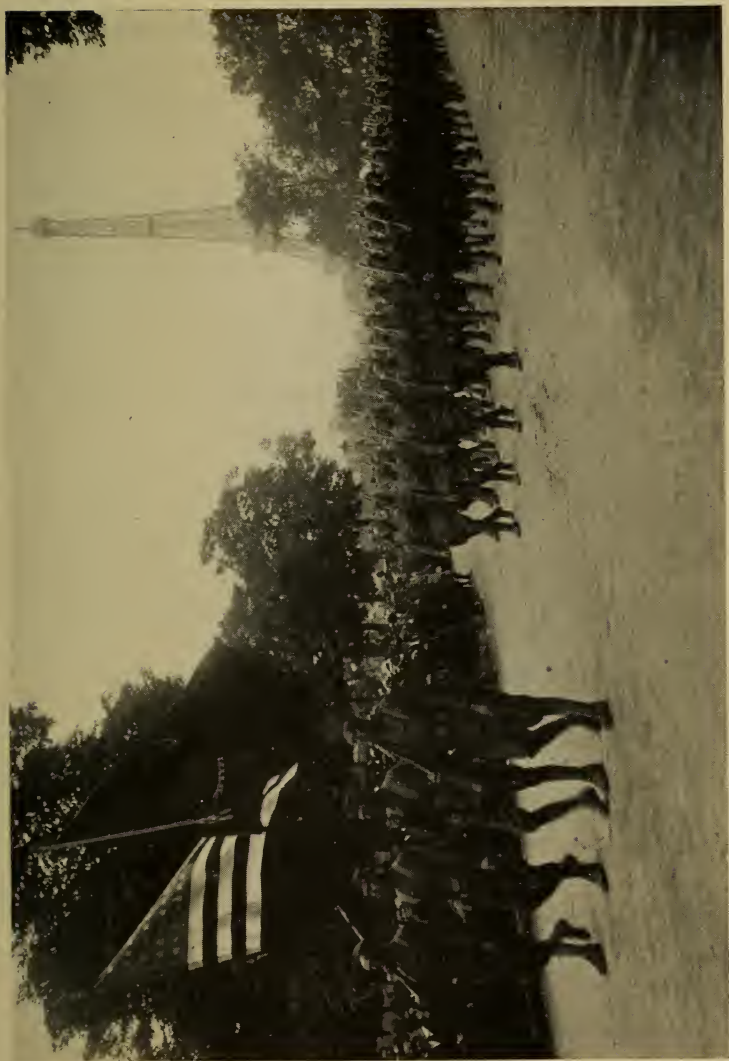
This chapter opened in Alaska and closes in the West Indies. As one result of those two additions of territory, the sun never sets on the Stars and Stripes. As his last rays of daylight glimmer on Old Glory at the western capes of Alaska, his glow of dawn gleams on the Red, White and Blue at the eastern gates of the Carib Sea.

XLV

THE STARS AND STRIPES AND THE WORLD WAR

AT Halifax, Nova Scotia, in December, 1917, there was a display of the American Flag that was in itself a sign of the part the United States was to take in the War in Europe. Halifax was suffering from the devastation caused by an explosion on a ship in her harbor. Boston, the nearest of the large cities of the United States, immediately equipped a Red Cross unit and dispatched it by train to the stricken city. The resident American consul donated a large Old Glory, and it was raised over the entrance to St. Mary's Hospital. A newspaper correspondent wrote, under the date of December 12, "The Greater Boston Red Cross unit paused in its work of mercy to-day to stand knee-deep in Canadian snows and sing 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' as for the first time in history Old Glory was flung, with formal ceremonies, to the Canadian skies."

There was an unusual coincidence in this display at Halifax; for there, one hundred and four years before, the Stars and Stripes came slowly into the harbor draped over the dead Lawrence lying on the deck of the *Chesapeake*. Halifax, as we remember, received the Stars and Stripes and its heroic defender, in 1813, with ceremonial honor. She sent the body of



OLD GLORY IN PARIS, JULY 4, 1918.

Lawrence back to Boston with words of chivalrous tribute. It was eminently fitting that the New England city should be the one, in 1917, first to arrive on Nova Scotian soil, under Old Glory, bringing a mission of practical aid.

This act of mercy at Halifax, carried out beneath the Stars and Stripes, was a true index of the eminent part the United States was to assume in crushing the weaponed tool of autocracy, the German army. For our entrance into the great struggle was inspired partly by a humanitarian desire to aid oppressed nations. We are to see, as we read the last pages of this history, that Old Glory was more a symbol of beneficence than an oriflamme of battle, in its appearance in France in 1917. The old days when the Stars and Stripes went into the swirl at the core of the whirlpool of conflict are gone, seemingly forever. It will be a surprise to many readers to learn that the European war yields few if any flags torn and pierced by bullets and shells. A French writer, Captain Capart, in his book of reminiscences written late in the war, said, through the mouth of a poilu, "Back of the lines I am a color-bearer. Here, I am just like the others." Flags were displayed in France, near the battlefields, but seldom, probably never, upon them.

It gives us a running commentary on the attitude of this country toward the European conflict, to follow and clip references to Old Glory in the daily press of the United States of the years from 1915 to 1919. The year 1914 revealed practically nothing. In 1915 appeared a number of brief allusions to the Stars and Stripes, principally in the form of advice as to proper

methods of display. In June of that year the *New York Times* paid its respects to Flag-Day with two articles, from which we quote. Under the caption, "Topics of the Times," June 12, appeared these words, "There are days when flags mean, or should mean a good deal to everybody, to civilians as well as soldiers. It is not for nothing that always there has been in most hearts a capacity to thrill at the sight of specially ordered bits of cloth." That was a decorous and demure statement of loyalty to Old Glory. It sounds thin when compared with the passionate utterances of 1861. On June 14, Flag-Day, under the heading "Nation to Honor the Flag To-day," we were told that in New York City Secretary Franklin K. Lane's eulogy of the Stars and Stripes would be read in all the public schools. Secretary Lane's words deserved to be read. We give these selections from his eloquent personification of Old Glory; the Flag is speaking, "I am song and fear, struggle and panic, and ennobling hope. . . . I am the mystery of the men who do without knowing why. . . . I am the clutch of an idea and the reasoned purpose of resolution."

It remained in that summer of 1915, for an ex-Confederate soldier, Will Henry Thompson, speaking in a city on the Pacific coast, to renew the old blaze of fiery patriotism that leaped into flame during the opening weeks of the Civil War. Thompson, a Georgian, was at sixteen years of age a soldier in the Army of Northern Virginia. After Appomattox he set out to tramp home with other boys in gray. While on their desolate march, the little group "sat down in dust and ashes and divided a small square of bunting which

one of them had hidden in his bosom." That torn fragment was a piece of a Stars and Bars of Lee's Army. No wonder the *Times* spoke editorially, in referring to Thompson's address, of "the meaning of a flag, the unaccountable love men have for it. The love of a flag is as little to be analyzed as the love for a mother."

Thompson's main theme was "The Shadow of a Flag," and he had set down a part of his thoughts in verse. We give his story in prose. During the struggle at the "Bloody Angle" a Stars and Stripes was planted on the frail log breast-work that Thompson and his comrades were defending. It was riddled by shot and its staff was splintered, but it kept on floating above boys in Blue and in Gray whose bayonets were interlocked in savage strife. Suddenly, caught in the wind, it streamed out, defiant in all its tattered beauty. Its shadow fell upon the face of the boy from Georgia beneath it. His heart gave a quick leap, for the star of Georgia was still "on the old banner." He saw "Ticonderoga and Yorktown, Monterey and Chapultepec fluttering in its folds as the radiant thing stood in the shriveling mouth of hell and waved and waved."

Germany had cause to fear when the sons and the grandsons of the North and the South of '61 tugged at their leashes in 1917, eager to meet her sons on the fields of France. For the records of the Civil War reveal an American courage in battle that defies the standards of any other nation on the globe. The hour was at hand. The sinkings of the *Lusitania* and the *Arabic*, the continued disregard of the rights of the United States as a neutral nation, the brutality of

German warfare, and, above all, the sinister menace of the Prussian sword to all civilized Humanity, swept us as a Nation over the fine dividing line of parley to the field of determined action. Old Glory was to be defended, vindicated, made a sign of victory. On April 6, 1917, President Wilson and the two Houses of Congress moved finally. The war was on for us, and the Stars and Stripes blossomed forth on staff, steeple and roof, and in the windows of a million American homes. England and France, and their Allies, caught the glow across the Atlantic. The following stanza from a poem by Bertrand Shadwell, which appeared in *The London Chronicle*, voices Great Britain's welcome to Old Glory after it appeared in force in Europe:

“Here’s to the Starry Banner!
Let it shine on our masts and our towers!
And here’s to the great Republic
That has welded her strength with ours!
Her flag’s in the streets of London;
Her fleet’s on the Northern Sea;
And her sons stand firm in the trenches,
To fight till the world is free.”

To those of us who find in Abraham Lincoln a living text-book of Americanism, a few words spoken by him at the close of his first Inaugural Address, came to mind in April, 1917, with a new and more potent meaning: “The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched.”

XLVI

THE FLAG AT THE FRONT IN FRANCE

ON April 9, 1917, Old Glory went into action for the first time on a battlefield of Europe. The news flashed across the ocean and sped West, North and South, throughout the United States. To Gunner William H. Clancy of the Royal Field Artillery of Canada, goes the honor of showing the Prussians the colors of the Stars and Stripes near the point of a bayonet. Clancy was born in Boston and lived for a time in Ipswich, Mass. He later made his home in Texas and counts himself a Texan. Here is his story, as told in a hospital: "I, William H. Clancy, a homeless person, put the good Old Glory on the battlefield at Vimy Ridge on April 9, 1917. On Sunday A. M., April 8, we heard through battery orders that the United States had declared war. I went to my kit bag and took out the Old Glory I always carried with me."

The rest of Clancy's story deserves a paragraph by itself. "At 5.30 A. M., Monday, came orders to go over the top. I tied Old Glory to my bayonet and made the charge. One young fellow, from Newark, N. J., was struck by a shell and died in my arms, saying 'I am glad I gave my life for the freedom of the world.' So I let him lie, but, just before he died he

kissed my flag. 'Old Glory!' he said. And I told him 'Yes, Old Glory, and new glory, too.' "

Clancy was badly wounded at Vimy Ridge. His record in France tells us that he took part with the Canadians at Neuve Chapelle, in the assault on the Hohenzollern Redoubt, and in the battle of the Somme. He is for us the sole member of our long line of immortal color-bearers to perpetuate the glorious tradition in the late war. Across the years, his hand reaches to the shadowy hands of the boys who carried Old Glory at Yorktown, Lundy's Lane, Chapultepec, Gettysburg and San Juan Hill. A tablet for William H. Clancy in our Hall of Flags.

Before we take up the story of our Army in France as crusaders carrying a Flag with a new meaning for the Old World, we pause to record two events in which the Flag had a singularly beautiful part; the burial of Paul J. Osborne, of New Jersey, and the making of the Old Glory that waved over the *Tuscania's* dead. Osborne died on June 22, 1917, from the effects of wounds received while driving an ambulance. He was the first boy from the United States to die in the Great War under our Flag after our country entered as a belligerent. At the burial service, General Baratier of the French Army delivered a brief but poetically sympathetic address. One of his sentences stands out imbued with the sensitive pity and chivalry of France: "Sleep, soldier Osborne, wrapped in the Stars and Stripes within the shadow of the banners of France."

On February 7, 1918, the British transport *Tuscania*, carrying American troops, was torpedoed off the Irish coast and one hundred and seventy men were lost. A

number of the bodies drifted to the shore of Scotland and were tenderly taken into the care of the villagers of Islay. It was decided to bury these boys from America with military honors. At dusk of the night before the ceremony, some one asked if an American Flag was at hand for unfurling over the graves. A Stars and Stripes could not be found. A Scotch mother had noticed the design of the Flag tattooed on the arm of one of the dead. She called in three other mothers, and the four worked with their needles through the night. As the gray dawn grew over the sea, they completed a Stars and Stripes. And so, in a driving rain, with the skirl of the pipers' funeral dirge and a volley of musketry, and with the whispering of the sea around the rocks, American boys were laid to rest in Scotland under the Old Glory of their hearts.

Jessie McLellan, Mary Cunningham, Catherine McGregor and Mary Armour, the Stars and Stripes that you made during that February night of storm and sorrow, is now with us in America, to be cherished as a memorial of motherhood that sees in a homemade flag a symbol of love and of sacrifice.

These Flag-incidents we have related were mere bits of flotsam in the wide tide of war. They were significant, as they were evidences of English and French realization of the true import of the arrival of the Stars and Stripes on the battleground. The United States was willing to suffer, to give of her own blood, that the principles typified in her Flag should not be a mockery at Berlin. Once with her face set to the East, she moved with splendid precision and determination. On July 13, 1917, six hundred and eighty-

seven thousand men were called to the colors. On October 27, 1917, the first American shot ever fired in war on the soil of Europe, sped from a battery to the German line. During the first week of November, 1917, the first men of the United States to fall in action, Private James B. Gresham, of Evansville, Indiana, Private Merle D. Hay, of Glidden, Iowa, and Private Thomas F. Enright, of Pittsburgh, Pa., were buried in the soil of France.

The historian knows that there will be readers of his book who will say that he gives undue emphasis to the sad elements of the Story of Old Glory. He holds that death under and for the Stars and Stripes is ever the Light of its high Adventure. We cannot extol too highly the courage of those who have gone out to fight and to die for the Americanism that shines blazoned on the Flag. It is our constant duty to give to our children the history of the Stars and Stripes as a book of intense patriotism. They must see in our Flag not mere bunting and stitches, but the heroism of thousands whose lives have been given freely that no blot could stain a stripe and no hand remove a star. That hour in November, 1917, when those three boys were lowered into French ground, was a mile-post in the march of the Nation's history.

Beneath a gray sky, and with the rain falling steadily, three companies of infantry from the battalion to which the three had belonged, American artillery detachments, and a number of French infantry, formed a hollow square round the graves which had been dug in ground already sown thick with the dead of Great Britain and France. At the head of each grave flut-

tered a small silk Old Glory. As the caskets wrapped in the Stars and Stripes were brought to the graves, a bugler blew taps and the batteries at the front fired minute-guns, not mere salutes but discharges that sent shells into the Prussian lines, uttering defiance.

A French general stepped forward, looked at each of the three Flag-draped coffins, turned and said, "We of France ask that the mortal remains of these young men be left with us forever. We will inscribe on their tombs, 'Here lie the first soldiers of the Republic of the United States to fall upon the soil of France in the cause of justice and liberty.' Private Enright, Private Gresham, Private Hay, in the name of France I thank you. May God receive your souls. Farewell!"

A volley of seventy-fives crashed the last word of farewell through the gray, rain-soaked air. Then American boys, with tears trickling down their faces, lowered their dead comrades and covered them over with the soil for which they had fought and died.

Little by little the great news we here in the United States were looking for, began to come to us; at first in brief dispatches that stirred the heart of the Nation, laconic sentences telling of the endurance and courage of our men under fire. In March and April, 1918, France officially recognized these displays of heroism by decorating American soldiers "for bravery in action." The 104th United States Infantry received one hundred and twenty-two war medals and became famous as the first American regiment to be decorated by any foreign government for heroic conduct under fire. A photograph taken at the time pictures the ceremony of pinning-on the medals. In the back-

ground are lines of our troops, and at the right stands the Color-Guard with the Stars and Stripes. It is not a rent and bullet-pierced Old Glory. It hangs from its staff in a breathless air, untorn, resplendent. Much as we regret the passing of the day when the Flag went with its defenders right into the furnace of battle, to suffer and even to be destroyed with them, we accept the presence of Old Glory behind the lines of its supporters in action, calling to them and urging them onward. They feel it with them, in their hearts and in their minds' vision, the soul of America inspiring to victory.

On Bastille Day, July 14, 1918, a detachment of United States soldiers paraded with their French, British and Belgian comrades, in Paris. Here is what an American newspaper correspondent wrote as they went by, "Next came our Americans. They marched like men who have had their baptism of fire, men who have been tried and were not found wanting. I felt the 'Star Spangled Banner' in my right shoulder-blade, 'Dixie' in my left, and 'America' all up and down my backbone.

"Such stern-set faces. Not a man was smiling, not a man looked to right or left. The mouths were level as the edge of a ruler. If ever I saw the autograph of an inflexible determination, it was written in these firm and resolute countenances of men with a charge to keep, a trust to which they will be true.

"They showed their training. These were not amateurs. They were men of a seasoned hardihood. They were men who had gone over the top and seen their pals fall beside them, and made good against

the boche. They did not carry bayonets. But they looked preëminently businesslike, undecorative and solidly irresistible.

"Not a hint of the screaming eagle was here, not a trace of the 'we'll-show-you' attitude, not a sign of anything but cool and clear decision, of preëminent physical fitness, of the health of men who took care of themselves in cities, if they did not come from the windward side of the continent.

"Oregon shouldered the Dakotas, New Mexico and Idaho marched cheek by jowl, and man after man surely pinches himself now and then to see if he will not suddenly wake in Maine or Pennsylvania or Southern California."

Philip Gibbs, the prince of correspondents, found in Old Glory the signal of defeat for Germany. This is what he saw early in 1918 through his British eyes: "There are now men on the road of a new race who were not in the war when it began, but are now of our side, men who came in their hundreds of thousands."

How finely he introduces Old Glory as we read on: "I saw outside a French cottage the answer to the great challenge which the enemy has now flung down. A flag was hanging up outside the garden gate and a sentry guarded it. It was the flag of the Stars and Stripes outside an American headquarters. If we hold the enemy for the next few months, the American armies in France will so tip the wheel of fortune that never again will the enemy have the initiative on the western front. With this great aid to French and British arms, the strength and spirit of the Ger-

man war machine will be sapped and shattered.

"The little flag outside the cottage which I passed yesterday was a symbol of the great power that is behind us, and further on there were living witnesses of the American army that is growing and spreading with a giant stride. They are splendid to see, these men."

From Paris, on July 17, 1918, flashed a message that brought the United States to its feet cheering. An American general in command of American forces south of the Marne received word from the French commander to the effect that, although he and his troops had been forced back by German assaults, there was no need of a counter-attack and it might be advisable to give the Americans an hour's rest. This was the response: "We regret being unable on this occasion to follow the counsels of our masters, the French, but the American flag had been forced to retire. This is unendurable, and none of our soldiers would understand their not being asked to do whatever is necessary to reestablish a situation which is humiliating to us and unacceptable to our country's honor. We are going to counter-attack."

A Paris paper, *Matin*, made this terse but satisfactory comment: "The Americans launched their counter-attack and the lost ground was soon recovered, with an additional half mile taken from the Germans for good measure."

We have anticipated history a little, for the reason that we wished to isolate the episode of the Flag that would not retire, before entering upon the story of the dramatic last days of the war. In the opening

week of June, 1918, the German machine of men and guns was rolling on towards Paris. Steadily, with the cruel surety of a moving wedge of iron, it crept onward. On June 4, American and French troops, fighting side by side, flung themselves at the apex and the sides of the wide wedge. It slowed up, was splintered in places. On June 6, at Château-Thierry, of immortal memory, with the United States Marines fighting on ahead like demons, the Allied Divisions halted the advance, stopped in its tracks. On June 11, those same Marines, determined on adding a new word to their flag, to make a trio with Tripoli and Mexico, smashed through the machine-gun fire in Belleau Wood and captured the position at the point of the bayonet.

Does any one imagine that Paris received the news of Château-Thierry in stoical calm? John Scott, an American who was in the city at the time, answers the question. "In Paris," he says, "there was a little playlet being given for war relief work. In it a small French girl was tossing the Star Spangled Banner. I saw the show one night after I first went to Europe. The American air was applauded warmly when the child had finished."

We turn over the page of Mr. Scott's story and go on with him. "I was in Paris the night after the day on which it was announced American troops had hurled back Hun thousands when they appeared to be marching right down the road to French homes. I want to tell you the exhibition of gratitude and enthusiasm shown for the American flag and the American national air was heartrending. I walked down to the theatre where this benefit play was being staged.

The play proceeded until the baby came out and started to lisp the words of 'The Star Spangled Banner.'

"There was instant chaos. There was wild cheering and roars of applause. There were tears and smiles and yells. Hats went into the air and old women cried and wrung their hands. It was a sight worth while. France had seen the American soldier kill the hungry wolf at the doorstep, and she was thankful."

Gunner Clancy, you were right in what you said at Vimy Ridge. There is now "new glory" for Old Glory, the glory of a noble sacrifice that a sister tri-color may float free from the black shadow of the Prussian ensign.

The end of the war came dimly into sight when, on September 12, 1918, the American First Army with shot and steel ironed out flat the St. Mihiel salient in twenty-seven hours, taking fifteen thousand prisoners and reducing the line of battle by twenty miles. The end was vividly within range of vision when Old Glory sent forward its eager thousands to rip open the Hindenburg line on September 29, and then on again, on October 3, into the mazes of the Argonne Forest to the Meuse, and up to the Kriemhilde line. On November 7, Sedan fell into the grip of the regiments in khaki, and Germany threw up her hands in dismay. On November 8, German envoys entered the French lines and conferred with Marshal Foch, requesting an armistice. The Kaiser had learned that the United States has a long arm and a glove of steel on her good right hand.

It is impossible in this book, to give credit to any one of the valiant divisions that fought for Old Glory



OLD GLORY REACHES COBLENZ AND THE RHINE

in France. Regimental and Divisional histories to come, will pay honor where it is due and in full measure. We are following the story of Old Glory and clinging closely to historic episodes in the chronicle. Our work would have been complicated if the Stars and Stripes had actually gone into action in France, for then we should have been face to face with a real test, that of selecting and reproducing in words a number of the more dramatic scenes in which the Flag would have borne a part.

On November 16, 1918, Marshal Foch addressed a message to the Allied armies. It closed with these words, "Be proud. You have adorned your flags with immortal glory. Posterity preserves for you its recognition."

Old Glory came forth vividly as a sign of liberation even before the armistice was signed. A foregleam of what was to happen in history shone in Paris when, on December 24, 1917, the Stars and Stripes flew beside the Tricolor on the Strasburg monument in the Place Concorde. On July 24, 1918, the event thus foretold took place, as American troops in Alsace-Lorraine held a grand review in which the Stars and Stripes was carried for the first time on soil that had been for a while German. Color-Sergeant Guy M. Nunemacher, of Elmira, N. Y., claims the honor of holding Old Glory aloft on that day.

The real significance of the Flag in Europe was revealed in the early hours of occupation of Prussian dominated land, under the terms of the armistice. A former German soldier, now an American citizen, said in 1917, "As a general thing, flags meant in Germany

only so much bunting. The regimental colors were our highest conception of a flag because, whether unfurled or wrapped, we had always to give them the same salute as that accorded to his Majesty himself. In other words, the flag represented a personality instead of being an emblem of noble ideals."

After reading that clear statement, it is easy to comprehend the joy with which Old Glory was greeted in the liberated towns of France, Belgium, and even of Austria and Bulgaria. When Bulgaria withdrew from the war, a letter was sent from a man with the Bulgarian army to friends in this country. Here is a part of it: "Thousands of Bulgarian soldiers laid down their arms with delight. I know forty of them who had been students in the American Presbyterian Agricultural College outside Salonica. Always from the flagstaff of the school floated the Stars and Stripes. Under that flag they learned to read and write both the Bulgarian and the English languages. Not one of those boys could have fired on the American flag."

Now for the advance to the Rhine. On November 11, 1918, Verdun came into its own. The old town was in a frenzy. On that day, for the first time in many months, no shells fell within the walls. The Prussian guns were silenced. "A large American flag was carried by the men of the New England Division, while the French buglers bore the Tricolor of France," was the Associated Press story in a nutshell.

Our searchlight now swings to Arras. The Bishop of Arras, in the United States during that wonderful November, said to Cardinal Gibbons, "Arras is no longer habitable, and three hundred villages in my

diocese have been razed to the ground until all the land resembles a desert. But the nuns of the Carmelite order are staying at their post to make the flag that will be given to the regiment from Philadelphia," the 315th, because, as the nuns said, "it was in Philadelphia that freedom was reborn."

The following rather lengthy but interpretative account of Old Glory in the wasted lands, is taken verbatim from an American newspaper: "November 19, 1918. The American soldiers have seen their flag waving in equal love with that of brave France and of doughty Belgium. Ask any doughboy, from New York or San Francisco, what thing he has seen sticks in his mind. He will tell you it was the homemade American flags.

"Two months and a little more ago came word to those held under the Prussian bayonet that Americans were fighting their way toward them. They began to make American flags against the great day. These flags were made secretly, where prying Hun eyes could not see. From school books they got the design which they worked on. When the great day came, by the side of the French flags in French towns and the Belgian flag in Belgian towns, flew the homemade Stars and Stripes.

"Flown from the housetops and churches in towns and villages in Northern France and Southern Belgium, they seemed most lovely emblems, for they told the story of America, why she went to war. They told that our boys had won that for which they came to France to fight. They told that those boys had won respect and admiration; aye, more, had won love.

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“To me those homemade flags meant more than empires gained or billions paid. They meant that the people who made them could not celebrate their day of rejoicing without the Stars and Stripes.

“Who can explain the phenomenon of those homemade flags? What spirit could have prompted the women of half a hundred towns to do the same thing in the same way? These women had no means of communicating. The display could not have been planned. But to-day in many towns in Belgium and France behind our lines those little flags are flying. I saw them in Montmedy and in Virton. I saw them in Longuyon and in Etain. And I saw them in Conflans. What could they represent but love of America?”

Constantine, while on a campaign in the Rhine country, had a vision of a cross in the heavens. Then and there, according to the old legend, he determined to fight under the new sign and for it, since it revealed to him the conquest of light over darkness.

The United States came to the Rhine in the twentieth century under its glorious sign, the Stars and Stripes, a symbol set against the blue sky for people seeking the flame of true leadership under justice and a divine compassion.



AN OLD GLORY WITH ELEVEN SIX-POINTED STARS AND
SEVEN STRIPES, MADE IN SECRET BY THE
FRENCHWOMEN OF METZ.

XLVII

CONCORD AMONG THE TRICOLORS

IN Westminster Abbey, London, on Sunday, February 9, 1919, Englishmen and Americans met in a memorial service, an impressive tribute to Theodore Roosevelt. At the close of the service the choir sang "How Firm a Foundation" and "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." Then, as the archdeacon and the clergy left the Abbey in solemn procession, the western sunlight poured through the western windows and the organ burst forth with "The Star Spangled Banner."

There was a mystical benediction in that flood of western light entering Great Britain's Holy of Holies as the strains of our national anthem filled the great nave. England and the United States have sealed their brotherhood, with France as the third hand clasped, in the deaths of their sons in a common cause. In their keeping is the security of the world's happiness. The three great Tricolors are in harmony.

On May 12, 1918, an Englishman, John Truscott, who lives twenty-eight miles from London, went up to the city and was granted a vision. He stood beneath "Big Ben," the tall clock tower of the Houses of Parliament, near the Abbey, with the still taller Victoria Tower and its flagstaff near by. From the staff two great flags were flying side by side.

"No need to say what they were," he wrote. "As

I watched, the Union Jack momentarily drooped and clung around the mast. Then the Stars and Stripes, like a living thing, flew out bravely its utmost. The other, as one aroused, flew out also its very fullest. The two together then streamed out in the rising breeze, suggestive of the times and circumstances and emblematically defying the reactionary forces of the world."

In the last sentences of his letter, Mr. Truscott reaches the heart of the Anglo-American union. "Let no one measure our joy by the volume of the shouting, the number of the flags or the frequency of the grasping hands of brotherly greeting. These are but ripples upon a wide, deep, rapid stream of international brotherhood."

We cross the channel. Georges Clemenceau, Premier of the French Republic, and a little six-year old girl, fatherless through the fate of war, speak for France.

Clemenceau said, on February 9, 1919, "The friendship between our peoples which has subsisted for a century and a half is a very beautiful thing. The like of it has never existed for the same length of time between any other two peoples. This cordiality, cemented by our contact during the war, must endure in closer measure hereafter. To this end our minds must meet."

The little girl whose father lies beneath the sward near the Marne, was given a tiny Stars and Stripes in July, 1917. Greater is she than the Premier of France when she says, "I begged my little mother to put the little flag in a locket and to hang it around my neck. And now I have the flag always with me."

XLVIII

PATRIOTISM AND THE FLAG

SIR THOMAS BROWNE, one of England's masters of prose, on a night of a decade near the middle of the seventeenth century, had been writing in his study at Norwich. "The declining constellations warned him to lay down his pen." Before he laid aside his manuscript for the night he finished a peculiarly beautiful page that afterwards evoked the praise of Coleridge. On that page occur the words, "The huntsmen are up in America."

Sir Thomas Browne was in error in that statement, for midnight at Norwich means sundown on our Atlantic coast. The real interest for us lies in an inference. We believe that Sir Thomas turned, looked out through a north window and saw the mighty galaxy that glittered in the Arctic heavens. If so, he must have seen what we see even in this later time—for the stars are eternal by man's hourglass—the North Star, Polaris, and its attendant constellations, the Great Bear and the Little Bear, known to us as the Great Dipper and the Little Dipper. These two groups of stars, with the North Star, were the guides for mariners on the North Atlantic. Columbus sailed by them, and the Cabots, Verazzano, Hudson, Cartier, Champlain, Frobisher, Davis, the Pilgrims, all that wonder-

ful company of intrepid souls kept constant watch by night on these unerring friends, when sleet and snow, mist and rain, did not blot out their mighty chart. Turn to the Second Act of Othello and read these magnificent lines in the First Scene :

“The wind-shaked surge, with high and monstrous mane,
Seems to cast water on the burning bear,
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole.”

To the Englishmen of the seventeenth century the Northern heavens at night were a clock of the hours and a guide for the wide sea-roads. They readily suggested far adventure and—America. We have spoken, in another chapter, of the constellation Cygnus, the Northern Cross. When the *Mayflower* dropped anchor at Plymouth in December, 1620, the Cross of Calvary stood upright before the Pilgrims on the bleak hills. They could not see what the telescope has revealed to us, the nebula of the United States in North America, held guarded within the arms of that Cross. Yet the United States, even the stars of its glorious Flag, were before them, hidden in the blue-black deeps of the great Mystery of the years, awaiting the proper hour of revelation.

Forty years before the Pilgrims crossed the ocean, Voltaire said, in one of his essays—we give Florio's translation—“Our world hath of late discovered another, no less large, fully-peopled, all things yielding and mighty in strength, than ours; nevertheless so new and infantine that he is yet to learn his A B C. This late world shall but come to light when ours shall fall into darkness.” Europe did “fall into darkness” in

August, 1914. The United States did "come to light," a country accepting the cross of supreme sacrifice. Sir Thomas Browne, had he come as a shadow into his old study at Norwich, in April, 1917, could have written once more, "The huntsmen are up in America."

In a vague way, the Old World turned to the New many years ago, in the hope that here was to be found the lost Atlantis, the country where Utopia could be made a reality. America was to be the land of the perfect patriotism, Voltaire's world "come to light." To be direct, do we as a People know what patriotism is? Have three centuries and more of colonizing, town-building and developing, produced a nation that is one under its Flag? We cannot fulfil the hopes of the poets and the prophets of old Europe until we are one Unit, a People that reflects in itself the complete harmony of its one recognized symbol, the Stars and Stripes. And it is our duty, more so to-day than ever before in our history, to come together in States shoulder-to-shoulder in a definite, common Purpose for the good of the World. In the stars resides the emblem of our nationality. Each constellation in the firmament is a union of distinctly individual members; but the great group defies Time in its fixed cohesion. "The morning stars sang together," said the writer of the Book of Job, and in that superb phrase is to be found the very soul of the greater America to come, that we believe is just ahead of us, within the span of the living generation of men and women.

To achieve this splendid unity, we must realize patriotism in our national life. What is patriotism? Ask an American of to-day to tell you what patriotism is.

He is apt to give you a verbose explanation of a devotion too frequently colored by waving flags and punctuated with cheers. His country is "big," "the first in the world," "the refuge of the oppressed races of effete Europe," "the mighty melting-pot of nationalities," "the saviour of Europe." Would that we had a more devout interpretation of America.

We find in a poem in French, by Emile Cammaerts, a Belgian poet, a singularly beautiful presentation of the passion of true patriotism. The following is a fairly accurate translation:

"It is the accent of a voice,
The sound of a distant bell,
A gleam in the woods,
A ray of sunlight on the plain.
It is a certain home beneath a certain sky,
And the measured tread of one on the river-bank.
It is a woman on her knees before a chapel
By the road where many tapers burn.
It is the fragrance of the grass around the pools,
And the scent of the dust in the road.
It is the flash of a glance, . . .
A vision of the Past that swiftly fades.
It is all that one cannot tell,
And all that one feels;
All that he can express only in song."

How closely that fine, sensitive creed of love of native-land is echoed in the following, taken from a French textbook, "La Patrie," "Do you know what the motherland is? It is the house where your mother has carried you in her arms. It is the lawn on which you play your joyous games. It is the school where you receive your first instruction. It is the town hall where floats the flag of France. It is the cemetery

where your ancestors rest. It is the clock which you see again with a new joy on each return to the village. It is the fields which bear the traces of the labor of your fathers. It is the hills, the mountains, which you have so many times climbed."

Young Paul Lintier wrote, in his "My '75," at the time of the retreat of the French before the battle of the Marne, "During the days of defeat we had just been passing through, what a picture of our country had been revealed to us! An army immediately victorious cannot plumb the depth of patriotism. One must have fought, have suffered and have feared—even if only for a moment—to lose her, in order to understand what one's country really means. She is the whole joy of existence, the embodiment of all our pleasures visible and invisible, and the focus of all our hopes. She alone makes life worth living. All this united and personified in a single suffering being, begotten by the will of millions of individuals—that is France."

Edward Hutton, in his introduction to "England of My Heart," says, "England is not merely what we see and are. It is all the past and all the future. It is inheritance, the fields we have always ploughed, the landscape and the sea, the tongue we speak, the verse we know by heart, all we hope for, all we love and venerate, under God. And there abides a sense of old times gone, of ancient law, of friendship, of religious benediction."

We have been told that we, as a Nation, lack historic background, that, having little reverence for our Past, we are wanting in the first principles of patriotism. Is it that our country is so vast, that we have no intelli-

gent patriotism? Robert Herrick, in his "The World Decision," seems to imply this condition as a determining force when he says, "This primal love of the earth that has borne you and your ancestors seems to me infinitely stronger, more passionate with the European than with the American. We roam; our frontiers are still horizons." Yes, and New Orleans and San Francisco and Seattle are almost like cities under skies that do not bend over us on the Atlantic coast. Yes, and we have to face and solve the eternal problem of an ever flowing tide of immigrants pouring in and around the towers of our old establishment, with faces that see no shapes of our Past. They must be made to realize America, or their mingling with us to create a new People will give us no Future grounded in our Past. We need a patriotism based in a definite, sympathetic, general knowledge of our History. That the United States is a Purpose for Good; that, despite failures and bafflings, she is at soul a Democracy with a far-flung vision; we and those whom we accept to share our citizenship, must realize and, realizing, build ever with better beams and bricks.

While reading Professor Ferguson's "Greek Imperialism," we came upon a passage that threw light not only on the history of Greece but on our own as well. Greek history teems with the rivalries and the wars of Athens, Sparta and Thebes. National unity was ever balked by state jealousies. Ferguson says, "Memories of great actions done in olden times were preserved by monuments of bronze and marble, and revived annually by appropriate ceremonies. Legend and fact, blended in an edifying tradition,—the repos-

itory of the yearnings and ideals of dead generations,—inspired the living to bear themselves worthily in all national crises. ‘Love thou thy land with love far-brought from out the storied past,’ was an admonition of which Greek cities of the classic epoch stood in little need. The mischief was that the land which they loved was not all Greece, but merely the territory of a single state.”

That last sentence has in it the explanation of the real weakness of our sense of patriotism. We do not think in terms of the nation, but in terms of the state, even of the city. Years ago Ralph Waldo Emerson confessed another truth, that Americans worship foreign traditions and not their own. He said, “Where the heart is, there the muses, there the gods sojourn, and not in any geography of fame. Massachusetts, Connecticut River, Boston Bay you think paltry places, and the ear loves the names of foreign and classical topography. But here we are; and, if we will tarry a little, we may come to learn that here is best.”

“Here” is best. When a man can wander through his native village and read, in its landmarks, its early houses and its graves, the chapter-headings of a romance of devotion and fortitude, he is in accord with the first pages of his country’s history. There are Westminster Abbeys in every century-old town in the United States. It is our duty as patriots who have keys to these shrines, to open the doors to those who come to us seeking citizenship. Give these men who are to be our brothers a share in our heritages of national inspiration. From the hill of vision over a small area of history, that of the city or the town, lead them

to heights where broaden on the view the reaches of the State and the vistas of the Nation.

We are not going to have a united Nation, passionately devoted to its ideals, until we have a nation-wide realization of the meaning of the struggles, the tears, the prayers, the sacrifices, the devotion of the men and women who have made the United States.

On the night of July 1, 1913, we stood on a hill at Gettysburg overlooking the encampment of veterans. A faint star hung in the west and we heard the clear tones of a bugle distant across the fields, poured out like an echo of long ago. Then came darkness and with it the misty columns of regiments of boys with tattered Old Glories. They were the shapes of the immortal lads who gave all that the things for which the Flag was a symbol might endure. Hilaire Belloc, in one of his brief essays, voices his feeling of awe when he endeavors to realize the Past in the Present. At the close of this essay is a paragraph that condenses the whole of his thought into a few sentences. We change but two words that refer to localities famous in the story of the conflict at Waterloo, and, by substituting the names of two hills that were crucial at Gettysburg, have the following:—Nearly “all those boys who held the line of the low ridge or rather swell of land from Culp’s Hill to Little Round Top have utterly gone. More than dust goes, more than wind goes; they will never be seen again. Their voices will never be heard . . . they are not. But what is the mere soil of the field without them? What meaning has it save for their presence?”

To-day we ask again, with the thought of our heroic

dead in France, "What meaning has it save for their presence?" Apply that sentence to the Stars and Stripes, under which they gathered here to prepare themselves for their mighty crusade, under which they crossed the Atlantic, and for which they fought and died. "What meaning has *it* save for their presence?" They made the United States a "land of light" for a Europe in "darkness." The Italian poet-aviator D'Annunzio, wrote in 1917, "The stars in the great flag of your Republic are our constellation of hope, even as the Pleiades—sign of guidance to the mariners—are, and appear to us as a constellation of salvation." Those stars have glittered along the highways of France, have been reflected in the waters of the Rhine, have glowed in the sunlight on the roads of Germany. And everywhere they have carried the story of a Nation resolute in its voyaging by the Pole Star of its Destiny, the Good of the World. Are we to forget them, the boys who suffered and died for that Flag?

Old Glory must fly over every schoolhouse between the two oceans. But it must fly with a new and far deeper meaning. No flag ever devised by man has so clearly expressed the ideals of true democracy in its design. No flag carries in its own picture so much of national history. All that we have been as a Nation, and all that we hope to be, are embodied in the Stars and Stripes. Our feet are on the earth, and the stripes may well represent that basis of solid foundation; but our dream of the Future is in the firmament. Our stars are for us an omen of years to come. They beckon us upward to a divine fulfillment of the stupendous Truth of our meaning and our mission in the world's history.

They repeat what the lives of great men have told us, what they have often toiled for, not knowing the significance of their tasks,—the presence among men of the Perfect State won only through human endeavor and human sacrifice. In time we, as a People, will perceive the beauty of the reality of our forty-eight stars achieving, merging into, concord through a passionate devotion to an Ideal not for self but for the Commonwealth.

At the side of the road stands a country schoolhouse. Over it floats Old Glory. In the little room within, a woman is giving her boys and girls the story of an adventure in our History. There, in that plain room, is the source of our real patriotism. She is aware of the privilege of her calling. She is lifting that lesson of a page up to a region of romance. She tells her children a story; and we listen at the door. "A French boy lay dying on the field of the Marne. Another boy, at his side, heard him whisper, 'Turn me over, that my heart may beat against that of my mother.' 'Your mother!' said his kneeling comrade in surprise. 'Yes. France,' answered the dying poilu.

She brings that little story of a lonely death on a remote battlefield home into her quiet schoolroom, with the shadow of the fluttering Stars and Stripes outside on the snow. The page on Valley Forge, open before her on her desk, begins to glow. She transmits the glow to her boys and girls. They see the dying men in the huts. They realize that here in the United States, men and boys have died that the heart of the Nation might beat on in Life. The future of the Flag, as a faithful symbol of the United States, is at home in such schoolrooms of the Republic, the true commun-

ity centers, the altars where the flame of Nationality must never flicker or fade.

If we are to lower Old Glory from its poles above public buildings, and remove it from the windows of our homes, let us at least keep it flying over every schoolhouse in the land. Its Story is our Story. With us it has grown from formless weakness to definite strength. It has been, literally, the guiding-star of our pioneers, explorers, humanitarians and soldiers. It has interwoven its threads into the texture of every chapter of our national Romance. No man or child can comprehend the majesty of the History of the United States, who is ignorant of the Story of Old Glory.

XLIX

OLD GLORY AND THE SCHOOLHOUSE

WE have given a picture of Old Glory flying over a country schoolhouse. We have suggested a way in which an episode in the Flag's history, the winter at Valley Forge, may be used to illustrate a lesson given over to the period of the American Revolution of 1777-1778. This method of connecting the Flag, in the minds of scholars, with important events in our national story, can be employed all along the route from 1775 to the present time. Even the Colonial flags of the early months of the Revolution have an evident meaning, the desire for expression of a freedom greater than the union with Great Britain permitted. This feeling was typified in the Pine Tree, Rattlesnake, Palmetto, Beaver, Anchor, and other Colonial ensigns. They were positive indices of a drift of opinion. The chapter on The Forerunners of the Stars and Stripes may be read in classrooms in connection with the study of the periods of unrest and of actual outbreak in armed resistance. This chapter also amplifies the story of the siege of Boston as given in school histories of the United States.

The chapters on the Grand Union Flag and the Stars and Stripes, that follow, ending with chapter 18,

can be used at the discretion of the teacher, as material illustrating the entire period of the Revolution.

Possibly the following set of Flag-Topics, covering the whole range of the history of Old Glory, will be of value as hints at methods of emphasizing the Flag and its meaning:—

A. Describe three of the Colonial flags, and tell how each was a symbol of the Colony it represents.

B. Write a short paper on the Grand Union Flag, showing in what way it was an emblem both of Great Britain and the Colonies.

C. Topic for discussion: Is there sufficient evidence to warrant the claim that Betsy Ross made a Stars and Stripes before the year 1777?

D. Topic for discussion: Do Benjamin Franklin's interests and activities, before and during the Revolution, support the claim that he may have designed, or was one of the creators of, the Stars and Stripes.

E. Prepare a diagram of the campaign in New York during the latter half of the year 1777, showing forts and making clear the importance of Fort Stanwix. Emphasize the episode of the Old Glory of Stanwix as a lesson in patriotism.

F. Require a short essay or paper on Paul Jones and his connection with the Stars and Stripes. Consult chapters 11, 12, 13 and 16.

G. Bring out vividly, in a theme, the meaning of Valley Forge. Describe the scene when the alliance with France was announced to the Continental Army. Tell of the different nationalities represented in the camp, and show in what respect Valley Forge was a type of the United States to come.

H. Compare the mode of acquisition of the old Northwest Territory by George Rogers Clark with methods revealed in later additions to the area of the United States, and explain the part the Flag had in each. See chapters 15, 20, 21, 23 and 44.

I. Write a brief paper showing in what way the three Tricolors were involved in the causes of the War of 1812. Consult chapter 24.

J. Give a five-minute talk on the Stars and Stripes in exploration and humane work. Consult chapters 19, 21, 23, 31, 32, 34, 40 and 44.

K. On Flag-Day, June 14, emphasize the story of Old Glory over a log schoolhouse. See chapter 25. For supplementary reading, chapters 18 and 41 are suggested. Of course, chapters 6, 28, for the "Star Spangled Banner," 29 and 30 cannot be overlooked on this day.

Every Northern State represented in the dramatic episodes of the color-bearers, chapter 38, can have its individual story read in its schools on the day that is the anniversary of the battle in which the incident occurred, on Flag-Day or on Memorial Day.

The significance of the Stars and Stripes in Europe during the late war, is covered in the closing pages of this history. Teachers will find in chapters 45, 46 and 47, a concise presentation of this most important phase of the Story of Old Glory.

The chapter on Patriotism and the Flag was written with the community in view, although it gives material that should be of decided value in the schoolroom, in teaching loyalty to the country. We suggest that the quotations from French and English authors be read on

Flag-Day, to give scholars a conception of certain European standards of pure patriotism. The poem by Cammaerts is perhaps too subtle for immediate comprehension by the average boy or girl; but it is so delicate a revelation of love of home-land, that it should be read thoughtfully and commented upon. It might be well to invite, not require, the members of a class to contribute original papers on patriotism, as a part of Flag-Day exercises. The chapter on the opening of the Civil War, 35, will furnish material for a score of essays.

By applying one's power of invention, many of the pages of *The Dramatic Story of Old Glory* can be adapted to community work. We leave it to the teacher and the community-leader, to devise programs for use in making Flag-Day, and other commemorative days, effective as dates on which men, women and children will come into the presence of our great Past made visible in Old Glory, our historic and enduring symbol.

There is much to do, and little has been done, along the road of creating a patriotism that is conscious of the dignity of the Republic and enlisted in the service of the Commonwealth. If this book has blazed a way, with the Stars and Stripes leading as a torch of fire, then it has served a lordly purpose. The twelve tribes of Israel followed a cloud of smoke by day and a pillar of fire by night. They had need of a sign and a guide. We, a people of a hundred tribes, require a flame going on before us. We shall have, in Old Glory, the perfect leader when we comprehend its rich meaning as an interpreter, a symbol of our beginnings, our develop-

ment and our present state as a Nation. Display the Flag over schoolhouses and civic buildings. In your own home, hang it over the hearth, that its memories, its dreams, its vision of the Future, may be guests of your own thought.







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